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NO. 6

International Labor Relations

Canada

South America

Europe

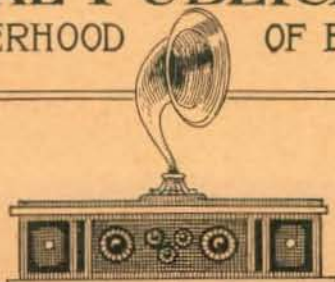
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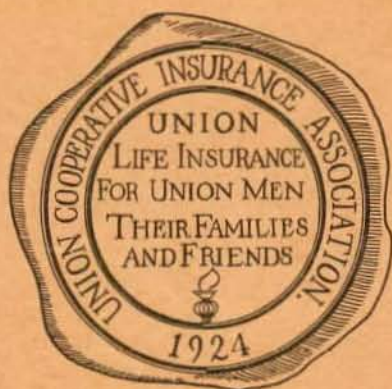
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Magazine Chat

We spoke and Butte answered. Back across the country, Butte responded. About what? You ask. About the possibility of producing literature out of the ranks of labor. This is no far-fetched dream. Most of the writers of significance arose out of the ranks of toil.

Think what a story must be in the life of a Boomer electrician. Not a stilted picture dressed up to meet the eye of a high-brow critic, but an honest-to-goodness story of that life as it is. All the sweatings, disappointments, loves, drunks, fights, hopes and dreams of a Boomer's life.

The Convention Number will be put to bed July 25, five days early. This will insure prompt delivery of this important number to all members just as the biennial goes into session at Detroit.

We have hopes of interesting you with this number, which we are building around the craft. We expect to throw some new light on the union's past and point new directions for its continued improvement.

If you should want extra copies, now is the time to speak for them. The supply is limited, you know.

And in July, we are publishing a story of the JOURNAL's visit to the home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. Could anything be more appropriate for a July number? Jefferson was the original American responsible for the Declaration of Independence and the first ten amendments to the Constitution, and it is good to pause and pay homage to him for a little moment; and it will be profitable. His doctrines still have meaning for Americans of 1927. Our July number will be dedicated to real Americanism.

Yes, we are planning further and further ahead. We find it necessary. Already the September number is projected, and plans for the October number made. You can see why. We must secure the co-operation of busy men and they must have time to turn out good copy. All in all we trust it is making for a better magazine.

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OTTAWA, CANADA



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No. 6

U. S. Labor Faces New International Situation

LABOR, capital, the governing class and the underlying population in the United States face a new international situation. This situation—new since the war, the effects of which upon foreign policy are just becoming visible—may be summarized thus:

The United States has passed from a debtor nation to a creditor nation.

The United States has a vast surplus of gold.

The United States is an abundant producer. It produces more than it consumes, and must have foreign markets.

The United States is also an abundant consumer, and is dependent on foreign markets not only for oil, but for sugar, rubber, coffee, and a hundred other important commodities.

In 1913 the United States owned \$2,500,000,000 in investments in other lands. Despite the staggering size of this sum, the United States was at that time a debtor nation, that is, investments of foreign countries in this country overbalanced this two and one-half billion invested by us abroad. The great war changed all this. During 1914-1918 the United States advanced nine billions of dollars in loans and investments to foreign nations. This almost inconceivable sum placed America in the unenviable position of being "banker of the world." This is not all. Between 1914 and 1922, twenty-one billion dollars was the total cost of all our financing of the outside world, according to United States Treasury reports.

Estimates vary as to where this vast sum invested abroad now lies. It is agreed that the bulk of it is in Canada, Mexico, Central America and South America. In other words, we are dominating the North and South American continents, the entire Western Hemisphere. An allocation of vast sums of this investment is as follows:

Canada	\$900,000,000
France	325,000,000
England	300,000,000
South America	450,000,000

On another page the loans and investments with individual South and Central American countries are summarized.

Not long ago there was an upheaval in English banking circles over an impending decision as to whether America's gold standard should prevail in world commerce or not. America won. From that time a steady flow of the world's gold gushed into our coffers until today we have the largest gold reserve in the world.

Nations Scan Trade Balances

All nations are interested in favorable trade balances. Does a nation export more than it imports is a gauge of national prosperity. During the four years of the war American exports were nearly 23 billion dollars, and American imports about 11 bil-

Is the American open shop going to follow the American dollar into foreign lands? Evidences are now being disclosed that indicate that American financial investments in foreign countries are directly or indirectly affecting adversely the course of development of organized labor in these same nations!

lion. Since the war we have steadily kept a favorable trade balance. Naturally this interplay of tremendous economic forces has its repercussions in other directions. First, on national policies; and, second, on labor policies.

The attitude of the United States toward Haiti, Canada, Nicaragua, Mexico and China is fresh enough in our minds to indicate the trend. Charles Hodges, Assistant Director, Division of Oriental Commerce, New York University, analyzes the problem:

"In other words, it is not the fact of business development overseas which is sinister, but the political implications put behind this economic expansion. The whole thing is tantamount to saying: We build you a railroad not as a means of transportation but as an instrument of penetration; we loan you funds not for the purpose of stabilizing public finances but with the object of securing mortgages on national assets and circumscribing national independence; we diplomatically underwrite propositions not for legitimate commercial protection but for illegitimate political advantage."

Now as to labor. Heber Blankenhorn, writing in "Labor," says of the British Trade Union Disputes Act: "The bill has been amended by adding a vicious clause which makes it possible to drag any union to court on almost any strike. The Tories are plainly determined to introduce the 'American injunction plan' of controlling labor unions, with a few changes to make it effective under British conditions."

Andrew Furuseth, president of the International Seaman's Union of America, sees a world-wide assault on labor. "The world-wide offensive against the labor movement is underway," he warns. "The world tocsin should be sounded so that every union man and every union woman may have timely warning and be at their proper posts of duty, prepared to repel the enemy." He points to Fascism in Italy and France, at the British Trades Union Disputes Act, in England, and at the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Bedford Stone Cutters' case as evidence of the truth of his prediction.

In Canada, where many American corporations have branch industries, a movement

is underway to wean Canadian workers away from their affiliations with unions in the United States. This movement is couched in the most prejudicial terms, making an appeal to narrowly nationalistic instincts.

John Frey, editor of the Molders' Journal, now in Europe on an official mission for the United States, takes a similar view. He says:

"The American Government's attitude and policy in Latin American countries, particularly those north of Panama, has a direct bearing upon the welfare of the North American trade union movement.

"There is much more involved than oil deposits, gold, silver and copper mines, timber lands, tobacco and sugar acreage, and fruit plantations. These, however, are important, not only because of the great amount of American money invested, but also because of the large number of Latin American workmen who are employed by American interests.

"One American corporation financially interested in several of these countries employs some 75,000, the majority of these being natives of the Latin American countries where the corporation carries on its work, and this corporation is not interested in oil or metals. The richest soil, the most valuable mineral and metal deposits in San Domingo, Haiti, Cuba, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as well as Mexico, are owned and controlled by American capital.

"These American investors from the beginning have looked to the United States Government to assist them in protecting their property. Their representatives in these Latin American countries endeavor, through every means possible, to apply the industrial policies and programs which will yield the greatest profits for their companies.

"A checking up of the great American banks who finance these industries in Latin America, and the leading Americans who direct them, discloses that with scarcely an exception they represent the same groups that stand at the head of the 'American plan' and 'open shop' policy in the United States. They are as much opposed to the existence of trade union organizations in Latin American countries as they are north of the Rio Grande. Their antagonism toward the American Federation of Labor is no greater than their opposition to the national trade union movements in these Latin American countries, or toward the Pan-American Federation of Labor.

"Until within a few years ago labor in Latin American countries was practically helpless. It could be exploited mercilessly, and governments, the leaders of the party in power, eager to secure some of the money dribbling through the fingers of American investors, refused to take any steps which would protect the natives from the methods of employment Americans might choose to apply."

Canada's Future Glory Rests on Workers

By HON. PETER HEENAN, Minister of Labor and a Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

WHEN the invitation to write an article for publication in this Confederation Jubilee issue was received, it carried with it the request that the subject, whose title appears above, should be dealt with. In other words, I was asked to deal at short length with a subject of engaging importance and magnitudinous proportions.

Having in mind that it has been the not uncommon fate of prophets to be stoned and that the greatest of all authorities declared that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," it is with some degree of diffidence that this task is approached.

Perhaps the world has grown more tolerant and appreciative of its seers. Certain it is that one of, if not the, leading testimonies of history is that worthy ideals, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the true prophet, have been the dynamic force making

ment, stability, and strength which have characterized the growth of Canada from the infant of sixty years ago, walking with somewhat nervous and halting steps, to the virile giant of today.

Confidence in the future greatness of Canada is strong in the hearts of most of her people. This is true, notwithstanding the attractions which have lured many of our young men to the United States. The Canadians are more assured than ever before that the faith of their pioneer forefathers was not based upon mirages and illusions. The dawn of the twentieth century was hailed as the advent of a century that belonged to Canada.

Let us glance at a few facts which show that these forefathers entertained no idle dream.

Great Farm and Industry Gain

During the quarter of this century that has gone, the volume of capital invested in agriculture increased by 320 per cent, while the annual value of agricultural products increased 300 per cent.

In the same period there was an increase of 656 per cent in the capital devoted to manufacture, and the annual value of the exports of manufactured products registered the amazing record of an increase of 2,729 per cent.

The value of Canadian products exported during the period was multiplied between six and seven fold (from \$196,000,000 to \$1,315,000,000) and the total trade increased from \$406,000,000 to \$2,292,000,000.

Canada occupies second place among the world's per capita exporters and sixth place among the world's traders in foreign markets.

One might continue to quote statistical data to indicate the rapid and healthy expansion of Canada's industry and commerce and the soundness of her financial conditions. This is not the occasion for such extended reference. Let it suffice that no other country can equal her record of prosperous development during this century.

To fully appreciate this achievement it must be remembered that the period includes several years when the energies of the nation were devoted to the prosecution of the Great War and then, to overcoming the disastrous influences of the post-war depression.

Canada's national heritage of economic advantage, the intelligence, resourcefulness, and enterprise of her people, coupled with the record of the past sixty years, provide the vantage ground from which her future may be surveyed.

The future of Canada is, broadly speaking, interpretable by the record of her past, if the genius and spirit of her people can seize upon and retain the wisdom that has enabled her in her youth to play a not inconspicuous part in the development of those policies which promise most for the establishment of peace both industrially within her own borders and among the nations of the world.

There can be no permanent security and tranquillity if peace is only considered to be attainable through the interpretation of existing legal codes and still less if sordid might must continue to constitute right.

Nation's Glory Rests on Coöperation

The true glory of Canada today is by no means wholly, or even mainly, revealed by citing the record of her industrial achievement, though this is a factor not to be excluded. Her lavish potential wealth, repre-

sented by her abundant resources, can only bless in so far as they may be used as an influence to stimulate and elevate the intelligence, emotions and ambitions of Canadians to the solution of the grave economic and social problems which express themselves in the terms of poverty, greed, hatred, and war.

A nation's glory is revealed in the dimensions of that spiritual quality which may be termed its soul. Is it Canada's only pride that statistics prove her to be the most prosperous country in the world today, and are the things of which she may boast only those against which Kipling delivered his prophetic warning in his "Recessional"?

If this question were answerable in the affirmative, then such glory would constitute her shame.

Let it be granted that the problems of establishing social justice within our own borders and of averting war among the nations are most complex and difficult of solution. Canada's past should, and there



HON. PETER HEENAN

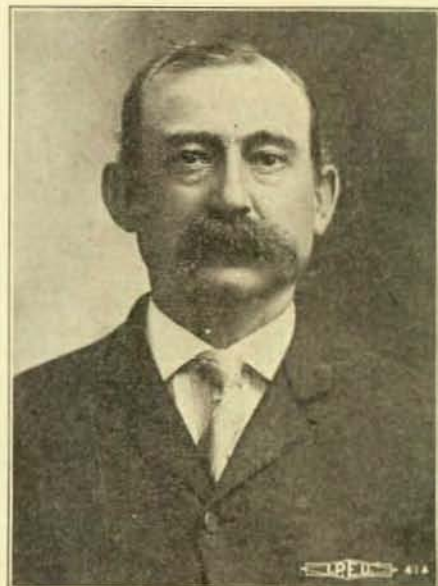
Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Minister of Labor, Canada

for the progress and the elevation of humanity.

The great problems that today challenge the genius of statesmen are the bequest of the past, but they can never be solved by limiting our perspective to the present. To do this were to build upon the sands.

When the Fathers of Confederation sixty years ago laid the foundations upon which the structure of Canada's nationhood has been proudly reared, the problems of the day most certainly limited the range of their achievement. But without the vision and zeal of the prophet—had they lacked the capacity to explore somewhat of the future and to direct their efforts to the service of that future—the bonds that insure our national unity could not have increased their strength and, perhaps, would not have been capable of sustaining the strains to which, of necessity, they have been subjected.

The wisdom of the Fathers of Confederation is justified in the progressive develop-



CHARLES MARCH

First President, Trades and Labor Congress, Canada

are indications that it will, furnish inspiration enabling it to increasingly function as a leader among the agencies making for peace.

Legislatively, her accomplishments in the field of industrial conciliation have been of no mean order, although much remains to be done. Legislation and government administration, however, can of themselves never cure industrial unrest and poverty.

A much more potent force exists in the capacity of employers and workpeople to adjust their difficulties on the basis of a mutual understanding of each other's rights. Evidences are apparent that this truth is being increasingly appreciated.

Canada's glory will be enhanced as the spirit of mutual understanding and cooperation for the establishment of industrial peace and freedom from economic injustice is increased.

But Canada also possesses some just ground for patriotic pride in the contribution she has made toward the promotion of national amity. We have lived in peace side

(Continued on page 334)

Canada's Unions Seek Amendments to Constitution

By J. A. P. HAYDON, "Labor's" Canadian Correspondent

NO national labor movement existed in Canada at the time of Confederation. As a result the Canadian workers had no voice in the framing of the constitution.

It is true a few unions were scattered throughout the provinces but no effort had been made at federation.

The first known union in Canada was organized at Quebec in 1827 when the journeymen printers organized "for the regulation of wages, the care of members incapacitated through illness and the holding of literary and musical entertainments for the benefit of the members."

Other unions appeared from time to time but the Toronto Typographical Union is the oldest union in the Dominion, having been in existence since 1830, the only interruption in its sessions being for a brief time during the revolutionary period of 1837.

The iron molders of Canada were the first

the same vocation had come together, they sought affiliation with the organization of their craft or calling operating in the United States.

The record also shows that the Canadian workers sought these international affiliations of their own volition, having learned that in periods of trade depression mechanics moved from country to country, and, therefore, purely national unions would cause inconvenience to American and Canadian workers alike. This free movement of workers was possible under the Jay treaty which many believe is still effective.

Thus international unions were formed for the common protection of workers on both sides of the international boundary.

Slightly in Advance of Neighbor

In the early 70's unions of workers became very numerous in the Dominion.

Toronto, which had taken a lead in the organization of workers, launched a campaign for a nine-hour day. The opening gun was fired by the Toronto Typographical Union in 1872. They failed to secure this reform by direct negotiations and declared a strike in both the book and job offices and the daily newspapers.

They were partially successful, winning the majority of the book and job offices but a prolonged strike ensued in the newspaper offices. The employers were strongly organized and shortly after the strike occurred a number of printers were arrested under the old conspiracy laws which had been inherited from England.

The arrest caused a storm of protest and the Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, was forced to introduce an act to repeal the obnoxious laws.

This bill was known as the Trade Union Act of 1872. While the law was not retroactive the case against the striking Toronto printers was dropped.

In introducing this act Sir John stated that a new country should not inflict penalties upon her mechanics, many of whom were immigrants, from which they had been freed in England. (The British parliament had the year previous repealed the con-

spiracy laws and enacted the British Trade Union Act.)

During the same session of parliament, probably because workers' organizations were extending their influence, a law was enacted which very seriously hampered the activities of workers, by inflicting heavy penalties for picketing.

Strange to relate Canadian workers are still handicapped during strikes by an inadequate definition of picketing and during recent years many judges have held that picketing of any kind is illegal in Canada.

Whether or not these measures in themselves were of sufficient moment to arouse the workers to the need for common action the fact remains that a national convention, called by the Toronto Trades Assembly (now the Toronto District Labor Coun-



EDWARD WINDSOR

Who, as Prince of Wales, is known as the most democratic member of royalty in the world, attends.

to seek and secure affiliation with their American brethren and in 1859 five local unions secured charters from what became and is today the Iron Molders Union of North America. These unions were located at Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford and London.

Toronto Typographical Union also sought a charter from the Typographical Union which became known as the International Typographical Union of North America. Other local and independent unions in Canada followed suit and it is interesting, in view of the agitation for Canadian national unions, that before any effort was made to form national unions in the Dominion, or before organizations of workers following



THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P.C., G.C.B.

"Father of Canadian Federation"

cil), assembled in the Queen City on September 23, 1873.

Forty-four delegates were present representing trade unions and assemblies of the Knights of Labor in Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Ottawa, London, Bowmanville, Cobourg and Seaford, while letters were received endorsing the proposal from organizations in Quebec, Thorold, Barrie, Montreal, Oil Springs, Ingersoll, Orillia, Goderich and Peterboro.

Mr. J. W. Carter, president, Toronto Trades Assembly, presided. In concluding his inaugural address he said:

"I urge upon you the necessity of being wise and moderate in your deliberations and (Continued on p. 331)

HOW CANADA CELEBRATES DIAMOND JUBILEE

A united Canada will be the theme of the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.

A national celebration will be held on Dominion Day—July 1—at Ottawa, the national capital, in which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales (the smiling Prince), Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Britain; representatives of all parts of the British Empire, the United States of America, France and other countries are expected to participate.

Practically every municipality in Canada will observe the Diamond Jubilee in some way.

As Dominion Day falls on a Friday, parliament has declared July 2 as a public holiday for this year. The celebrations will therefore be held on July 1, 2 and 3. On Sunday thanksgiving services will be held in the churches.

All Canadian school children will be encouraged to take part in the celebration and every lad and lassie will receive a bronze medal. These are being struck by the Royal Mint and will be turned over to provincial authorities for distribution.

In primary and secondary schools and in the universities competitions on the subject of Canadian history will be conducted, medals being provided for the winners. Before the end of the year a Confederation plaque, suitably worded, will, with the cooperation of the provincial educational authorities, be placed in every school house.

Labor Chiefs of Ten Nations Gather in Washington

EXTENDS CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES OF TRADE UNIONISM

By PRESIDENT GREEN

The fifth congress of the Pan-American Federation of Labor which will convene in Washington, D. C., July 18, 1927, will add another link to the chain of associated effort which is working to extend constructive principles of trade unionism throughout the American continents. The influence of this Pan-American trade union organization will be of incalculable value industrially and socially. The trade union movement sees progress in co-operation between groups in furtherance of common interests and in this respect differs sharply from the labor movements of countries that believe inevitable a class-struggle between labor and capital. This fundamental difference in industrial philosophy is reflected in a corresponding difference in attitude toward all relations to other national groups. The work of the Pan-American Federation of Labor will benefit not only the wage earners of various countries but all groups and all nations.

The fifth congress we hope will bring delegates from new countries to counsel with us and will result in substantial progress in organization and educational work.

MEETING of the Pan-American Federation of Labor Congress in Washington July 10 will bring together delegates from nine South American nations and from the United States.

So far the labor movements of the several countries which have sent affirmative replies to the call of the fifth congress and which have already elected delegates to attend the congress are as follows:

Argentina
Colombia
Cuba
Mexico
Nicaragua
United States
Dominican Republic
Venezuela
Porto Rico

Countries which owing to the lack of financial resources or other national circumstances are uncertain as to the sending of delegates:

Bolivia	Honduras
Chile	Paraguay
Guatemala	Peru
Panama	

Countries which have not replied yet to the call of the congress are:

Costa Rica
Haiti
Salvador
Uruguay
Ecuador
Brazil

The preamble to the call for this convention declares:

"In issuing this call we do not think it necessary to specify what matters should come up for discussion during the sessions of the congress; a very wide field of discussion is offered to a labor congress, and we feel confident that the delegates will concentrate their efforts on questions that properly belong to a labor congress.

"The problems of the working people of one country are identical with those of all countries with which their country has intercourse. Every problem of international relations has its human phase—for nothing can be done without human agents, hence the problem of human welfare. The safety, liberties and democracy of the working people of every country of Pan-America depend upon the existence of an industrial

organization among the workers and the close relationships between these organizations. Slowly such relationships are being established between the Pan-American Federation of Labor and the bona fide Pan-American workers, throughout the American continent.

"The higher representatives of big business of all Latin countries united with those of the United States are teaching a great lesson to the workers of the two Americas; they are showing how to develop a common policy of defense and international union in their industrial organizations, and to take constructive forethought in order to shape future events.

"The working peoples of the Pan-American countries would welcome such an opportunity to dispel the unjust judgments created in the minds of fellow-workers all over the nations. Such a thought based upon bed-rock economic and social human power would place the workers of the western hemisphere in a position to adhere to the Pan-American Federation of Labor in maintaining peace and to demand and enforce the good will and the rights in matters affecting the welfare and progress of their own peoples and nations, from within and from without."



THESE MEN SEEK WAYS OF PEACE AND COOPERATION WITH THE MASSES OF SOUTH AMERICA'S REPUBLICS

Pan-American Federation, Creation of A. F. of L.

By SANTIAGO IGLESIAS, Spanish-Speaking Secretary, Pan-American Federation

THE history of the innumerable altruistic deeds of the American Federation of Labor and its continued efforts in the humanitarian and highly civilized purpose of establishing and maintaining the best possible relations between the peoples of Mexico, Central and South America, and the people of the United States, has never been written. The brilliant record of these activities will be found in the files of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, an institution that was created when its necessity was made evident by an epoch when the international relations of these great peoples were rapidly expanding.

It is not possible to record in this little resume the efforts of a quarter of a century in the defense of justice, freedom and democracy for the peoples, put forth by the American Federation of Labor, but it can be truthfully said that through these activities in behalf of peace and understanding, and in defense of the oppressed people of Latin-America, the American Federation of Labor is glorifying the reputation of the United States among the Latin-American peoples.

The Pan-American Federation of Labor stands on an adopted declaration of policy squarely in harmony with the policies of the American Federation of Labor. It is the instrumentality through which constructive trade unionism alone can gain the ascendancy in Latin America, saving the American trade union movement from a continuing battle at its back door with a most destructive and revolutionary labor movement. The winning of the leadership of all American labor thought is of the greatest concern, not alone to American labor, but to all who believe in the institutions of democracy.

Child of A. F. of L.

The Pan-American Federation of Labor is peculiarly the child of the American Federation of Labor. It is the agency through which the battle must be waged to organize the workers of Latin America and to bring them under a constructive leadership. That is the primary purpose, but back of that there is forever the great struggle between democracy and the combined and more or less allied enemies of democracy, converging from both extremes in a common warfare.

There are other Pan-American organizations in the field and there is always a financial unity among the great moneyed powers that are seeking opportunities for exploitation. Chief among the well organized Pan-American organizations are the Pan-American Union and the Pan-American Financial Congress, both more or less thoroughly dominated by our own government. But the common people, the wage earners and the great masses of the peons who cannot yet properly be called wage earners, turn to Labor in their battle for a fair chance, for the simplest measures of justice in a bitter struggle to gain a position where unity of action and the possession of educational facilities may make possible fairer standards of life.

There is a combined service

to humanity and to our own country and its institutions that can be done by the Pan-American Federation of Labor in helping these great masses to achieve real freedom. For, in bringing labor to a position of freedom and dignity, we off-set the exploitation



SANTIAGO IGLESIAS

of capitalists and help to still the cry that only exploitation comes from the United States. Such work promotes good will for America and for the great idealistic concepts of the masses of the American people.

If the selfish and frequently corrupt political leaders of Latin-American nations may go to the exploiters and to such agencies as the Pan-American Financial Congress, then

the wage earners may and do and must come to Labor through the American Federation of Labor and the Pan-American Federation of Labor.

Gompers Took Advance Step

At the time when Porfirio Diaz was President of Mexico, Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, came to the front as the protector of the life of Mexican citizens whose extradition was sought by the dictator in order to submit them to summary executions. They were not extradited. When the people of Cuba were fighting for independence from the Spanish monarchy, President Gompers, interpreting the desires of the American labor movement, placed the power and influence of the American Federation of Labor on the side of the Cuban people, and particularly on the side of the Cuban wage earners.

More recently, in the year 1911, the President of the American Federation of Labor was receiving petitions from the revolutionary leaders of Mexico who were desirous of establishing a democratic government founded on the representative rights of the people, and putting an end to the last vestige of tyranny. They were fearful lest the government of the United States should intervene in Mexico and prevent through the force of arms the Mexican people from freeing themselves from oppression. American intervention would prevent the Mexican people from establishing a government of the people, by the people and for the people. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor promptly made representations to the President of the United States, sustaining the right of the Mexican people to realize its aspiration of freedom and rehabilitation. This same policy was followed by the American Federation of Labor in the historical events that followed in Mexico intimately associated with the names of Madero, Huerta and Carranza and the tragedies marked by their presidential periods in the painful history of the Mexican people's revolution against tyranny and for a free, democratic, and constitutional government.

The President of the American Federation of Labor was always prompt to inform his colleagues of the executive council and the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor of developments in the Mexican situation and was ever speaking favorably of the revolutionary movement as representative of the aspirations of the Mexican people.

The secret machinations of the invisible powers who were always striving and scheming to drag the United States into a war of conquest or into the military occupation of the Latin-American nations have always met a decided and frank opposition in the American Federation of Labor, and this attitude has gained for the American labor movement the sympathy and the confidence of the peoples of Latin-America including the island of Porto Rico.

(Continued on page 333)

Statistical Story of U. S. Trade Relations With Latin-America

	Population	Estimated U. S. Interests	U. S. Trade 1924
Cuba	3,123,000	\$1,250,000,000	Imports \$361,721,000 Exports 15,642,000
Mexico	14,210,000	1,265,028,347	Imports 167,087,000 Exports 135,677,000
Venezuela	2,412,000	75,000,000	Imports 16,463,000 Exports 17,643,000
Panama	443,000	28,000,000	Imports 5,004,000 Exports 6,492,000
Honduras	673,000	30,000,000	Imports 5,963,000 Exports 6,250,000
Dominican Republic	897,000	-----	Imports 5,825,000 Exports 15,642,000
Nicaragua	638,000	5,000,000	Imports 5,453,000 Exports 26,366,000
Argentina	8,699,000	700,000,000	Imports 75,298,000 Exports 116,998,000
El Salvador	1,551,000	15,000,000	Imports 3,912,000 Exports 6,492,000

Personally Conducted Tour of European Unions

An Interview With DR. LEWIS L. LORWIN

"ONE may say that in general the structure of trade unions tends to be uniform in all countries, which means that there is something inherent in industry itself which dictates the forms of labor organization."

The foregoing may be said to summarize the important interview, which the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL, had with the economist, writer and publicist, Dr. Lewis L. Lorwin, the other day. We sought Dr. Lorwin out because we knew that he had been a lifetime observer of the labor movement in many countries, because we knew he had recently returned from a tour of Europe, and because we were told he was preparing a book, based on his investigations, for the Institute of Economics, entitled, "Labor and Internationalism." We were not disappointed. For two hours we sat and fired questions at Dr. Lorwin, and got swift, direct answers in return. We told him that we American unionists got only "isms" out of Europe; unfortunately, we said, we get echoes of political battles, and no news at all of the unspectacular, business life of the unions. "We want to know," we said, "the little concrete ordinary things about our European brothers."

"Well, fire away," he answered.

What is the total trade union membership of Europe?

The way the American talks about Europe makes me think of a European who, when meeting an American abroad would say: "Oh, you are from America—I have an uncle who lives in Texas, do you know him?" The American forgets that Europe consists of 28 different countries which have 28 different governments, 28 different systems of law, 28 different backgrounds, historical antecedents, etc.; that the population of Europe is four hundred million which means three times the population of the United States; that industrial conditions vary more greatly between England, let us say, on the one hand, and Bulgaria on the other hand, than between Pennsylvania and Oklahoma. Europe, in other words, is far from being a unit in the sense which the American usually thinks of it. It is a continent. There are 28 different national labor movements in Europe, and to speak of the labor movement of Europe one must carry in mind the diversity of Europe as well as its unity. There is a unity in Europe which is the result of historical conditions and of economic relationships, but this unity should not obscure the diversity which is also a very important element in European life.

There is another thing which one must keep in mind in thinking of the trade union membership in Europe and that is that trade unionism in Europe runs along political, religious and what one would call ideological lines, as well as economic lines. For instance, in a country like Holland you have seven different trade union organizations—what may be called the regular, the Catholic, Protestant, Communist, Syndicalist, National, and what some people call neutral trade unions. All these federations consist of local unions and industrial unions built upon the same methods as other trade unions. Holland is an extreme case, but it illustrates the condition of Europe, except in such countries as Russia, and England.

By counting therefore, the trade unions of every type and description in all the 28 countries of Europe you would get a membership which is approximately 30,000,000 members.

A modern hotel owned by trade-unionists in Hamburg; libraries of choice books at the Pitmouth in England; huge field meets participated in by trade unionists in Austria; a great labor bank in Berlin—these flash pictures of the varied complex life of European trade unionists. And how little do American unionists know about European union life, and how little do Europeans know of us. This article is one of the most important we have ever published, because it gives facts—just the things American unionists want to know about the daily life of European unions.

Is there a tendency toward loss of membership?

Yes, since 1920, there has been a loss of membership in European trade union movement as a whole, and in the trade union movement of the various countries with a few exceptions, and in the trade union movement of every tendency. There are a number of reasons for it. From 1918 to 1920 after the war there was a tremendous rush of working people of all countries to enter trade unions, and the trade union membership of Europe, as of other continents, suddenly increased many fold. This was due to several reasons. In the first place the trade union during the war had

acquired considerable prestige in all the countries at war and in the neutral countries because trade union leaders were called upon by governments to take an active part in the war. Trade unions were recognized as a legitimate part of the national organism and were given representation in various institutions which enhanced the standing of trade unions in the eyes of the workers themselves.

Second, during the war, the trade unions played a great part as institutions for the alleviation of the sufferings of the war. They did a great deal to take care of the wounded, the widows, and children. They helped to distribute food, so that their contacts with the working classes became much closer. This was a very interesting development of the war.

Third, immediately after the war, the general chaotic condition of Europe made every individual feel that he should belong to some organization in order to have some protection somewhere. In addition to that, in many countries, various funds were created to take care of post-war needs and the administration of some of these funds was placed largely in the hands of trade unions, so workers in various countries, even those who had never thought of trade unions before, rushed to join, in order to benefit from the funds which were to be distributed.

Fourth, also during the war large elements of the population had been drawn into war industries, and these elements were drafted into the trade union.

Five, the general social upheaval in Europe which took on a revolutionary turn from 1918 to 1920, created the feeling on the part of the masses that a great social transformation would take place—a "social revolution" which would bring in a new era—or as the more moderates put it, "social reconstruction," and this idea served as a great attraction for the working masses. Owing to all these conditions there was a great increase in trade union membership between 1918 and 1920.

It was evident at the time that this membership could not long remain in the trade unions. Some of the new elements in industry returned to the farm or went back to other occupations and therefore lost their contacts with industry. Other elements, though remaining in industry, had no permanent interest in organization. Then in 1921 came the economic crisis which threw millions of people into unemployment and made it difficult for many people to remain in unions and to pay dues. Then the disappointment in the hopes of 1918 and 1920, the collapse of the revolutionary illusion threw many people into a state of opposition to the trade union. Many workers left the unions in disgust as incapable of fulfilling the promises they made. After the economic crisis came a series of political crises, such as the triumph of Mussolini in Italy, of Primo de Rivera in Spain; of Cramona in Portugal and various dictators in the Balkan states, all of which were accompanied by attacks upon the trade unions which resulted in a decrease of their membership.

Since 1924 a new factor has entered into the situation, namely, the reorganization of European industry along new lines, what is called in Europe the rationalization of industry. That is, the introduction of new and improved machinery, the standardization of methods of production, and other de-



DR. LEWIS L. LORWIN

Author of a History of the Women's Garment Workers; traveller, and former Professor of Economics at the University of Montana.

vices of efficiency which have made possible the carrying on of industry on a larger scale with less human labor, thus creating a large reserve army of unemployed. Germany is especially a case in point.

Is there a company union menace?

The company union is of no importance in Europe. In fact there is no such thing. The nearest equivalent to the company union in Europe would be what the Europeans usually call "yellow" unions. That is, unions composed of workers exclusively which, however, are suspected of or are openly known to be engineered, financed, and supported by employers. Usually such "yellow" unions are formed by working people themselves under the leadership of individuals who feel the urge to do so, but they are as a rule very small wherever they are, and play no part in the situation. It would be difficult to organize company unions in Europe because of the traditional and historical feeling of division between workers and employers which makes workers suspicious of anything employers do and because of two other institutions, namely, social insurance, and of the legal protection of workers. Under social insurance I mean the laws which provide for accident insurance, sickness insurance, unemployment relief, invalidity insurance, and so on. Since most states, as a rule, have provisions for such cases, the employers have nothing to offer which is of interest to the workers in this respect.

Secondly, since the war, such countries as Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, have laws for the maintenance of shop committees and workers' councils and similar institutions whose function it is to represent the worker in negotiations with employers in matters pertaining to shop conditions and to management in general, so that improvement of conditions in the shop is thereby placed in the hands of the workers, to a large extent.

What are the recreational activities of labor unions?

That differs from country to country. I should say that in general the trade unions in most European countries where they are well established have libraries, arrange lectures, and have periodic entertainments of one kind or another. Perhaps, I might give as one illustration the condition I found in the mining communities of the Rhondda valley in South Wales, England, this summer. In every little town which is built around the mine pit and in which the workers and their families live, there is a Workers' Hall—so called. I visited several of these during the strike and was amazed to find excellent libraries with a careful selection of books on every possible subject, such as technical questions relating to industry, astronomy, international finance, fiction, and so on. Every one of these workers' institutions has meeting halls and a large general hall for large assemblies and also has a moving picture house for the showing of pictures to the members of the trade unions. It should be remembered in this connection that the public library system in Europe is not very well developed. For instance when I was in London I wanted to take books—I had my choice of either joining a private library to which I could be admitted only by recommendation of two members and pay a fairly big sum of \$15 or \$20 a year, or joining a commercial library which also cost more than the average worker would care to spend.

Since the war there has been another development in Europe which is very interesting and that is what may be called the working class sport movement. While this is not carried on strictly under trade union auspices it is usually carried on by the political parties with which the trade unions are in close contacts, and the members of these sport organizations



THE RAILWAY UNION'S PEOPLE'S HOUSE WHICH SERVES THE UNIONISTS AT BELLINZONA, SWITZERLAND

are the members of the trade unions. These sport organizations are making sport the possession of the people, an essential element of democratic life. Large numbers of trade union workers, men and women, are drawn into the actual performance, form teams of their own. Every now and then the workers' teams of different countries hold international sport meets in which all the known sports are practiced.

Is there a movement in Europe toward extra-business activities by unions such as labor banking and labor insurance in the United States?

Yes, but it has not as yet assumed very large proportions. The economic conditions in Europe have not been favorable to enterprises of this kind but the German trade union federation has a central bank in Berlin and a few banks have been opened up in other countries. There is a great deal of interest in the subject in Europe but it has not as yet materialized. Labor insurance is not an urgent problem in Europe. Most countries have social insurance laws. In the first place, and secondly the large trade unions supplement the state laws with their own insurance and benefit features. The sums expended each year by the trade unions of Germany, Switzerland,

Scandinavia, and England, in benefits to their members who are out of work, sickness, and life insurance, are very large.

Are there bodies corresponding to Central Labor Unions?

That again differs from country to country but, in general, one should say yes. In England the Central Labor Council, as it was called, was an early development way back in the 60's, but it was for a while crowded out by the development of national trade unions. Recently, however, there has been a revival of activities in the Central Labor Unions. The Central Labor Unions in England have been the happy hunting ground of the radicals in the labor movement. This is natural, since the Central Labor Council is in a way a democratic congress, which deals with general municipal and labor affairs, and it, therefore, makes it possible for people to get up there and make speeches on things in general.

One may say that in general the structure of trade unions tends to be uniform in all countries, which means that there is something inherent in industry itself which dictates the forms of labor organization. There are a few countries, for instance Portugal, or some of the South American

(Continued on page 330)

Books Strides Ahead of Today's Newspapers

SOMETIMES real news never gets into newspapers. Real news has to do with the discovery and reporting of those forces that are changing our lives. Newspapers are strangely blind when it comes to reporting these forces. It is often left for books to do so.

This month we have chosen three books of this sort. They were chosen deliberately, not because they are in any way related, but because they reach back through appearances and propaganda to the actual.

PAYING PATRIOTISM

Professional Patriots—Edited by Norman Hapgood—Albert and Charles Boni, Publishers.

This book is a guide to professional patriotic organizations and publications and an expose of their methods. It does not merely name the leagues, but it names the millionaires and corporations who are supplying them with money. It establishes the connections of some of the "angels" with the manufacture of gun powder and war munitions. It reveals the extent of their activities, and the often obscene character of their methods. As has been established before, it is here shown that a number of these same organizations are those who attempt to trample the rights of labor underfoot. After all, these professional patriots are little in numbers but mighty in dollars. They multiply themselves a thousand-fold through paid secretaries, and they are on the job night and day. Business is business, here as elsewhere.

To the sentimental lover of his country this book will bring pain, disillusionment and even horror. But to the real lover of his country it will bring indignation, enlightenment and renewed consecration. He will be determined to resist such cheap, secretive, and hypocritical manifestations of nationalism to the last trench.

RETAILER'S UNION PROTESTS

The Distribution Age—By Ralph Borsodi. Published by D. C. Appleton Co., New York.

The classical objection to the established order—now generally termed the capitalistic system—is that it is a failure as a distributor. Distribution, to be sure, used in that connection, refers to division of income rather than of product. But the charge stands no less. It is also common knowledge that this attack upon the established order has come from radical and subversive sources. But is all well on Mt. Zion? Recently two economists, one a Wall Street business man, one a respectable college president, namely, Messrs. Catchings and Foster, have brought the same indictment against the established order in a series of startling books. Moreover, the Taylor Society, an organization of engineers, has begun to peep at this phase—the distributive phase—of the present industrial order. The heaviest blow yet to be dealt the profiteering system is that now struck by as respectable and conservative an organization as the National Retail Dry Goods Association. That union of retailers has put its seal of approval on "The Distribution Age" by Ralph Borsodi. This book has all the marks of a legitimate, carefully analyzed defense of an almost untenable position. What is the position of the retailers? We deduce that the independent retailer finds himself hard pressed by the soulless impersonal corporations which have entered the retail field, in their gargantuan rush for markets and profits. Standard Oil has its own local gas stations. Standard Oil also has its own

chain grocery stores. Dupont has his own restaurants. And so on and so on. The independent retailer is feeling the heel of a great boot upon his neck.

So Mr. Borsodi makes his analysis. His analysis is an indictment. It is a scathing attack on the present entire machinery of distribution. Mr. Borsodi declares that "in the fifty years between 1870 and 1920, the cost of distributing necessities and luxuries which we consume has nearly trebled, while the cost of producing them has been reduced by more than one-fifth." Why? First, the need for profits and still more profits. Second, overproduction, due to mass production and the drive for profits. Third, the inability of the consumer to buy what is produced. Fourth, the cut-throat competition to get the consumer's dollar. Fifth, the high-pressure sales system, with its thousands of highly paid advertising men, sales agents, and propaganda artists, chosen to wean the dollar of the consumer away from their competitor.

This is a book that anyone who is interested in the health of his nation can well afford to read.

WHY AMERICANS DRINK

Does Prohibition Work?—By Martha Bensley Bruere.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Here is a book that will command the respect of everyone.

It was dictated by a trained mind, and it has drawn upon a seemingly inexhaustible store of investigations by other trained minds.

We recommend this book to Nicholas Murray Butler, Senator Borah, and all presidential candidates for immediate perusal. It will go far to answer that question, "Is pro-

hibition an issue in the coming national campaign?"

The United States is a large country. It contains the social amalgams of many races. The race habits of Swede, Irish, Jew, Scotchman, Italian were not obliterated by the Volstead act. In seeking to answer the question, "Does Prohibition Work?" the truth or falsity of your answer depends upon where you dip into the United States. Let your investigative hand cut down through the old Puritan stock and the answer is "Yes." Let it make an incision into a new, alien community, and the answer is "No."

More than this, the book makes an important and individual contribution. It makes a cool, scientific analysis as to why Americans drink. The contributing social causes are: (1) We are a polyglot people with a drinking background; (2) we are a rich people with time and money enough to squander in pleasure and drink; (3) our women are drinking more because they have jobs outside the home like men; (4) we are still in the amoral back-wash of a great war; (5) drinking is a social practice, a reward of merit, and exciter to pleasure; (6) drinking is a habit of the higher-ups, so that there is the inevitable tendency for the lower-downs to follow suit.

Mrs. Bruere did this work at the instance of the National Federation of Settlements. It represents the view of social workers. We suspect that Mrs. Bruere is a dry, and we have watched narrowly for signs of personal bias in her splendid, glowing narrative. And we found none.

Mrs. Bruere has preferred to make her study on a racial basis. We wonder how she would have come out if she had made it on an occupational basis. She mentions the increase of drinking among women as a result of their changed status—out of the home into the business world. What is the relation of repetitive work to drinking? Does a machine worker in Ford's plant prefer gardening to dope after months of repetitive work? Does the leisure class drink more, and oftener than the working class?

Labor is officially wet. But we wonder sometimes if it is actually wet. We heard a thoughtful labor leader say the other day, "Well, in the old days, the union used to meet in the back room of a saloon, and I had to sober the boys up before we could transact business. Once I had to throw the bartender out on his head before I could get to work. Now all that is changed."

National Handbook For Wiremen

Electrical workers will find of practical value the National Handbook for Wiremen, by Rollin Smith, the 1926 edition of which has recently come to us. The handbook is published by the Rollin Smith Engineering Co., of San Francisco, Calif.

Codes such as the National Electrical Safety Code of the Bureau of Standards; the National Electric Code of the National Board of Fire Underwriters; the Standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories; and the Electrical Safety Orders of the Industrial Accident Commission of the State of California furnish part of the information for this handbook which abounds with valuable tables and graphic illustrations. This edition includes 255 pages, is clearly printed, and strongly bound in imitation leather; and it's a handy size to slip into a wireman's pocket for use on the job. The price is \$3, postpaid.

The Right to Work

By EDWIN MARKHAM

*Out of the Roads they have gathered,
a hundred thousand men,*

*To ask for a hold on life as sure as
the wolf in his den.*

*Their need lies close to the quick of life
as the earth lies close to the stone;*

*It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow
to the bone.*

*They ask but leave to labor for a taste
of life's delight,*

*For a little salt to savor their bread,
for houses watertight.*

*They ask but the right to labor and to
live by the strength of their hands,*

*They who have bodies like knotted
oaks and patience like the sea sands.*

*And the right of a man to labor, and
his right to labor in joy,*

*Not all your laws can strangle that
right nor the gates of hell destroy.*

*For it came with the making of man
and was kneaded into his bones,*

*And it will stand at the last of things
on the dust of crumbled thrones.*

Lindbergh, Father and Son, Both Daring Pioneers

ONE May day in 1924, if you had been riding or walking near Little Falls, Minnesota, you would have seen an aeroplane, rise, like a bird from a neighboring farm, mount up the sky, and circle round the gray acres. If you had had sharp eyes, you would have seen a thin trail of dust, drift from that whirring plane, float away in the upper air, and sift down on the fallow earth beneath. That dust was the mortal remains of Charles A. Lindbergh, Representative 1907-1917 from the State of Minnesota, to the U. S. Congress. And that aviator, dedicated to the symbolic task of giving his father's ashes back to the earth from which he sprang, and for which he fought a long, painful, losing fight, was Pilot Charles A. Lindbergh, now conqueror of the Atlantic, ambassador-at-large for the United States, decorated by home and foreign government, the idol of the world's millions. For Pilot Charles Lindbergh, intrepid boy, who, like Columbus, crossed the Atlantic first, came from fighting stock. His grandfather had been a member of the Swedish Parliament, and his father had been the leader of farmer-labor forces in Minnesota. Lindbergh, Sr., was candidate for governor on the farmer-labor ticket in 1918 and again in 1924. He was candidate at a time when the battle between the farmers and the unions on one side, and the corporations and their politicians on the other side, had reached a bitter climax. All the war hysteria was focused at the fullest intensity on the northwest, and the full force of that hysteria was levelled at the important leader of the organized farmers and workers, Pilot Lindbergh's father.

There is little doubt that the bitterness of that campaign against Congressman Lindbergh shortened his life by many years. There is little doubt that the calm, courage, modesty, restraint, simplicity and dignity manifested by Lindbergh, Sr., in the trying hours of that campaign were the same qualities that made his son the hero of his generation.

Think what drama lies in this situation. The man who was political leader of the reactionary forces of Minnesota at that time is now Secretary of State. And Frank B. Kellogg lived to see the son of his most hated political opponent, housed in the American Embassy at Paris, the unofficial ambassador of America to the world. Who would dare say that the fighting Lindbergh stock had not been vindicated?

Boy of Divine Genius

It was not always so. When the Tories of the Northwest, backed by the Bourbon

"There's a key to the good things of the world. We all have the key. The key is the mind. It is thought that opens the way to all things."

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, SR.

machine of the entire nation, were battling Pilot Lindbergh's father, they were wont to say, "No good can ever come out of that family." And only the other day the United States Ambassador to France cabled to the President of the United States, calling the propertyless son of that despised father, "This boy of divine genius and simple courage." Thus Bourbons are usually confounded by the slow drift of history, and made to look ridiculous.

And it must not be supposed that the cam-

had been spent trying to substitute reason for force, and coercive propaganda.

"Truth" he said, "must be our authority for everything. There is no other authority. Truth must be reached through the individual mind and not through the arbitrary acceptance of the words of imagined heroes who have not the facts to reinforce their statements. We must welcome the fellowship of men and women in order to make life the most useful force in the world. The one great person must be the individual for him-



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

They call him "Lucky" Lindbergh



CONGRESSMAN
C.A. Lindbergh—he fought a good fight, too
HARRIS AND BOWEN

paigns against Congressman Lindbergh were ordinary political squabbles. They took on the character of coercive contests. Once at St. Cloud state troops were mobilized to overawe the farmers in peaceful convention assembled. A bill board campaign called Lindbergh and his supporters "huns at home." And even at Glenwood, where Mayor Henrik Shipstead, had joined the farmer-labor forces to run for Congress, a mob at night painted the Shipstead cottage a sickly yellow. Organizers for the farmers were in some instances tarred and feathered, and others were sent to jail.

Through it all Lindbergh, Sr., remained calm, dignified and unafraid. His whole life

self—to make himself consistent with the rights of every other to be as high and as important as he. In no other way can we have the full strength of the nation. In no other way can the masses get their rights. We must substitute reason for tradition—if we are ever to unshackle ourselves from the arbitrary domination of property privilege over human rights."

Under the whip of hysteria, force and propaganda, Lindbergh was defeated for governor, and before he could come back for another round with the Kellogg machine, he lay dead at the Little Falls farm home.

At the time of his death, the Farmer-Labor Advocate, said this of him:

"Since the last issue of the Farmer-Labor Advocate, Charles A. Lindbergh, Minnesota

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"Please explain carefully to the French public that I did not fly over here for profit, and therefore do not intend to capitalize my success. Business propositions do not interest me. Money may be a great help, but so far it has not entered as a powerful factor into the scheme of my life."

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, JR.

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Organized
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Ambassador-at-Large

One astounding fact about Charles Lindbergh's performance in crossing the Atlantic by air is overlooked by the newspapers. It is probably as important as the mere physical feat. It is this: he engendered more good will than any other individual in the world probably ever did before him. For 33 hours, he was in the hearts and minds of more than 200 million persons. Strong men wakened in the night, and visualized that tiny human speck suspended in the dark between the sea and sky, alive, and voyaging, and sent a silent prayer across the world for his success and safety. It was his youth that did this; his romantic courage; his modesty; his simplicity; his innate nobility. There was no pose or sensationalism about him. Here was a job to do and he did it, despite dark, loneliness, sleet, wind, and the unconquerable elements; despite the realization that the feat had never been done before. And none of us standardized mass-herded moderns can be unaware that we have "sat in" on something great, and fine, and immortal, even as Columbus's first voyage was great and fine and immortal.

When we know these things, to conceive of Lindbergh's job as narrowly nationalistic is a little silly. Lindbergh's grandfather was born in Sweden, his father was a fighting farmer-labor leader, hated by all the 100 percenters, and Slim's accomplishment is a tribute to the courage and daring of human beings, be they Swedes, Britons, French, Italian or Americans, not an occasion for jingoistic boasting. Lindbergh has probably done more to win France's friendship back to America than a dozen diplomats, because he placed the human spirit above the narrowly nationalistic objectives.

Labor's Great Tradition

Measured by the time of man, or even by the life of a nation, forty-one years is but a breadth. But to an institution like the American Federation of Labor, forty-one years means a span of life of moment and dignity. It was in 1886 that the Federation became actual. It marked a way station in the workers' long struggle for the right of orderly development in the United States. It arose out of conditions scarcely different from slavery. There is a tendency on the part of some to minimize those early struggles of not only the institution, the Federation, but of the individuals who made it possible. But the horrible conditions in the slums of the cities, in the cigar factories, in the sweat shops of the needle trades, in the coal mines and steel mills can not easily be forgotten, for

they have left painful marks upon millions of homes. Gompers, himself, in a touching passage in his autobiography tells under what circumstances he took the presidency of the A. F. of L.

"This was in November and the Constitution was to go into effect on March 1st of the following year, and so there was no salary paid for the intervening months. It was a difficult economic struggle for me to devote my entire time for those months without receiving salary or compensation for I had a wife and six children in addition to myself to support. Somehow I managed through it all. My family and I just put ourselves in the psychological position of a strike or lockout and somehow the period was tided over. It was a bit hard to arrange for the family budget, but mother never complained although there was a large family to care for. We simply did the best we could."

And when the man, who 38 years later became a world figure, actually took office, his salary was \$1,000 a year.

It's a far cry from 1927 to 1886. America has developed from a second or third rate power, to financial domination of the world. Our per capita wealth has increased enormously. Our productivity is astounding. Organized labor has, in part, shared in the increased economic advantages of America's stupendous development. The difficulties that face American labor today are not the difficulties of 1886. Labor is more prosperous, and more powerful, and more respected.

Just before he died Samuel Gompers said: "I believed that an American labor movement owed the same obligation to other national centers, that other trade union organizations owed to our Federation to help the less progressive to elevate their standards."

These are wise words, worthy of being pondered.

John D. Runs to Uncle Sam

We hesitate impugning the motives of so illustrious group of men as those who operate the great Standard Oil Trust. But we are just a little surprised at their solicitude for oil conservation under the auspices of the Federal Government. At the instance of Walter Teagle, president of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, a meeting was held at 26 Broadway, late last month, for the purpose of "compelling scientific oil production under federal supervision." But why should these exponents of the doctrine, "more business in government and less government in business" now cry for government regulation?

It happens that the independent oil dealers are making rough going in certain sections for the Rockefeller interests. In Washington, D. C., a gas war is in progress between the Standard Oil Company and the independents. Gas has dropped five cents on the gallon. Soon after the Rockefeller oil reformers held their New York meeting for conservation, Thomas G. Shaw, Fort Worth, Texas, fourth largest independent oil producer, gave an interview to the New York Times, saying, "No plan which works against the independent operator, even though it be only of temporary duration, can hardly succeed."

It looks very much as if the Rockefeller interests dislike independent competition very much; should the Rockefeller group be trying to secure the aid of the Federal Government to eliminate these competitors, it would not be the first time this has happened.

What we are interested in, is first, cheaper and better gas; and second, the way the shouters for unregulated trade rush whiningly to the government for aid, as soon as it is to their interest to do so.

Czars Several years ago a foreign critic predicted that we were about to enter an era of intense regulation of private conduct. It looks as if his prediction is rapidly coming true. It started with prohibition. Soon after we had the spectacle of certain state legislatures legislating as to what should go into text-books. Then came the panic for stage censorship, and now the treasury department is to determine what foreign books shall be imported. Such generally accepted masterpieces are adjudged not to be for adult consumption.

We are not pausing here to argue the present wisdom or unwisdom of this procedure, but we are emphatically pointing out the no uncertain trend. We are drifting away from traditional democratic practices to autocratic ones. We know now that the executive branch of the government—the autocratic—has been greatly strengthened at the expense of the legislative—the democratic. We know, too, that an industry is largely built on an autocratic basis. We know there are powerful financial interests who trample under heel every proposal of organized labor for democratic management of industry. We have constantly before us the spectacle of a Supreme Court “interpreting” after arbitrary precedents, the constitutional laws of the land. In short, we are in a dangerous backwater of despotism.

That is the reason that organized labor with its democratic traditions, and system of government represents the hope of so many still democratically disposed millions.

Team Play One hundred fifty thousand men strongly
100% Fine unionized have the strength of a million separate individuals. This is a truth we too often forget. And forgetting, we often neglect to tap this latent strength—this strength of union. And forgetting, we often become discouraged, or tired, or over-cautious, or inert. We believe that no union has realized the possibilities of union; have wrung out of its spirit of co-operation fifty or sixty per cent of its power. There are many that are about 33 per cent union in this respect, and this has nothing to do with the strong individual's responsiveness to union responsibility.

Think what we could do as an organization if every member thrilled to the idea of union, as he awoke every morning for a week, and then did something every day to advance the union. Suppose he spoke to a non-union man about the union; or wrote a letter to his daily newspaper presenting the union point of view; or merely read the official JOURNAL more faithfully; or made himself more capable of understanding the economics of unionism; or joined a class in worker's education; or made himself a more competent workman; or attended a union meeting and spoke from the floor; or gave the business representative a word of cheer; or paid his insurance premium; or looked his children unashamedly in the eyes, and said, “The union not only protects us all, but it advances civilization, and develops citizenship;” or quit saying, “I censure” and began saying, “I commend;” or forgot the frown in remembering the freeing drive of enthusiasm; or just for ten minutes every day of the week forgot the old flivver, or the radio, or the pain of personal disappointment and remembered the protective friendship and economic might of the union. If every member could do these things—and more—for just one week,

we would see such a startling realization of union might, that no one would be willing to go back to a former regime.

Believe in the union—not half-heartedly, not once a month, not with the pocket-book, but merely with heart, and intelligence, and spirit.

Judges and Justice In 1913 an American wrote a book. This American was the son of an Ambassador to England under Lincoln; the grandson of a President of the United States; and the great grandson of a President of the United States. His name, Brooks Adams—a 100 per cent American in a very real sense.

This book, Brooks Adams called a “Theory of Social Revolutions,” and it was a calm, legalistic review of the activities of the U. S. Supreme Court.

In view of the trend of judicial decisions, this book deserves a revival of reader interest.

“The capital essential of justice is that, under like conditions,” he declares, “all should fare alike. The magistrate should be no respecter of persons. The vice of our system of judicial dispensation is that it discriminates among suitors in proportion to their power of resistance. This is so because, under adequate pressure, our courts yield along the path of least resistance. I should not suppose that any man could calmly turn over the pages of the recent volumes of the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States and not rise from the perusal convinced that the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, do not receive a common measure of justice before that judgment seat.”

“Ever since Hamilton's time, it has been assumed as axiomatic, by conservative Americans, that courts whose function it is to expound a written constitution can and do act as a ‘barrier to the encroachments and oppressions of the representative body.’ I apprehend that courts can perform no such office * * * our courts have ceased to be true courts, and are converted into legislative chambers, thereby promising shortly to become, if they are not already, a menace to order.”

Brooks Adams was a lawyer and his survey of the Anti-Trust decisions under the Sherman law is positively mirthful; they thrust so deep behind the pompous legalities of the Court.

Strange Facts We went into a shoe shining establishment the other day and had our shoes shined. It took the boy five minutes, and we paid him ten cents—in short at the rate of \$1.20 an hour. On this basis, the lad earns \$9.60 a day, or \$57 a week.

Yet we have never heard any inflated business man declare that bootblacks get too much. Why, because everybody knows that no bootblack works continuously for eight hours a day, and six days a week. If he picks up \$2 a day he is lucky. The high base rate of \$1.20 an hour is whittled off by the uncertainty and infrequency of employment.

Why, then, does the same fallacy persist in reference to building trades workers? Let us say their average basic hourly wage rate throughout the United States is the same as the bootblack, \$1.20 an hour. At this rate, they would be earning about \$3,000 a year, that is, if they worked each hour of each working day, throughout 52 weeks. But everyone who is thoughtful and honest knows this is not the case. If a building tradesman gets 200 days a year he is fortunate. In 1920 the average wage for the building trades—a good year—was about \$1,600; in 1921—a bad year—it had dropped to about \$1,100. It would be a blessing, if we could have done with incessant misrepresentation of the building tradesmen wage. It is time to realize that men who work by the hour must live by the year.

Detroit and Windsor Tell Their Convention Plans

AT Detroit—and across the river at Windsor, Canada—they are putting on their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and getting all tidied up for the electrical workers' convention. The call has been issued. The delegates are being named. Over in Chicago, the joint Chicago committee is oiling the big drivers of the Brotherhood Convention Special Train. This handsome train leaves via the Grand Trunk-Canadian National Railways at 11 A. M. August 15. All in all the promise is for a good, jolly convention.

And that there is going to be much sober discussion of many important problems is indicated by the local correspondence of the last six months.

Now come Detroit and Windsor telling of their plans:

Dear Editor:

No doubt you are anxious to hear from Detroit, knowing the convention will be held here in August. I can assure you that we are waiting with outstretched arms to receive you all. The convention committee, which is made up of members from Locals Nos. 58, 17, 514, 555, and 733 from Windsor, Canada, is doing its utmost in preparing to receive delegates when they arrive and take care of them during their stay. Frank Cascia, better known as the "Wop," claims he is going to make good the promise he made at the last convention. He said the committee has worked hard and has an elaborate program of entertainment. I will not go into detail, except to say that a very agreeable and pleasant program is being arranged, which the delegates won't forget very soon.

If it is agreeable with the convention, we plan on adjourning from the convention hall in the afternoon to meet at a large banquet at night, where the elected officers may be installed, followed by the usual speeches and dancing.

Brother Ed. Lyons of Local No. 17, who is chairman of the hotel and transportation committee, wishes to take this opportunity to urge all local unions to let him know in advance how many delegates they are sending and whether they would like to have their rooms all near each other, or whether they wish single rooms or double. I can assure

you that it will be much more convenient to you and also to the committee if all the reservations are made in advance. All rooms in the Book-Cadillac Hotel, which is the convention headquarters, have baths. When writing regarding this matter, please address Mr. Ed. Lyons, care of Local Union No. 17, I. B. E. W., 55 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

We are ready and eager to give you any information in our power that will help to make your trip here more convenient, your stay here more agreeable, and your location when you get here more comfortable, so send on your large delegations, and don't forget the ladies because ample entertainment is being provided for them, and we are going to try to convince you that Detroit is one of the best convention cities in the country.

Day by day, it is becoming apparent that the 1927 convention is destined to be an important and significant assemblage. Though it is receiving perhaps less publicity than certain previous conferences of the union, it is still attracting wide interest. This is due in large part to the good spirit of team play prevailing in the organization, and in

some part due to the centrally located convention place.

The 1927 convention will go into session as a climax of two years of steady expansion, development and growth of the union. It will have its problems, but it will also have reason, intelligence and the will to solve these problems. Everywhere the opinion prevails, "The convention of 1927 will see a new milestone on the long climb up of our organization."

Fraternally yours,
Detroit Convention Committee,
JOSEPH BASSO,
Secretary.

Etticut Hints

With the convention rapidly drawing nigh, you fellows probably will appreciate this advice on how to behave at a banquet, which we picked up somewhere amongst our esteemed contemporaries:

Soup should be seen and not heard.

Syrup should be used as a nourishment, not a liniment.

Tea should be swallowed, not inhaled.

And remember, boys, pepper is a condiment, not a collection of yelps and cat-calls.

ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE



MICHAEL J. KENNEDY

Commissioner of Gas and Electricity, Chicago.

Another electrical worker has entered public life. He is Michael J. Kennedy, business representative of Local No. 134, Chicago, recently appointed by Mayor Thompson to the important post of Commissioner of Gas and Electricity. Kennedy is one of the young, courageous unionists of Chicago, with a large following among labor men of all crafts in that flourishing center of intensive labor activity.

The JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS asked a friend of Kennedy's to characterize this rising young man. "Kennedy is a very clean-cut fellow. He is known as a very studious chap of about 33 years of age. Of an aggressive type, still he is cool and reserved. I have found him always to be a very good listener, which as you know, is an unusual thing among men."

"Live Wire," official publication of the Electrical Apprentice Club of 134, says of Brother Kennedy's appointment: "Having been an active worker for the local, we regret to have him dispense with his services, but on the other hand, we wish to congratulate him, and to extend to him, through this publication, our best wishes for success."

KEEPING THE FRATERNAL CIRCUIT CLOSED



ON EVERY JOB

There's a Laugh or Two!

GOOD GOSH—this overwhelming popularity of this column is almost overpowering. Yessir, Brothers, not A contribution, but **CONTRIBUTIONS!** This one from Irwin of Local No. 1037, Winnipeg, for instance, is our idea of a real electrical worker's yarn:

It is a recognized fact that copper wire contracts in cold weather.

Sandy M'Pherson had occasion to use the long distance telephone from Winnipeg to Brandon, a distance of 133 miles, one very cold day last January. In due course the bill for the same arrived but in the meantime Sandy had read in the JOURNAL that wire contracts about seven feet to the mile in a difference of temperature of 60 degrees above and 20 degrees below so he applied for a rebate.

Tighe, of Elizabeth, N. J., favors us with these wise cracks:

Mother: Do you know that each kiss shortens your life by three minutes?

High-steppin' Sue: In that event I sure am pulling one over on the old grim reaper.

He: What's the difference between a red onion and a white one?

She: That's all right, I know my onions.

Teacher: Give me the name of the best made ship?

Little Girl (thoughtfully): Friendship.

Bess: I hear Jack is sick.

Madge: He's suffering from high blonde pressure. (Oh Tighe, how could you?)

Duke, old kid, we really couldn't publish your story but we assure you the gang in the office enjoyed it immensely, so cherish no ill feelings.

Clark of L. U. No. 143 must be a literician; anyway, he reads the Atlantic Monthly, where he picked up this gem:

The Cynic's Testament

The following is an excerpt from the will of a Wall Street man which has recently been probated in New York State:

To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was.

To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

To my daughter, I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

To my valet, I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for the last ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach.

To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

To my partner, I leave the suggestion that

he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business.

"Balmy weather always brings an attack of spring fever to many persons," says B. L. M. in the Minneapolis Labor Review.

"I am no exception to the rule and when the sun starts getting in its licks I start thinking of western water tanks and Gila Monster Routes. When I was 20 years old I used to translate those thoughts into action. Some wild excuses were used for quitting jobs in those days. The most unique reason I ever heard given was that of a machinist with whom I worked on the Wabash railroad. The two of us were working on an engine where four boiler makers were driving staybolts with long stroke air hammers ("guns" we called them) and the other noises incidental to a busy machine shop were going full swing. About three o'clock in the afternoon my partner tossed his hammer in the pit, walked over to the foreman and announced he was quitting.

"What's the matter?" that worthy asked, screaming to make himself heard.

"The resigning machinist looked nonplussed for a moment, then pointed through the open door to where half a dozen English sparrows were looking for food among the cinders in the transfer table pit about 200 feet from the shop. Placing his mouth close to the foreman's ear he shouted:

"Matter! How the hell do you expect a man to do any work when them damn birds are making all that noise howling and yelling out there?"



WOMAN'S WORK



Labor's Radio Station May Extend Its Scope

What will the Federal Radio Commission do with WCFL? That is an important question in the minds of those who have listened in on the splendid programs broadcast daily by the "Voice of Labor," station WCFL, Chicago, owned by the Chicago Federation of Labor, and have hoped that this station may not only be able to continue its good work, but also to extend its scope and power to reach those eager to tune in, all over the North American continent.

You may have listened in on WCFL. Some evening as you were gathering up the dinner dishes, or glancing over the newspaper, dad or one of the youngsters may have twiddled the dials around to the 491.5 meter wave length that the station at present is allowed, and you may have heard some labor leader, whose name your husband repeated with respect, give the true facts of some problem vital to labor. A talk like this would come to you through no other station, for most large sending stations are owned or backed by big enterprises such as industries, newspapers, theaters or stores and are notoriously inhospitable to labor speakers. Indeed, Congressman Victor Berger of Milwaukee, talking from one of the large stations recently, found himself rudely cut off as he began an attack on the capitalistic system which controls banks, newspapers, and—he might have been about to say—radio stations. Station WCFL is the only one that assures labor's voice being heard over the ether.

Perhaps, instead of a talk, you may have heard music—syncopated strains that caused the family to start rolling up rugs, and pushing back chairs; or perhaps the resounding harmonies of a glee club, or the appealing voice of a concert singer, a selection played by a symphony orchestra, or the crooning melody of a violin. And you may have been a trifle surprised that a new station, operated by labor, was able to broadcast entertainment of such undoubtedly high quality.

But it's a fact, some mighty fine entertainment goes out from WCFL, songs by such artists as Mario Chamlee, Florence Easton, Sigrid Onegin, and John Charles Thomas; music by such orchestras as the Cleveland Symphony, and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; the Notre Dame Glee Club, the Chicago University Band, the Chicago String Quartette and soloists such as Gregory Stone, concert pianist, and Fritz Rink, violinist. On the popular side, there's a host of delightful dance orchestras, singers and entertainers including Lee Sims, pianist, and Wendell Hall, baritone singer who will be regularly and exclusively broadcast through this station.

So don't bother to tune in on the other stations with their Advertising Orchestras, Cough Drop Quartettes and Tooth Paste Twins, because on WCFL you have the finest of entertainment without having to listen to a lot of advertising and publicity talk thrown in. This is possible through the co-operation of the Brunswick, Balke, Collender company. The same talent you can hear on Brunswick

records is broadcast by labor's radio station.

The Federal Radio Commission, under a new law, has power to control and limit all broadcasting stations and they are even now considering which stations shall be eliminated—for there are far too many of them—which allowed to remain, and which allowed to increase in wave-length and sending power. While there are plenty of radio stations we could get along quite well without, the "Voice of Labor" must not be silenced. Therefore President John Fitzpatrick and Secretary E. N. Nockels of the Chicago Federation of Labor have sent out an appeal for our moral support. They say:

"Primarily, Station WCFL is the Voice of Labor. It is the only station in the United States through which labor can proclaim its principles and ideals. It is the voice of more than five millions of members of labor unions and farmers' unions. It is not operated for profit, but for public service only. It stands unalterably for the freedom of the air, as well as for freedom of speech and of the press. All other leading stations are owned by capital, and speak the voice of capital. Surely, in the entire United States, there should be one unlimited station which speaks primarily the voice of the workshop and the farm."

Everyone who is interested in maintaining labor's radio station is asked to write to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C., urging that the station be allowed its own exclusive wave length and a maximum of power.

If allowed, the station wants to increase its sending power from its present one and a half kilowatts to 50 kilowatts in order to reach distant points where listeners at present cannot tune in. Radio fans among electrical workers should be especially interested in the success of the station.

Auxiliary Boosts Label Buying

"Any local that fails to include the ladies is making a big mistake," writes W. C. Lindell, press secretary of L. U. No. 46, Seattle. Through the formation of the Ladies' Social Club wives of his local's members have learned to look for the union label and the union shop card, he says.

"It is surprising how careless we are when it comes to the union label and what it stands for," Lindell declares. "We just seem to take it for granted that the wives buy union made articles when they make a purchase and never once question them."

"After an auxiliary has been formed about the first thing the ladies do is put on a party and dance and there must be purchases made in order to put it over. Right here is where they really get the first lesson in union labelism from the auxiliary. The call of the label reaches in to the home and that is the place we must organize if we ever expect to see the union label on every article we purchase."

Lindell has another very good answer to the question, why organize an auxiliary? Read the rest of his letter in the correspondence section and then ask yourself, *why not an auxiliary for our local—NOW?*

Union Labor Nursery Means Chance for Mother and Child

The nursery school with a labor atmosphere where the small child, of 2 to 6 years, may develop in health and personality, is organized labor's newest educational venture and while yet in the experimental stage, seems to offer great possibilities. Most of us have deplored the difficulty in bringing up our children to believe in the dignity and opportunity of organized labor, when most of their little world seems to place a stigma, often an unconscious one but powerful nevertheless, on the man who gets his hands dirty when he works. Labor nursery schools will make the child's first and most lasting impression, that unionism is a fine thing, a benefactor of children, and that daddy is a great man because he belongs to a union.

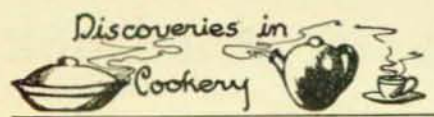
To the employed mother the worker nursery offers the greatest substitute we've yet heard about, for her own active and undivided care in the child's early years. To her it should become a tremendous boon.

The nursery school under auspices of organized labor is to get its first tryout in Chicago where the Workers' Nursery Association was recently formed to finance a demonstration school. Members of the American Federation of Teachers, an A. F. of L. union, are active in the project.

"Science in making possible almost complete control of the child's mind in its most impressionable years," said Ruth Pearson of the Teachers' Federation, speaking from WCFL, the labor radio, "is forging new tools which capitalism will not be slow to use in advancing its interests, yet which are equally available for the workers. Labor must take steps to insure to its children a start in life that shall build an understanding of the labor relations on which society is based and sympathy rather than hostility to labor's aims."

The school, she said, will take the child of 2 to 6 years and give him opportunities for development of his personality under group conditions with a minimum of boasting but with careful attention to diet, health habits and nature of toys and tools.

Enter now the lady engineer, the firewoman, the conductress, the brakewoman and the switchwoman. The Interstate Commerce Commission reports that on October 1 American railroads were employing 61,302 women, most of them as clerks, but a sufficiently large number in practically every other line of duty in the transportation service. The girl who stood on the track frantically flagging old No. 6 with her red flannel petticoat has multiplied into 192 crossing watchers. The red flannel petticoat has shrunk to the Charleston skirt, but no doubt it is just as efficacious in staving off ties between foolhardy motorists and engineers trying to make up time. Twenty-three women are putting to practical use their apprenticeship with the rouge pot in the boudoir by serving as car painters. Others are working as locomotive repairers, signal operators, blacksmiths' helpers, machinists' helpers, electricians and pump tenders.—Omaha World-Herald.



Drinks that clink and salads that sparkle—these should be our summer time foods. Long hours in the hot kitchen are as unnecessary for the housewife as rich, heavy, hot dishes are unhealthful for her family. Give yourself and the kitchen stove a rest, and let your summer meals come out of the icebox. In warm weather we do not need the heat-producing proteins of meat so much, but we do need the tonic effect of fresh vegetables and fruits, so let's have plenty of them in our menus! These recipes are worth trying:

ICED COFFEE

Make an extra amount of coffee at breakfast time, and strain it into tall glasses. Set into the icebox and chill until dinner time. Just before serving, add to each glass a generous tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream, or whipped cream flavored with sugar and vanilla.

ICED TEA

Make a strong brew of black tea and let steep five minutes, then pour into a pitcher and add sugar enough to sweeten while still hot, as the sugar will melt more easily. Chill in the icebox. When ready to serve, add the juice of one-half lemon, one orange and a sprinkle of ground cloves; also a cupful of cracked ice.

FRUIT PUNCH

Use equal quantities of orange juice and strong grape juice; add double the quantity of water and sugar to sweeten. Chill and serve with cracked ice. This makes a punch of a pretty rose color that may be decorated by adding small strawberries, raspberries, cherries, or thin slices of orange.

ASPIC SALADS

Aspic salads containing a variety of vegetables and meat may be made in the morning, set in the icebox till dinner time when they are whisked forth to provide a brilliant main dish for the meal. Unless you have an electric refrigerator it is best to set the pan or mold containing an aspic salad directly on the ice—and don't take it out until the family are all ready to sit down at the table for if it gets warm it will run all over the plate.

ASPIC OF TONGUE

Simmer a veal tongue until tender, then trim away all of the waste materials and the skin. Make a quart of brown stock from three beef bouillon cubes and season to taste with salt, pepper, and a few drops of onion juice. Add an envelope of gelatine and set aside till it begins to set but is not firm. Slice the tongue in thin slices. Place on the bottom of the mold in which the tongue is to be made up, a number of boiled carrots, beets and slices of egg cut in fancy shapes. Take the gelatine mixture and spread it over these decorations, being careful not to disturb their placement. Then add a layer of thinly sliced tongue, then more gelatine mixture and more tongue and so on till the materials are used. Chill until firm. When ready to serve wipe over the bottom of the mold with a cloth wrung out of hot water and invert over a platter. Garnish with lettuce, slices of hard-cooked egg, slices of pickle and olives. It will be a beautiful dish, fine enough for "company dinner" and might well be accompanied with potato salad and small hot rolls.

ASPIC NOVELTY

Skin six small tomatoes and stuff them with crab meat, or chicken, or shrimp, or a vegetable salad mixture, mixing mayonnaise with the material that is to form the filling

for the tomatoes and seasoning to taste. Make a gelatine mixture as for the aspic of tongue but using chicken bouillon cubes instead of beef. When the gelatine begins to set spread a layer in the bottom of a flat-bottom or ring mold, or cups may be used for individual molds if deep enough to contain the tomato. Place in the bed of gelatine the tomatoes, upside down so that the stuffed tops will be up when the salad is served. Cover them with more of the gelatine mixture till it is used and the tomatoes completely covered. Set in icebox till firm. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves, garnished with strips of canned pimento and sprigs of parsley.

vinegar, salt, paprika and mayonnaise to make a smooth paste. Stuff the egg whites with this mixture, rounding neatly over the top.

SUMMERTIME DESSERTS

Desserts should be just as simple and cool as the rest of the meal. If you have a small son or obliging husband to turn the handle of the freezer, try this recipe for the Sunday dinner dessert. It's inexpensive and delicious.

COSTUMES COMPOSE

whose very simplicity is refreshingly smart!!!

The bengaline sports dress is cut in bolero style and the russet red silk ensemble suit is just as practical as it is effective

With Photos by Harbert

SHREDDED CABBAGE AND TOMATO SALAD

For a simple salad, try this one. Coarsely chop fresh green cabbage, measuring four cupfuls. Add three tomatoes which have been skinned, washed and diced. Prepare one-half cupful of well-seasoned French dressing and pour over the cabbage and tomato. Chill several hours. Just before serving arrange a bed of lettuce in a large salad bowl and pile the cabbage salad in the center. Serve at the table.

PIQUANTE STUFFED EGGS

Eggs may often be used in place of meat, and here is a stuffed egg recipe that is attractive and unusual. Cut eight hard cooked eggs in half the long way, mash the yolks and add three strips of finely chopped cooked bacon, a little onion juice, two tablespoons chili sauce or catsup, one tablespoon tarragon

MINT AND ORANGE ICE

Combine one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup water, and three-fourths cup of clear white corn syrup. Cook to 240 F. or the soft ball stage. Remove from fire and add six tablespoons of lemon juice, three cups orange juice, and three tablespoons of finely chopped fresh mint, or a few drops of mint flavoring. Chill, pour into freezer and freeze, using eight parts of ice to one part of salt. This makes about two quarts.

STRAWBERRY OR RASPBERRY FLUFF

An easily made icebox dessert. Crush four cups sweet strawberries or raspberries, add sugar to sweeten and one teaspoon lime juice. Add one-half cup diced soft marshmallows. Chill at least two hours. Just before serving add one cup of cream, whipped. Arrange in a large bowl and serve at the table.

Science Builds Empires on Analysis, Not Luck

By PROF. C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineer, University of Wisconsin

"The universe is full of magical things, patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper."—Philpotts.

COMMENTING on the sale of a membership in a stock exchange for \$200,000 to a young man just out of college our most popular, humorous, cow-boy philosopher said he saw nothing in the transaction showing the advantages of a college education, for the man who was selling the seat and was retiring from commercial activity had never been to school in his life. "So I can't find much of a boost for colleges in that head line." The inimitable Will Rogers thus wittingly points out a fact often forgotten; namely, there are two sides to most questions.

It is a popular belief that many, if not all, of the important discoveries in the realm of natural sciences are accidental, or at least that it required no exceptional mental acumen to make the discovery. Opportunity alone gave the advantage to one while the lack of opportunity denied the privilege to another. But such a conclusion like the conclusion affirming the advantage of a college education from the premise so wittingly refused by our Mayor of Beverley is only a part of the truth. There is another and important side to the manner in which important discoveries are made.

To those who have been reading these articles no further demonstration is needed to show that many a man had dropped objects without discovering the laws of falling bodies. The leaning tower of Pisa was no more an opportunity to Galileo, than to anyone else who possessed sufficient inquisitiveness to test the assertion of Aristotle, but no one grasped the opportunity or ever saw the invitation extended by the tower "to come and try it."

Likewise while the chandelier was flagging for centuries the attention of every communicant who entered the cathedral's portal, no one heeded its signals. More than mere opportunity was needed to see the full significance of the phenomenon, and to interpret it to the unseeing world.

Careful Analysis Bests Luck

In the preceding article the dramatic demonstration of Franklin showing the identity between lightning and the discharge of a Leyden jar was briefly discussed. This proof was no more accidental than either of the other events mentioned. Before making his dramatic and lucky experiment—lucky in that he was not killed—he made a careful analysis of the two apparently distinct phenomena. Here are some of his observations forming the premises of his conclusions. "Electrical fluid agrees with lightning in these particulars: (1) giving light; (2) color of the light; (3) crooked direction; (4) swift motion; (5) being conducted by metals; (6) crack or noise in exploding; (7) subsisting in water or ice; (8) rending bodies it passes through; (9) destroying animals; (10) melting metals; (11) firing inflammable substances; (12) sulphurous smell." All of which testify to Franklin's keenness of observation and powers of logical analysis.

Such keenness of observation coupled with superior analytical powers distinguish Franklin, as well as many another investigator, from other men of equal and even more favorable opportunities for achievement.

The seemingly accidental discovery is accidental only in its seeming, but not in its reality. Often it is a by product of the particular investigation or line of thought, but scarcely an instance can be given where

an epoch making, civilization transforming discovery has been accidentally made. In every instance a keen and observing mind analyzed and interpreted the phenomena. These forces that some call the "loathsome fauna of civilization" while others equally competent to judge, consider them the deliverers of man from drudgery are the progeny of "genius married to science."

Likewise the discovery of current electricity by Luigi Galvani (1737-98) was no mere accident, but the outcome of painstaking experiment and analysis. In the history of the human race, how many men have been stung by a hornet without the pain arousing any other desire except the one to kill the pesky insect! And yet it was the sting of a certain species of fish that stimulated Galvani's researches into the cause of the kicking of a dead frog when its leg was touched by the iron balcony from which it was hung by a copper hook. Although the original explanation of the cause of the involuntary muscular contraction was wrong and hence the discovery of the true source of the stimulus may be looked upon as accidental, the true explanation is otherwise.

No Substitute for Mind

Galvani argued that as the electric ray secreted or generated the electricity with which it numbed its victims, it was logical to assume that the source of the stimulus of the frog's legs was inherent in the frog itself. Nevertheless, this explanation did not secure the assent of Alessandro Volta who died just one hundred years ago and whose life and scientific achievements were so interestingly described in the April issue of this JOURNAL. Galvani discovered the phenomenon of muscular contraction when the nerve and muscle were merely placed in contact with two different metals two ends of which were connected together. The connection between the kicking of the frog and the jumping of the Carthusian monks when they were shocked by the discharge of a Leyden jar seemed just as remote as the connection between frictional electricity and the lightning's discharge. But just as Franklin saw many similarities, so Volta proceeded to analyze the phenomenon and to compare it with others of like nature. He ascribed the contortion of the monk and that of the frog to be due to the same cause, but whence the electricity that excited the nerves of the frog? He suspected that the dissimilar metals had something to do with it, but what? Current electricity was not known. No one had before even suggested that a stream of electrons is set in motion when two dissimilar metals are separated by salty or acidulated water. If Volta had been like most of us the phenomenon would have been dismissed from his mind. For eight years he was confronted by the electrical question, why? After many experiments he verified his conclusions by making the first electric cell which to this day is known as the Galvanic or Voltaic cell, and thus another factor in the conquest of nature came into being.

But a vast unexplored region was at the same time opened up. With the discovery of a new phenomenon or truth the dim shadows of a multitude of others appear in the distance. No sooner had Volta announced his discovery of current electricity than others began to make inquiry concerning the laws governing its flow and the names of Ampere, Ohm, Oersted, Faraday and a host of others began to appear in technical literature.

One of those geniuses for which nature cast a special mould was Andre Marie Ampere whose memory we honor every time we use the name of the unit of electric current. He was born in 1775, the year made famous by the ride of Paul Revere, near Lyons, France. These were stirring times in France as well as in the American colonies and the ferment left its impress on the young mathematical prodigy. At the early age of 12 the youth asked to be permitted to study the mathematical works of Euler and Bernoulli, two of the most profound Swiss mathematicians and physicists. When informed that the study of these works required a knowledge of both Latin and the calculus he promptly informed his tutor that "no doubt he could learn these also." At the early age of 18 he had a more thorough knowledge of mathematics than most university graduates of the present day, but such assiduous application of a developing mind coupled with the grief occasioned by the guillotining of his father caused a complete nervous breakdown. A considerable period after this he devoted to a study of a botanical work by Rousseau and to the reading of Latin poems. How much of his recovery was due to the long rambling walks he took in search of flowers, and how much to the flower like beauty of Julie Carron whom he discovered in one of these rambles, the historian saith not. True it is that the wooing though sometimes mathematical was nevertheless convincing for on July 3, 1797, she consented to become his wife. The vicissitudes of life are, however, no respecters of mathematical geniuses for within seven years the second tragic blow fell on his none too strong shoulders, his beloved Julie died. Once again the master of La Place's Celestial Mechanics and La Grange's Analytical Mechanics was a broken man.

Following the death of his wife he became a teacher at the Polytechnic School of Paris where his researches in electro-magnetism were made. But electromagnetism is a new word in electrical science. Static electricity produces no magnetism and a permanent magnet as then known had no apparent relation to an electric current. How then did Ampere become interested in electromagnetism? If there is one accidental or chance discovery in electrical science it is that of Hans Christian Oersted who while experimenting with galvanic electricity accidentally brought a compass needle near and parallel to the wire connecting the voltaic cells. To his amazement the needle was seen to move and thus it became evident that the galvanic current, or moving electricity exerted a force through space, and two, hitherto dissociated phenomena, became one. While Oersted belongs the honor of making the discovery of some relation between moving electricity and magnetism, and while his discovery gave rise to the science of electromagnetism, it was Andre Marie Ampere who made a truly scientific subject of the phenomena accompanying electric currents. The host of new problems suggested by Oersted were attacked by Ampere in a truly scientific manner. He showed that the direction of deflection of the magnetic needle depended upon the relative position of the compass and wire. Furthermore, he reasoned that if two electric currents each exerted an influence on the needle, the wires should react on each other, and so he deduced the law of force between current carrying conductors mentioned in a preceding article and which in a measure

(Continued on page 328)

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

Starting Compensator Tests

The important tests for compensators cover grounds, contacts, height and conditions of oil and proper working of its overload and no voltage release. No special tests are required, but careful and frequent inspections are recommended.

What To Inspect

Height of oil in tank	Loose contacts
Condition of oil	Grounds
Auxiliary circuit	Heating

The Annunciator

The annunciator is one of the oldest of electrical devices. It is used for summoning servants, signaling to elevator operators, and, in short, for any service that requires transmission of a single signal between two points, not far apart but inaccessible for direct communication by means of speech or manual signals.

Friction Load Tests

Friction load tests can be determined during the noon hour or when the operators are not using the machinery for manufacturing purposes.

For manufacturing plants which are in continual operation inspections should be made weekly or even daily. Complete tests made monthly will usually be sufficient for the most severe cases.

Varying Speed Motor

A motor in which the speed varies with the load, ordinarily decreasing as the load increases; for example, a series motor, compound motor, or series shunt motor is called a varying speed motor. An induction motor with a high resistance rotor is also a varying speed motor.

Enclosed Ventilated Motor

An enclosed ventilated motor is a totally enclosed motor arranged to be ventilated through pipes, leading from a clean, cool supply of air and to some place where there is no fire hazard. These machines are often self ventilated, having a blower incorporated in their construction which keeps the air circulating. They may be used almost everywhere that the totally enclosed motor can be and have the additional advantage that in hot rooms the cooling air for them may be considerably below room temperature.

Variable Speed Motor

A variable speed motor is one which can be operated at various speeds, and is usually under control at all times. Railway motors, crane motors and hoist motors are often of this type. Wound rotor induction motors are variable speed motors and, with proper control equipment, any direct current motor may be a variable speed machine.

Totally Enclosed Motor

A totally enclosed motor has no openings for ventilation. The electrical parts of these motors are enclosed in a practically air tight casing. Such motors are used where acid or caustic fumes, heavy dusts or other material might injure the electrical parts of the motor or clog the ventilating passages and air gap. They are used also where there is danger of overheated winding igniting explosive fumes, combustible material or inflammable dust.

Adjustable Speed Motor

An adjustable speed motor is a shunt wound motor in which the speed can be varied gradually over a considerable range, but when once adjusted remains practically constant unaffected by variations in load; for example, a motor designed for a considerable range in speed by variation in field strength. There is no alternating current motor which will accomplish this without elaborate control apparatus.

Motor Drives

The connection between the driven machine and the motor depends upon many factors, but often the success of the installation hinges upon the method of drive. In every case the problem should be given careful consideration.

Belts are the most common means of driving machinery and are usually the cheapest. Belts have the disadvantage of being elastic and stretching which causes slipping. Slipping means lost power and often reduced production on the driven machine. The fact that belts will slip is sometimes an advantage however. Belts will sometime cause trouble by coming off under jerky loads and they are not desirable for use at high speeds. Idler pulleys and belt-wrappers can be used where the pulleys are close together, of greatly differing size, or to take up the slack.

Chain belts are positive, and are useful for short-center drives. They will not slip. Sometimes they are noisy and some require considerable lubrication. Chain belts are very popular.

For great speed changes, high speeds and close quarters, gearing is generally desirable. This requires rather rigid supports for motor and driven machines and fairly accurate alignment.

Direct drive through a flexible coupling makes the neatest and simplest installation where the motor speed is the same as that of the driven machine. Often it requires careful aligning, however. For high speeds, direct drives are almost universal.

Speed reducers, rope drives, clutches and combination drives find application on special installations.

In planning a motor drive, the speed of the motor should be considered. Always remember that the slower the speed of the motor the larger it will be and the more expensive. Often a high speed motor can be geared down more cheaply than a low speed motor can be installed to drive directly.

Illumination Design

The general purpose of illumination is to enable things to be easily seen. As things are seen by the light reflected from them into the eye, it is necessary to have the lighting units of such number and intensity and so arranged as to make the things it is desired to see most easily seen. To do this must be taken into consideration the effect of illumination on the eye.

Slate Switchboards

Slate finished marine black makes an excellent switchboard material. Slate is one of the strongest and most serviceable known for this service, and where the voltage of the live parts mounted on it does not exceed 750 volts, its insulating properties are entirely satisfactory. Where necessary for insulation above 750 volts marble panels should be used.

Location of Lights

No general rule can be given for the location of lights for general illumination. It is always desirable to so distribute the units that uniform illumination will result. Where the number and location of lighting outlets is not determined by the architectural considerations, or by arrangement of the furniture and fixtures, it is desirable to arrange the lighting outlets in the form of squares or rectangles.

For a given ceiling height, the less intense will be any shadows produced. The higher the ceiling the larger the squares can be. As a general rule, should about equal the height of the ceiling. For offices that have no desk lighting, the squares should be three-fourths the height of the ceiling to reduce shadows; for stores, the squares can be a little larger. If the room is divided by partitions, each enclosure should be treated as a separate room. Where the ceiling is divided into panels or broken up by girders, the size and location of these often determine the spacing of the lights. In such cases, it is advisable to space the lighting units symmetrically according to decorations and girders and select lamp sizes and reflectors adaptable to such spacing.

Porcelain Insulators

Porcelain is a vitreous homogeneous mixture of clay, flint, and feldspar. Porcelain which is used for electrical purposes differs from general porcelain ware only in the proportion of the three base materials used, and in the refinements of its manufacture. These differences, however, make possible a porcelain which meets the highest mechanical and dielectric requirements.

The raw materials are finely ground, accurately proportioned, and intimately mixed in a liquid state. The mixed material is then reduced to a plastic state by filtering under pressure. Electrical porcelain is manufactured by three processes, the casting process, the dry process and the wet process.

Dry Process—After filtering, the material is partly dried and ground to a crumbly condition, in which the granules are the size of rice grains, or smaller, and in which there is just enough moisture so that a handful of the material will cling together when squeezed. The material is then pressed into moulds of the required shape. The pressed shapes are dried, finished to dimension and glazed. Dry process porcelain can be moulded quite accurately into complicated shapes.

Casting Process—Porcelains of high dielectric strength and of complicated form can be made by pouring the liquid material into multipart plaster of paris moulds. The cast piece is removed from the mould after it has stiffened sufficiently to permit handling and finishing without distortion. It is then thoroughly dried and glazed. Plaster of Paris is a particularly useful material for moulds because it accelerates the drying of the porcelain body by its absorption of moisture.

Wet Process—Blocks of plastic material about the consistency of putty are worked into the desired shape, and placed into plaster of Paris moulds. The surface not in contact with the mould is then worked to the desired shape by machine forming and pressing. The piece is removed from the mould after it is partly dried and stiff enough to handle. The surface which was in contact with the mould during the pressing operation is finished to accurate dimensions. The body is then thoroughly dried and glazed.

EVERYDAY SCIENCE

Fiber Silk

Artificial silk, often called "fiber silk" is made from cotton or finely ground wood, which is also a fibrous material. Certain substances, of a rather complex chemical nature, will convert the cotton or wood fibers into a thick pulp or jelly. This is forced through very small holes, from which it emerges in the form of tiny, smooth rods which harden when exposed to air or treated with certain chemicals. The product is more lustrous (shiny) than any other fiber and it is quite strong except when wet. Because of its high luster a fiber of artificial silk is often spun into thread with fibers of real silk.

Mercerized Cotton

Mercerized cotton is named after John Mercer, an English cotton spinner, who discovered, in 1850, that soaking cotton goods or thread in a fairly strong solution of lye gives it a luster almost as bright as silk. During the soaking the yarn or cloth is stretched tight. The twisted ribbon fibers of cotton are partially straightened and swell into the form of shining rods.

Photographic Films

There is very little difference except as to shape and size between the motion picture films and those used in cameras by yourself and your friends. All photographic films and plates are made by very much the same process, and in all of them the treatment by which the picture is produced is practically the same.

Photographic plates are made of clear glass. Camera and motion picture films are made of celluloid. Cotton, treated with strong nitric and sulphuric acids, is changed into gun cotton; this is warmed with camphor and forms celluloid. For camera films the celluloid is cut to various sizes, motion picture film is made in strips 1 15/32 inches wide, about as heavy as thick paper, and often more than one thousand feet long.

Taking A Photograph

Two things are of the greatest importance in taking a photograph; the focus must be sharp, and the time of exposure must be approximately correct for the conditions of light. The farther away an object is, the less care is necessary in the estimation of its distance. Many small cameras of the "fixed focus" or boxed type, make clear pictures of any object that is not nearer than about 10 feet. In hand cameras of the folding type provision is usually made for adjustment of focus for distances between 6 and 100 feet.

The time of the exposure varies with the intensity of the light on the object to be photographed, for it is light reflected from the object that imprints its image on the plate or the film. Strong sunlight requires less exposure than cloudy weather or shade, but the actual time to allow for best results under any particular conditions can usually be learned only by experience. If the time is more than 1/25 of a second, it is called a time exposure; 1/25 of a second or less is a "snap shot." Especially in motion-picture photography, the shutter is open for an exceedingly small fraction of a second. If the light is sufficient 1/100 of a second will give the clear picture of a horse running, a dog jumping, or a similar scene of action.

Telephone Industry

The year 1926 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the use of the telephone. On December 31, 1876, according to the best records available, there were 2,600 telephones in use in the United States. On December 31, 1926, the number was 17,600,000, a growth almost impossible to grasp and one only to be explained by a study of the following table:

	No. of Telephones
December 31, 1876	2,600
" 31, 1886	167,100
" 31, 1896	404,300
" 31, 1906	4,932,000
" 31, 1916	11,241,400
" 31, 1926	17,600,000

The independent companies own 6,000,000 of the 17,600,000 in use in the United States. The A. T. & T. Co. own the rest. The independent companies in this country own and operate more telephones than there were in all of Great Britain, Germany and France combined.

Leather

The first treatment given to a skin or hide, as the skin of a large animal is called, is a thorough soaking in water. It is then placed in a strong solution of slaked lime for 10 to 20 days. The hair is loosened by the lime, or by other chemicals that may be added, and is then easily scraped off with a blunt knife. Any flesh adhering to the inner side of the skin is removed at the same time. For making soft leather, all traces of the lime or other chemicals must be removed from the skin and there are various chemical processes by which this is accomplished. For thick, stiff leather, such as will be used for shoe soles, the hide need not be treated to remove the lime.

Bacteria

It is a mistake to believe that all germs are dangerous. At least, nine-tenths of the different kinds of bacteria are either harmless or actually beneficial to man. Some of their most important services may be mentioned here.

Bacteria causes decay. Unless hindered they destroy all dead things; they keep Nature eternally fresh. They are indispensable scavengers, for if the remains of plants and animals accumulated on the ground, in a few centuries it would be impossible for others to live because of lack of room. Whether it be a giant tree fallen in a forest, or a tiny worm that has perished, bacteria causes it to decay, crumble and finally disappear, to enrich the earth for new forms of life.

Rotting caused by bacteria is useful in other ways. Linen fibers are set free from the woody stem of the flax plant by rotting; sponges are cleaned of their jelly in the same way; and the hair on the hides of animals is softened before tanning by action of bacteria.

The Steam Turbine

Engines in which the steam moves a piston back and forth are called "reciprocating" engines. For steady power, where stops and starts are not frequent, the turbine engine is more efficient. The steam turbine is somewhat like a water wheel, with expanding

steam substituted for water as the driving power.

Turbines to be efficient must run at high speed and continuously. They are especially effective in large electric plants and for ships, but to operate low speed machinery with them, sets of gears (cog wheels) must be used to reduce the speed of the shaft. The turbine cannot be connected directly with the driving wheels of a locomotive.

Cleaning Fluids

In using cleaning fluids remember that most of them take fire easily and burn with great violence. The fire risk in the use of gasoline and benzine is not sufficiently realized. No flame or fire should be in the vicinity when these liquids are being handled. Over 1,000 persons are killed and 300 severely injured each year in the United States from slight carelessness in this respect.

Fire Loss and Causes in United States for One Year

Matches and smoking	\$26,000,000
Spontaneous combustion in oil rags	20,000,000
Defective chimneys	15,000,000
Stoves and boilers improperly protected	14,000,000
Non-union electric wiring	13,000,000
Lightning	12,000,000
Sparks on roofs	11,000,000
Gasoline handling	9,000,000
Sparks from machinery	7,000,000
Sparks from locomotives	5,000,000
Hot ashes, coals, open fires	4,000,000
Gas lights	3,000,000

These figures do not take account of fires that spread to other buildings, nor do they cover fires in uninsured buildings. The total loss from each cause would be considerably greater than these figures indicate.

Precautions Against Fire

Don't hang portable electric light cords on a nail or metal hook.

Don't leave loose matches around. Safety matches are best to use in the home. "A match never thinks with its head."

Don't put hot ashes where they may ignite dry grasses or wood.

Don't use kerosene, gasoline, polishes, or any other liquid that readily evaporates and will burn near an open fire or light.

Don't use any kind of oil to help start a fire in a stove or grate.

Don't use a flame light of any kind in looking for gas leaks. An electric flash light is the only safe light for such a purpose.

Don't leave gasoline in an open vessel near a fire, even though it be a hundred feet away.

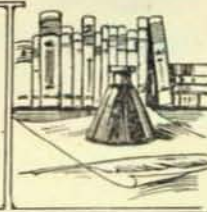
Don't leave oily waste or rags piled in a box or closet. They may absorb oxygen from the air, become warm, and set themselves on fire by spontaneous combustion.

Don't smoke a pipe, cigar, or cigarette in a garage, barn, or other place where a fire may easily start. This cause of fires, which stands first in the list of losses, is the least excusable.

Don't allow celluloid articles, such as combs, brushes, collars, eyeshades, "tortoise shell" or "horn" spectacle frames, etc., to come close to fire. Celluloid is often called by other names, such as French ivory, "pyroxylin plastic," it burns very readily.



CORRESPONDENCE



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Editor:

As a self-appointed committee of one, I want you to consider a man who apparently is a good writer and may be a good union man, and probably is the correspondence secretary of L. U. No. 7, Springfield, Mass., who signs the name "I. S. Gordon" to the L. U. No. 7 letter in the May JOURNAL.

Now, I don't know just what end he has in view to justify himself for the slam he takes at the Catholic religion by hitting at the Jesuit priests, a Catholic society of Jesus founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534. By comparison he says there is nothing too low or too mean that they would not do. Now, Brothers, our own history of the United States disproves his assertion, and several northern states and Canada also have honored them by erecting statues of them, also naming counties, cities and streets for them. Jesuit priests such as Frs. Marquette, Hennepin, Jolli and lots of others went into the wilderness, established chains of missions and taught the word of God to the Indians, many of them dying from exposure or getting scalped and tortured by burning.

Well, Brothers, to cut it short, I want to say right here and now that our JOURNAL's pages are no place for slurs against any man's creed or religion, so I'll leave it up to I. S. Gordon to apologize or explain. How come, Brother?

WM. D. MULLIGAN,
802 S. Fourth Ave.,
Tucson, Arizona.

Initiated April 23, 1899, St. Paul, Minn.
Card No. 13080.

L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

Will try to give the readers of this JOURNAL the real facts concerning Local Union No. 18 and its members.

Work in our jurisdiction has not changed materially since last month, and there is but very little in sight, but have very few members out of work. Our local has issued a great number of traveling cards lately and several of the Brothers are taking in the sights in other parts of the country. Our attendance continues to hold up wonderfully well, and at our last meeting the members of Local No. 18 presented one of our most distinguished members, namely, C. N. Feider, with a handsome gold watch, chain, charm, and a monthly receipt holder, properly engraved, and while we feel that this was no compensation for what he has done and is now doing for us, we felt that we just had to do something for him, and the above were our thoughts. We only hope he is pleased with our meager efforts to please. This Brother is due to speak before our sister local No. 83 on May 25, as they are doing great organizing work and it would be a shame to miss hearing him, as he has the knack of showing the non-union man where he belongs.

Our local continues to grow a little. It is quite an effort, though, when everything is so slow; no new work, and when the B. A. sees the same faces week in and week out it gets a little discouraging. However, we are hoping things will take a turn for the better

READ

Varied activities at Chicago, by L. U. No. 134.

About magazines and power projects by L. U. No. 1054.

Science and war, by L. U. No. 435.

How they conference in Winnipeg, by L. U. No. 120.

Wisconsin Rapids records advances, by L. U. No. 1147.

Hollywood reports on the grand ball, and offers suggestions for Journal's improvement, by L. U. No. 40.

Holding the line in Galveston, by L. U. No. 527.

Speed-up methods opposed, by L. U. No. 675.

Rising tide of affairs in Birmingham, by L. U. No. 136.

Kansas City views its assets, by L. U. No. 124.

Organization problems, by L. U. No. 193.

Amarillo makes progress, by L. U. No. 602.

Labor Leadership—Jim Trueman's Valedictory, by L. U. No. 102.

How open-shoppers create a labor surplus, by L. U. No. 292.

Seattle speaks right out, by L. U. No. 77.

Education through the Journal, by L. U. No. 575.

Employers and workers co-operate, by L. U. No. 567.

That State Association in Pennsylvania, by L. U. No. 81, and L. U. No. 163.

That State Association in Florida, by L. U. No. 349.

Collective Bargaining in Montreal, by L. U. No. 492.

The true situation in Lynn, by L. U. No. 622.

And a variegated bouquet of epistles gathered from all parts of the continent.

and then I won't have to write about the sad state of affairs in our city.

June is just around the corner now, and that is the month we have election of officers, also the delegates to our convention, and the way things are shaping up, there is going to be strong opposition for the different offices. In my next letter will give you the names of the successful ones. I will not take up so much space this time and hope this misses the W. P. B.

J. E. HORNE.

L. U. NO. 21, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor:

"Publicity"—that's it—publicity is the word I have been trying to assemble collectively for the title of my editorial for

the correspondence section of the WORKER for the June issue.

Fundamentally speaking, publicity is another word meaning advertising, and all big business enterprises are promoted via the advertising-publicity campaigns.

Advertisements are attractive reminders of products to be bought, sold and exchanged. They tell us the news of the world, amusements, organizations and societies, etc.

The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers would come under the caption or headline "Organizations," as well as other labor organizations affiliated with the American Federation, etc., but I have failed to see advertised very extensively, other than through the medium of the official journals of the various trade unions, either the main bodies or the local unions.

Would not a little more extensive publicity—advertising—stimulate the progressive activities of organized labor?

The capitalistic press does not serve in the promotion of organized labor, but does in the interests of organized capital, therefore it behooves the trades unions to figure out some way of reaching out to the working public to let them know, through the medium of publicity-advertising that the local unions exist, and that labor has just as much right to organize as does capital.

I would suggest that business agents, or representatives, of the various local unions within the Brotherhood have the emblem of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers stenciled on their business cards, which will serve in advertising. Let the public know that organized labor in this country is not a secret criminal society, but a respected union association of fellow craftsmen with an aim to uphold the standards of modern wages and working conditions, together with higher standards of living, and to become worthy citizens of a great commonwealth.

Let us try publicity. Inject more of it into our business—it might help it to grow and prosper.

JIM ASHTON.

L. U. NO. 22, OMAHA, NEBR.

Editor:

Haven't much to say this month and therefore won't take up much room. The town is pretty quiet, in fact all the middle west is at present. Well, we've hoped all winter for a good building plan for spring, and then all spring that work would open up for the summer so now all we have to do is hope all summer that the fall will get things going so we can do something besides hope next winter. But then winter is yet six months away.

Some of the Brothers are taking advantage of the good weather to get going as already Brothers Klans and Sprecher headed the Dodge southward but to where—well that's a guess. The next week will find a few more taking the green card and a tank full of gas.

The Postal job that we had in Ogallala must have appealed to Brother Jim Swinegar as he is now across the river hiking the sticks for the city of Council Bluffs. Jim says he don't mind how high they are just so they aren't so big he can't get both arms

around coming down. That's what our President Speed says, he can hike the short ones best but he runs out of poles too soon.

Well I guess no more for this time and no doubt this will be my last letter as P. S. for some time as next month is election but I'm shoving off in the "Tin Liz" tomorrow headed eastward back to Indiana and to a long grind of seven months learning the rudiments of calculus, alternating current and machine design. I'm finishing up my course in electrical engineering and hope some day to be an engineer. Many thanks to the Editor for the space while I was press secretary and perhaps will send along a line some time to let you know how the three R's have developed and into what they've developed.

So with best wishes to all from Local No. 22, down on the west side of the Missouri.

BOB PETERSON.

L. U. NO. 28, BALTIMORE, MD.

Editor:

The time for entering our new agreement is close at hand and from the looks of things the 40 hour week will be the only feature with no increase. This is largely a building trades proposition and practically all of them are out for it and will start away July 1. The lathers and plasterers beat us to it by a few months and have five days now in effect with a tidy increase gotten by a short battle, nevertheless it looks like ours will slide along as per usual. We haven't had a strike in this town in years and likely would not know how to go about it. These conditions are generally the result of indifference on the part of the members in the affairs of the Brotherhood, and the delegation of the affairs which concern many to the hands of a few who naturally meet with but little opposition and yearly bring back the same old story (S. O. S.).

Work is none too plentiful, the more needy cases are being taken care of. Rumors of eight million dollar jobs are flying around but, like all rumors are largely the propaganda of the employers organizations to keep the worker better contented with his hard fare, lest he get Bolshevik when the wolf gets howling around the door (I mean the garage door). It seems like unionism has changed considerably in the past years. When I started in the business the men with nerve to carry a card were always ready to defend their positions and fight to the last ditch and then some for their rights. Whereas nowadays the rank and file seem pretty well satisfied if they have a car of some description to tear to and from work in and a radio to squawk half the night; just so they can pay the finance companies and keep the mortgages from being foreclosed suits them, and to h— with a rainy day coming, and strike? Never. Of course in the old days the installment business had not reached its present proportions and what we had was paid for. Perhaps the scissor bills will wake up some day, and in the meantime woe betide the man who talks such sentiments as the foregoing as he is blacklisted at sunrise as far as the employer is concerned.

Our election of officers is close at hand and ere long my successor will send in the stuff from this section. The convention is also coming up and delegates will be selected at that time. However we do not expect great works from the convention. It is true it gave us insurance and other features, but has as yet done very little toward insuring a man's getting enough work during his productive years to enable him to carry anything like an insurance that would adequately provide for his declining years. Neither have we gotten rid of the stone walls, and the national P. S. corporations seem to be running their labor problems to suit them-

selves, but on the other hand it is a glorious trip for the lucky delegates, especially as Ontario has gone wet, and they will have an opportunity to see the town that Ford put on the map.

S. G. HATTON.

L. U. NO. 33, NEW CASTLE, PA.

Editor:

At this time I don't have much news to write. A number of different crafts are loafing. Building is slow. It has rained each day in May. Our scale is up and we hope to get it signed up by July 1.

The linemen's strike has never been settled up. It is now open shop.

Brother Webster and family have returned from Texas. He brought back pictures of the flood, and said it was a terrible sight to see homes going down the river.

I hope to have a good letter next time. I am going to tell you how to build an underground antenna that gives perfect reception in the summer time.

CHARLES ALLEN.

L. U. NO. 40, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Editor:

This is Local No. 40 broadcasting as one of the local radio stations daily announces, "Your friend in Hollywood."

By the time this is published, we will have celebrated our fourth annual ball, which has become quite an event in labor circles here.

We take this opportunity to thank all our friends who helped make this dance and the preceding affairs a success.

Our local takes a pardonable pride in the fact that we have made a success of our dances when you consider that some of the largest societies and commercial associations have given affairs of like order which were financial failures. Also it was only through the benefits of these dances that Local No. 40, was able to exist as a union.

All our dances were put over in the past under fearful odds, due to the antagonism to labor unions in Los Angeles, and the enormous financial cost, the smallness of our membership, which at one time was down to about 80 paid up members, and we were also in the midst of a jurisdictional fight of years' standing.

Fortunately the last obstacle has been removed this year as the I. B. E. W. and the I. A. T. S. E. have come to an agreeable understanding whereby each organization has well defined rights, which are being gradually arranged and put in working order.

This year we had the support of the Studio Mechanics' Alliance, the central body of all the studio crafts, which has a membership of 2,000 men, along with the help of hundreds of other union men at heart, but who have no union affiliations, due to the fact that they have no organization to care for their peculiar needs in the studios, but who would be glad to become union men, because they realize the benefit that organization can bring them, as it has done for the electricians and I. A. T. S. E. operators.

These unattached men are looking to the studio mechanics for help and guidance in organizing, and this help should not be refused, as it is only by unity of all the affected crafts in the studios that we can hope to gain conditions that we think just and equitable.

The writer was an unsuccessful candidate for the press secretary's job, for which I am extremely thankful, as it inducted in office a man who has real ideas of how to make the P. S. office of value, not only to his own local, but a benefit to every local that may carry out his plan of making the P. S. letters interesting reading to all members.

As we all know from reading the corres-

pondence department, a new secretary takes office full of pep, and promises to keep his local represented each month in the JOURNAL. The secretary in his enthusiasm and zeal really believes this himself. Then he writes his first letter mentioning all the little news items that he thinks will be of interest to the Brothers, incidentally mentioning the fact that this is his first letter and promising to do better next time.

The next month rolls around and before he realizes or is prepared for it, if he does think about it, he finds it hard to make his letter interesting to any member from another local, unless he is naturally gifted with his pen and original in his line of reasoning. Consequently, after a few months on the job, the average secretary's letters become dry and uninteresting. Then he misses a month or two, and gradually ceases altogether, until a new P. S. takes his place, with possibly the same results.

Now, when Brother Stoll took office he had this thought in mind, that the letters should be read by all members of the I. B. E. W. His idea makes it not only easy for the P. S. but practically makes temporary secretaries out of every member of the local who cares to accept the job, or who may have something to mean about, or a suggestion of interest throughout the Brotherhood, without feeling the responsibility of the office, in so far as to his getting a good letter in every month or two.

The way this plan works out is this. The P. S. picks out a Brother each month to write a letter to the JOURNAL, allowing the chosen Brother to choose his own subject, this letter to be under the supervision of P. S.

With this plan in operation, we are bound to get some new and useful constructive ideas pertaining to the needs of our craft, that might otherwise never have been thought of.

One thing for the improvement of the JOURNAL that I would like to see is more articles by practical men on any electrical subject which he may be familiar with, such as the maintenance of motor and generators, telephone equipment, radio subjects, high tension line work and its protective devices; cable work, high frequency phenomena and coils, transformer designing, special wiring installations, or any subject in which the Brothers may be interested, or with which they may be familiar along experimental lines.

I know there are a number of boys in Local No. 40 who could write some fine articles pertaining to the electrical equipment used in the taking of moving pictures, when you stop to consider that we use enough current on one ordinary set to light up a small town.

Such articles should be presented in such a non-technical concise manner, that they would be read by and enjoyed by all members.

Some very good electrical articles have appeared in our JOURNAL, the only complaint I hear from some of the boys being that the subjects were treated in a too technical and academic a nature, by which I mean, that that the subject was explained in too classical and literary a manner, rather than the practical one.

The articles that I complain about were treated in a very able manner, but the explanations were too long and drawn out, making it hard for the practical man to follow this classroom method of teaching.

The average working man is not technical or of an experimental nature, and when a writer makes a clear, concise statement, he will accept it as correct, without a lengthy explanation by the author, trying to prove it. This only confuses the average reader, and those who would care to go into a subject deeper have their text books to guide them.

I realize that the expansion of the science

of electricity and its practical applications have increased so rapidly that it makes it almost impossible to present any subject with sufficient clearness and necessary brevity, any elementary explanation of an electrical subject, that it must be done in a book of this nature to make it a success.

There sometimes appears a section in the JOURNAL under the heading of constructive hints. This department could be built up to one of the most interesting parts of the book, if the Editor would suggest and encourage the members to send in any short articles on any electrical subject, in explanation of some new kink, method or short cut in doing work, electrical tables, an arrangement of definitions, new and unusual hookups and practices or anything of an experimental nature that would help, or interest all of us in our daily work.

I think I have moaned enough for one time and close by saying that the JOURNAL is eagerly awaited not only by members of Local No. 40, but by other crafts associated with us in the studios, as it is one publication in which we can express our side of any public question.

PAT MURPHY,
Press Secretary, Pro Tem.

(Thanks for suggestions. All noted and will be considered earnestly.—Ed. Note.)

L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

It isn't very often that the writer goes around with a chip on his shoulder but I've sure got one there now.

Just got through reading the letter from Brother Bye, of No. 418, Pasadena, Calif., in which he states he will endeavor as much as possible to avoid annoying the JOURNAL with "small-town patter," etc.

Now then, while it's true to a certain extent that some of us are not interested in the above-mentioned patter, we must not overlook the fact that there are a great number of Brothers who at some time or other belonged to the local and may by now be scattered over the globe. Do they enjoy reading something from the home local? I'll say they do. And how about the Brother traveling? Does he pass up any article from the local he has left behind? Not by a darn-site. Of course, as one reads further, it is plain to be seen that Brother Bye doesn't mean a word of it; so we'll excuse him for the time being.

On May 1, a number of the locals in Seattle endeavored to get the five-day week and an increase in wages. While the increase was granted in most cases, the five-day week proposition did not fare so well. From a financial standpoint the writer can't see why the boss should be so set on the four hours Saturday morning. As I see it the worker no sooner gets his overalls on than it's time to take them off again, so there is nothing really gained by either. L. U. No. 46 has enjoyed the five-day week for a number of years and we look forward to the day in the near future when the five-day week will be universal.

More power to Brother A. W. Blackaby, of L. U. No. 458, of Aberdeen, Wash. Let's let 'em know that us Nor'Westerners are up and at 'em at all times.

Brother Jim Trueman, here's a hand shake from Seattle, Wash., to Paterson, N. J. Sum reach, eh?

Every time I get into action about the first thing I want to write about is our Ladies' Social Club. Any local that fails to include the ladies is making a big mistake. I want to mention one thing that has been accomplished through the formation of our Ladies' Social Club and that is the education of our wives to look for the union label on

the articles they purchase and the union shop card in the stores where they make their purchases.

It is surprising how careless we are when it comes to the union label and what it stands for. We just seem to take it for granted that the wives buy union made articles when they make a purchase and never once question them.

After an auxiliary has been formed about the first thing the ladies do is put on a party and dance and there must be purchases made in order to put it over. Right here is where they really get the first lesson in union labelism from the auxiliary. The call of the label reaches into the home and that is the place we must organize if we ever expect to see the union label on every article we purchase.

Another thing the ladies accomplish through the social club is the beginning of brotherly love. We go to our union meetings and once inside the hall we never think what the "B" in I. B. of E. W. means. Only when we get together at a party which our wives have put on through their auxiliary do we really begin to sense the true meaning of that word "Brotherhood."

I only hope that the Brothers in those locals having ladies' auxiliaries or social clubs will get busy and attend the social functions, thereby showing the ladies that they appreciate their efforts as well as having an enjoyable time themselves, and that goes for a number of the Brothers in my own local.

More power to the ladies, God bless 'em, we love 'em all.

W. C. LINDELL.

L. U. NO. 53, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

Things have picked up a little here as the Municipal Light in Kansas City, Kans., put on three men last week Brothers Ballard, Mooney and Schlee going to work, also some talk of starting another gang after June 4.

L. U. No. 53 has had some awful bad luck the past month losing three Brothers by the grim reaper. Monday, May 8, Brothers McCollough and Jackson were killed at the City Ice plant, 18th and Muncie, by 13,200

volts passing through them. Brother Walker went up a pole with a tape line hanging on his belt with Brothers McCollough and Jackson standing on the wet ground holding the tape and the wind blew the tape into the 13,200 volt bus wires on the transformer rack and the tape which was lined with fine copper wire carried the juice through them killing them almost instantly.

Neither Brother showed any burns to amount to anything, each just having a small burn on their thumb and finger. Saturday May 14, Brother J. K. Tatum died at the hospital in Leeds, Mo. Brother Tatum had been sick for some time and his death was not such a surprise as the other two. Fortunately all were paid up so their dependents will receive some insurance from the Brotherhood although none were in long enough for the full amount. All three of the late Brothers were well liked and L. U. No. 53 mourns their loss. According to the compensation law Brother Jackson's widow will receive about \$3,800 and Brother McCollough's father about \$750, not very much for a man's life these days. The gun men in the big cities demand more than that these days.

Brothers Wade and Phippen have been under the weather for a few days but expect both back on the job soon. Hope we don't lose any more soon.

June is our annual election of officers so hope the Brothers will turn out for the election and support the officers for ensuing year.

May have some good news for next month so will close for the time being by wishing all good luck.

JOSEPH CLOUGHLEY.

L. U. NO. 60, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Editor:

Once more the call of the pen and ink was heard, and here I am with a bit of news that may be of use to someone.

At our regular meeting motion was made and seconded to take in no more traveling cards, as we have a good many of our members loafing, and until all are working cards will not be accepted. Also wish to state for the benefit of Brothers from Florida who wish to come to sunny San Antonio that we have a business agent on the job, and our



Gather round me all you brothers
For no answer need be found
To the question asked of Paulsen
"How loud does Puget Sound?"
DAN CLEARLY has JIM BRANNAN
As PAULSENs do a Sphinx
But I'll bet you any money
That Detroit buys the Drinks.

In answer to "How loud does Puget Sound?" April Issue
By W. C. LINDELL, L. U. No. 46, Seattle, Wash., "located on Puget Sound"

scale of wages is \$8 for eight hours a day. There has been a number of members from the real estate boom state coming here and going to work for \$6 without the knowledge of our business agent.

We have had a few bolsheviks in our midst who started quite a stink among the boys, but all are wise now. Consequently, two took out travelers and went to pay Henry Ford a visit. Charges of some sort have been made against some of our boys, but when the kangaroo court was to have been called the accuser was not on hand.

Outside of that we are getting along fine, the watermelons are ripening and the fish are biting, so all that are idle now are looking forward to that. I am still piloting a motion picture machine at a local theatre. I consider myself lucky to have an I. A. T. S. E. card.

Brothers, work is slow here. The newspapers are printing a lot of stuff about millions of dollars' worth of construction going up, but that's newspaper talk and sucker bait to get you here, as well as any other, and I advise anyone who wishes to come this way to first get in touch with our business agent, saving you a trip and perhaps a lot of disappointment.

Since we have nothing to do, some go fishing, others go—well, that's their business. I embarked myself on the sea of matrimony. Yes, sir, I like blondes, and to prove my taste I married one, the swellest girl I know, boy! Below is a compliment someone sent me:

Bye-o-bye, young man, when you marry
And you sign your contract for life,
For you'll be dodging cups and saucers
If you don't appreciate a loving, good wife.

Bye-o-bye, baby in the cradle;
Bye-o-bye a half-dozen more.
There is no room for poor papa on the bed,
So he has to sleep on the floor.

Whoever sent that to me certainly did know his or her Bermudas. And with a \$2 assessment on now for a time, I believe that I will be happy.

There being no other business to transact, we will now adjourn until next month. What about you boys in El Paso? Are you still alive? Let's hear from you.

G. L. MONSIN.

L. U. NO. 65, BUTTE, MONT.

Editor:

The best that is in a man he puts in books, that's why there are so many good letters in our JOURNAL. And, Brother Editor (in the April issue, Magazine Chat), you paid a deserving compliment to our many press secretaries.

Who knows but a great awakening will come with some splendid writer, with new ideas and ideals awakening us all, even perhaps, the furious objector?

We are sending delegates to Detroit in August to help transact business of our I. B. E. W. convention. Our delegates are going in the spirit of doing all we can to help you, and, of course by so doing we help ourselves.

If our delegates wear ten-gallon hats and red ties; well, what of it? Be assured we do not seek to occupy church pulpits on Sundays, nor do we expect the convention committee of L. U. No. 58 to wear stove-pipe hats and umbrellas, like jungle folks, to make us feel at home.

We are as western as a covered wagon. Gloom is not our motto. We've canned our sorrows, and right now are feeling gay, for our big convention at Detroit is looming and we are happy on the way.

In reference to the "unpleasantness" L.

U. No. 3, the point is, not that temptation can be abolished, but that our worthy members and I. O. can not be swayed from the path of rectitude. Organized labor is, and should be alert to preserve the principle of honesty.

In recognition of this fact must be found the strongest hope of our strength and perpetuity.

Says I to myself, says I, our JOURNAL is the best magazine to buy, says I.

GEORGE WILSON.

L. U. NO. 66, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Editor:

As press secretary for Local No. 66, I will make an effort to send in a letter before the weather gets too hot.

We are not troubled with spring fever here in springtime for it is with us the year around, our winters being too mild to overcome the feeling.

A number of floaters left a month or more ago, and the majority of those remaining can be depended on to stay and fight the heat and "black diamonds" the rest of the year. Houston is growing so rapidly that there appears to be no end to the Light Company's work with the force they have. Evidently they have set a limit on the number of linemen they are to use in the city, as the number varies but little, and by keeping busy they are always just a step behind the progress of the city, consequently we have no lay-offs, which would otherwise happen should the company adopt the policy of putting on large forces and build the city up ten years ahead, and then a big lay-off.

Conditions on the city jobs are comparatively good. But the transmission work, of which there is and has been considerable, is not so good, due to the fact that so far we have been unable to include this part of the work in our contract. We are in hopes, however, of gaining some ground this year. Our present contract expires June 30, and the proposed new one deals only in an advance in pay for the linemen and jurisdiction over high line work, and as we have a bunch of live wires with previous experience on the presentation committee, we have keen hopes of success.

Our business manager, M. L. Fine, is wide awake and has built up the membership to no little extent, but we are sorely in need of help in organizing, not only within our jurisdiction, but the whole state. It is sad to think that only three out of every ten linemen in Texas belong to the I. B. E. W. We hope the G. O. will soon see the necessity of making an attempt to correct this situation.

Our old pal "Tex" Tedford has been home-guarding Houston for the past six years. He looks fine and says he feels like a "two-year-old." Owns a fine home in a select neighborhood and still a bachelor. (Girls, don't crowd!)

Barney, "The Boar," Neibour, spent the winter with us. Part of the time he had a master, and when not thusly engaged, he was doing society and enjoying our climate, but he says he intends to go north soon.

Brothers Griffin and Parish, who represented us at the last convention, were re-elected by acclamation to do the honors again at Detroit in August. We feel that we are ably represented by these Brothers, and know that no other delegates can boast of representing a state which has an ex-lineman for governor—that in itself should carry some prestige.

You can't afford to blue pencil this letter, as it is the first I have written this year, and if you make me sore, I may not attempt another.

DICK KING.

L. U. NO. 77, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

This is to inform the Brotherhood that Local No. 77 is again on the map, attempting to build up its membership and instill into the hearts of the outside workers the principles of the I. B. E. W., and in this connection we are meeting with a fair measure of success, 31 members being added to the roster during the past two weeks.

The writer has been appointed business representative and press secretary, and predicts a progressive and prosperous year for No. 77, due largely to the fact that the membership in general is giving a generous measure of support to the executive board, which is composed of some of the old-timers.

In this respect we are also pleased to report the fact that the executive board and the business representative are receiving helpful and constructive co-operation from Thomas E. Lee, the International Representative.

It may be charged that in the past Local No. 77 has not been a very dutiful child to its parent, but we wish to assure you at this time that as far as we are concerned the slate is clean, the past forgotten, and there remains only the desire to further the work and ideals of the Brotherhood along strictly constitutional lines, and to that end we are looking for the support of the International.

With the promise that we will do all in our power to boost the work of the Brotherhood in this section of the country, and with the hope that we will continue to report progress each month from now on,

KENNETH L. WEBB.

L. U. NO. 81, SCRANTON, PA.

Editor:

In looking over our JOURNAL I am convinced that each issue gets better and better, therefore it reminds me that Local No. 81 has not had a letter in for some time, and probably the JOURNAL is just as well off. Work and business conditions in this vicinity are very dull at present and have been for some time past. We have had some of the boys warming the back breakers for a long time with nothing in sight for months to come. There is a good sized Masonic Temple, costing \$1,500,000, under way and here's hoping that it will take the boys off their vacations for a long time.

On May 11 and 12, President Ed. Miller, Business Representative Billy Daley and myself attended a meeting at Harrisburg, Pa., for the purpose of forming a state association of electrical workers.

It was attended by delegates from 10 Pennsylvania locals and it is the hope of all who were there that it will be the means of bettering electrical conditions in general in this state. Something on this order has been badly needed for a long time past. Brother Clark of Harrisburg, Pa., and Brother Barber of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., were elected president and secretary until such time as the next convention will be held, then regular election of officers will be in order. Brother Ed. Miller, of Scranton was elected a vice president.

Brother Daley drove us down in his Nash touring car, and all in all it was a delightful trip, with nothing to mar the tour either way.

The delegates to the convention were as intelligent a crowd as could be gotten together, and if it all works out we ought to have an A-1 association in a short time.

On our way to Harrisburg, we picked up the Wilkes-Barre delegates, Barber, Mosley and Lovey Lynch, and had their company all the way down as pace setters.

I hereby ask each and every local in Pennsylvania to get back of this association and give it a big boost, for the benefits to be derived from it are innumerable. A letter should be received in the near future from Secretary Barber, outlining the results hoped for by all locals. Secretary Barber is one in whom all can have the most profound confidence as to being a live wire from beginning to end for the advancement of everything electrical.

We especially wish to thank Brothers Clark and Emanuel of Harrisburg for the interest they took in us, as to showing us our way around and tucking us to bed, and I can say that we will have to go a long way to find such courtesy as was extended by them to us, and speaking for myself and I believe for my comrades, we hope to return the same courtesies to them as were extended to us at the opportune time.

RUSTY.

L. U. NO. 102, PATERSON, N. J.

Editor:

My term of service as press secretary is now ended, and to say that I have enjoyed the work would not quite express my meaning. It has been a pleasure to be of service, but it has also been an honor not only for myself but for our organization to have been represented in this aggressive, clear-minded and clarion voice of the federation that we call "our WORKER."

Why, it almost seems like yesterday when our late, beloved President Raymond Clark, after a very exciting election, said, "Brother Trueman, you have been elected press secretary. I hope and I trust that your services will be a credit to yourself and our organization."

Mere formal words; uttered by another they would have been almost devoid of real meaning. But in his expression—ah, there was an inspiration that would have sent the red corpuscles surging through the veins of a sphinx. In his eyes there was a very world of understanding, a mixture of sympathy, a tinge of appeal, and an honest glow of service. On his lips—not the laugh of triumph, but the smile of friendliness and co-operation, and I saw in a flash a gray-haired man grown old in our service manfully shouldering responsibilities for the welfare of your organization for which he could never be repaid. He asked only as his reward helpful co-operation to the best interests of the local, which to him was more than life.

Though beaten, as you will recall, in that battle of wits of the campaign, I was at last the gainer, for have I not gained an insight, a deeper and real understanding of the men who devote their lives to promoting the cause of labor and of the scant reward for their sacrifice?

I wish that every man could serve a term as delegate to the building trades council. Note the endless procession of labor's problems, disputes, evolution of the trades and heaven knows what, all of which, if not settled skillfully and in a constructive and fair-minded manner, would hopelessly wreck the solidarity of the trade (which is our greatest power) and perhaps land us one at a time in the civil courts.

Note also the mature judgment, the foresight, the necessarily experienced skill and legal knowledge of these men, who feel their responsibilities. Note also (though I hope they don't see this) the run-down heels, their ordinary clothes and the general absence of any marks of prosperity.

I wish that everyone of us could go to the convention of the building trades, such as that held recently at Atlantic City. There you would meet men fighting daily

the battles of unionism, our International Organizers, state leaders and business agents from every building trade throughout the state of New Jersey.

Incidentally, I regretted very deeply my inability to meet that prince of scribedom, "Bachie."

In the service of corporations, as you know, organization and business talent and executive ability mean high salaries, influential power and country clubs, etc. In the service of labor organizations, the same talents and abilities receive heavier responsibilities, long hours, endless care, little sympathy, and the pay is generally that of a mechanic.

Our strength may lie in the solidarity of the rank and file, but I know as well as you that any group is helpless, impotent and even powerless without able and experienced leaders to not only lead the way but show which way to better their future conditions.

So, in this my farewell article to the WORKER, Mr. Editor, I pay tribute and con-

vey my sincere appreciation of the work these men are doing. Although I realize that no words of mine can add or detract from their unselfish efforts, this type of leadership to which the labor movement owes so much, seeks something deeper than mere monetary reward, something higher than the luxuries of prosperities, for they have constantly before them the vision of a united brotherhood of wage-earners aspiring to a better life, an aspiration for better things, a better life in their work, in their homes and for their children, and this vision is to them their very life.

On Tuesday, June 21, we will hold the annual election. The candidates will all have their best smiles working, and they will be very, very numerous. Be sure to vote, irregardless of whom you vote for. Make sure that the ballots total up 100 per cent with the membership, then, you know, it is the will of the majority. Come along and bring your own lunch if you stay for the count.

JIM TRUEMAN.

TO THE SECRETARIES OF STATE FEDERATIONS OF LABOR AND CITY CENTRAL LABOR UNIONS

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1927.

Dear Sirs and Brothers:

Recently Mr. Ben Gitlow, who signs himself as Secretary, National Committee Needle Trades Section, Trade Union Educational League, issued a general letter appealing to the membership of organized labor to make financial contributions to a fund to be used by the Communist section of the local Furriers and Ladies Garment Workers in New York City. This appeal was sent broadcast throughout the country and because it is directed to the membership of organized labor, I deem it my duty to warn you against the untrue statements contained in it, of its misleading character, and to urge you to refuse to make any contribution whatever to Mr. Ben Gitlow or his Communistic movement.

The Communistic movement in the Furriers and Ladies Garment Workers organizations, for which Mr. Ben Gitlow speaks, has been attempting to capture and control the bona fide organized labor movement in these local organizations. The leaders of this Communistic movement have denounced the American Federation of Labor and its officers. Many of those engaged in this destructive work have committed perjury of the most flagrant kind, and have sought through the use of most reprehensible methods to substitute Communism for trade unionism and to convert local unions created by international unions chartered by the American Federation of Labor into Communist organizations functioning for the purpose of destroying the trade union movement.

The charge contained in Mr. Gitlow's appeal for funds that officers of the American Federation of Labor and of international unions affiliated with it were responsible for the arrest and imprisonment of Communists, is positively false and absolutely untrue. These untruthful statements are resented with all the force and power at the command of the officers of the American Federation of Labor.

The American Federation of Labor is opposing the attempts of the Communists to control the local unions of Fur Workers and Ladies Garment Workers in New York City. I am confident the membership of the American Federation of Labor will not supply money to these Communists for the purpose of continuing their destructive tactics against the American Federation of Labor with which they are identified.

Mr. Gitlow states that the "Defense Committee" had incurred great expense through the employment of Frank P. Walsh. While the Communists in New York may have employed Attorney Frank P. Walsh and agreed to pay him a large sum of money for defending Communists who have been charged with the commission of crimes, for which the American Federation of Labor is not in any way responsible, the membership of organized labor is under no obligation to make financial contribution for the purpose of meeting this extraordinary expense incurred through the employment of Attorney Frank P. Walsh. In view of the fact that these Communists have hired Attorney Walsh and he is giving his legal services to these Communists, let these Communists who are being served pay him.

Organized labor can not consistently make financial contribution to a movement that has openly declared its purpose to destroy organized labor. Certainly organized labor is not going to help destroy itself by responding to an appeal for financial contributions to a fund to be controlled and used by avowed Communists.

The officers and members of organized labor are herewith requested to refuse to make any contribution whatever to Mr. Ben Gitlow or to respond to any appeal for financial assistance from these Communist organizations who call upon organized labor for financial help. Pay no attention to this appeal or any other of a like character. You would be injuring yourselves and hurting the organized labor movement if, out of your generosity and for purely sentimental reasons, you make any contribution whatever in response to this appeal. You will serve the cause of organized labor and will advance your own economic interests by refraining from making any response to it.

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM GREEN,
President, American Federation of Labor.

L. U. NO. 103, BOSTON, MASS.

Editor:

Our delegates to the State Building Trades Council held in Salem, Mass., were our president, Frank L. Kelley, and John J. Regan, our "busy" agent. I am pleased to state John J. Regan was unanimously elected president of that body. (Another feather in the wire jerkers hat.) Among other business transacted was a good sized donation to the Brookwood College. The report of the success of presenting and working through the state legislature, a bill to increase the building inspecting force from six to ten. This bill also carries with it a clause to have card men get the jobs.

Local No. 103 at its last meeting took final action on a number of changes in the local by-laws. The revised by-laws will soon be ready for distribution to the members.

GOODY.

L. U. NO. 113, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Editor:

We would ask you to display the following information in such a manner, as will draw the attention of those locals which 113 desires to reach—it's a matter for wage agreements, for the linemen of our local union.

In our letter to the WORKER Local Union No. 113 wishes to reach all local unions where in the following conditions are effective, the same being in operation in our city, and all cities having their distribution system of 6,600 volts, transformed to working voltage 110, 220 and three phase 220 U. We should like to ascertain if lines are worked hot, making taps, cutting over, etc., if hot sticks are used in such cases or not? What are working conditions, state also wage scale, on hot work, or cold lines, if there be any difference.

We have a four wire distribution system, and we are informed there are some 20 cities in our domain with 6,600 volt distribution system on a four wire transformation, and our hopes are to come in touch with all of these, that the wage scale, working conditions, and general methods of employment can be secured to us, all of which we would be justly thankful for. Send all information to Tom Mackey, 841 E. Monument St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

We were in hopes that Colorado Springs would be the domicile of the president, Mr. Coolidge, this summer but fortune favored the Black Hills of South Dakota. We could have fulfilled the many worn epithets about him, "Keep cool with Cal in the White House." He could find that a reality had he seen favorable political signs on our eastern horizon. Hengan nor McNary don't touch Colorado to the extent South Dakota and her bordering states do. So, to veto our ambition of the workers, and you need their support, "only again." Why he knows, so do others. Get among them, and wash their feet, and eat the same lunches that they do. Farm in the same old way, their methods. Find out what they want, but don't exactly tell them what you want. And when he knows what they want, and how, take it up with big business, and see if it's policy to help the farmer, as was promised nearly four years ago, and repudiated by the veto. Well, there are some fish up there, "poor fish," and suckers, too, who nibble on any bait offered, if they are republicans.

Seems the air of the seventh district has grown stale, or our wave length has been changed, or we have too much static to broadcast any of the hopes of changing the I. E. Board member to the setting sun. Is it a mooted question, or are the batteries being charged for the convention, on the question?

One Brother said 113 panned him. I was not certain if he meant that, or pained; it is customary to take a little salt with some of our medicine, and 113 was accused of going back to the first tea party away back to Boston. Rotten stuff, but 113 was just trying to show if anything, that history repeats itself we are told, and we still disagree with the coast idea, and Local Union No. 122 says leave the I. E. B. member where he is and they're not alone.

Well, we see some beautiful flowers thrown on the path of scribes 716 and No. 7 last edition, and our own Editor planted them justly and sincerely. There is much room for improvement in the subject matter discussed by scribes, and we are fortunate in having one who knows a piece of art when presented, and believes in paying the piper. I am going to say, well done Brother G. W. This is encouragement to all the rest. Not honorable mention, but just and honest criticism.

Get busy and start those auxiliaries boys, and the girls are as eager to be unionettes as men are unionites. "Some inside dope." One sister on the sick list of the auxiliary was visited by the other girls, with cake and cream, a few days ago and I tell you from official reports, it just beat a doctor bill for the Brother. She is coming out fine. This should only inspire others to get out and live, and help others live. Give some of your self and see how good it is to be a real man, a real woman, working for the uplift of others, and all the examples shown selflessly, bear fruit in the end.

W. A. LOBBREY.

L. U. NO. 120, LONDON, ONT., CANADA

Editor:

I have been reading the monthly magazine for the past nine years and I must say it is getting better and better every month.

It has been a long time since you heard from 120. I cannot offer any excuses, we have a press agent but I guess he broke his pencil. I see him almost every meeting and his excuse is that there is nothing to write about. "Canadian Brothers take note."

Well, I thought in order to give him something to worry his gray matter about, you know Dave is inclined to think sometimes but he has got a lot on his hands, so I called an open meeting last meeting night, fourth Thursday in April, and invited all the heads of all the international bodies of the city to attend, a written invitation, too, then and I figured about some 70 odd and we had about 30 in attendance. Well, that was not so bad and boy! we had a good get-together and got well acquainted. And the very next morning the papers were full of it. A scoop got in some way but we got a lot of free advertisement out of it anyway.

The idea of the meeting was a get-together of all heads of organized labor and through them get a better and bigger understanding as well as get acquainted. We had some very good speakers, first speaker was the carpenters organizer for Ontario, Mr. Marsh, who outlined a campaign now on in London. He also spoke about being able to have the new hotel job a closed one. Before long he hopes for a straight union. His talk was very interesting; he informed the listeners that it was all very good to support Canadian made goods but if they did not bear the label he thought that the label should come first with all union men and he hoped that when he had the pleasure of addressing the electrical workers that their numbers would swell far above the number of the local.

Next followed Brother Ingles, our vice president, who has always got lots to say when he is in his own local and believe me he says it, too, his talk was very interesting.

Of course he followed the government work of the electrical trade and had a lot to say about the P. U. C. and I don't think he goes far out of his way when he says they are a crooked lot. You will see how good they are by the enclosed clippings.

There were several other speakers, among them Brother John Colbert, president of Trades and Labor Council here. He spoke of the P. U. C. not being organized and thought there should be something done but said the T. L. C. could do nothing until an appeal came from the local affected, so he is going to get that appeal you bet.

Oh, I almost forgot there was a lady, then I don't remember the name but imagine one woman! It goes to show what kind of a bunch these union men are. The lady spoke, too, she was from the boot and shoe workers, briefly about the label and other things which were very interesting.

The meeting closed around 12 o'clock, the prize winners went home happy as did every one else and since that time the city has been full of union meetings and let us hope they continue till London is 100 per cent, Mother Bell and all.

Apparently the commission does not care if their employees are organized or not, but they cannot prove when they pay union wages only to their linemen; their inside men get from 20 to 60 cents per hour, their operators get about \$160.00 per month, the linemen get 70 cents and there are several who are enjoying this 70 cents who do not belong to our organization or who did but left. Someone of our members said the linemen had as good an agreement as was reached. Well, if that's the spirit they better get a new one because they have broken it so many times there is not enough glue in the American continent to patch it up; it's like Humpty Dumpty, and there is another thing that keeps us from going forward, things like this happen and the boys on the outside see it and they say that's a helluva outfit to belong to. Well if the Hydro linemen think they got a good agreement they better live up to it and not let the Alforda run wild. Remember it's not conditions on the outside that hurt our little 120, it's the conditions on the inside, so be at every meeting and see that the inside is cleaned out. Brothers, you have my hearty support. Canadian Brothers who write so much about rotten electrical workers on the outside, see that your own slate is clean within your own local first, then write. Remember the example your local sets is your asset.

L. U. NO. 124, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

The members present at our meeting of May 19 were well repaid for their efforts by the pleasant surprise of a visit from Brother Shadel of L. U. No. 1. Following his expressions upon the economic conditions of the electrical workers, Brother Shadel exemplified the fact that, with the increase of concrete strips between the two cities, so were the ties between L. U. No. 1 and L. U. No. 124 being strengthened and that it is only a matter of time before our interests will be identical, and with unified ideals and friendship we must eventually go forward together as one association but two locals. Come again, Brother Shadel. We like your kind.

The world loves a lover, and a giver also. Our local without doubt is as generous an association as any of its size throughout the country. This year's record, so far, is as follows: To the Lincoln-Lee University, \$500; Florida sufferers, \$100; Hebrew University, \$25; Garment Workers, \$9; and to date we have made loans to our members

amounting to over \$3,000. Let us hear from any local our size that can equal it.

You probably read in the Kansas City Star of a week ago a half-column article stating that the building in this city was so extensive that there was a shortage of labor, mentioning the 47 apartment dwellings and numerous store buildings and residences, garages and the larger contract. The correspondent's account of the buildings and the permits were found to be exactly correct, but the account of the labor situation is questionable and bears investigation, although do you know that while the non-union element is working steady upon the great majority of the above-mentioned apartment houses and dwellings, that our local has not more than 25 members getting in steady time, and that nearly half the local is not working or working upon very short time, besides the many that have been fairly forced out of town.

This being an actual condition, without exaggeration, doesn't it appeal to us as union men that can put two and two together and know the total, that the wider we can spread our union, the stronger and surer will be the effects of it, and that any union to be well off must be made up chiefly of men who consider the general good as well as their own, and having a set of officers and executive board of this type that it would be well to give them a free hand in an organizing program of their own manufacture and finance them as freely as we donate when in a charitable mood. Through this method we can spread our union over the city in time—it takes time—and gain results that will repay the efforts and recompense the finances used.

This is hoping that other locals will read and take heed of the above and prevent their members from coming to Kansas City expecting to take part in a newspaper siege of prosperity that does not exist.

EMIL W. FINGER.

L. U. NO. 134, CHICAGO, ILL.

Editor:

Yes, we are singing the blues. Things don't break here and a great many of the boys are walking the streets. We don't know the reason for this continued slump, but would like some explanation of it.

The linemen's scale in Chicago is \$1.10 and \$1.20 per hour; 44-hour week. We are an inside local. Starting July 1 it will be \$1.62½ per hour, 44-hour week and double time for overtime. Card men do all the telephone work on the big buildings.

We have in Chicago a store selling only union-made goods, so there is no excuse for us wearing scab clothes.

We also have a financing company which loans money on union-built houses. The stock is owned by union men.

Our apprentice school is quite successful. The squeaks cannot get their quarterly working cards unless they have sufficient credits on their school work. They attend one full day every second week.

How many of you listen to the Chicago Federation of Labor's broadcasting station? I don't know of any other labor body that owns its own station.

Yours for more work.

BALDY.

I would like to see a complete list of the scales of wages and working hours for every local in the I. B. of E. W.

[The International Office would be pleased to act as a clearing house for all such information.—Ed. note.]

L. U. NO. 136, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Editor:

Wonders never cease. Surprises come when least expected. This letter is a case of—another county heard from and nobody elected. But here goes.

I am the newly elected press secretary, elected January 1. You can readily see that I am very efficient, this being my first letter. I am like some of my Brother electricians, start late and, no doubt, stop early.

I have been deluged with requests lately to uphold the dignity of my office by at least sending the WORKER a post card or a little something to let the rest of the world know we exist. So to keep their pleas from being in vain, I am going to "put out" a little to pacify them until the spirit strikes me again.

To begin with, this local has about 175 members of whom we have an average attendance of about 25 or 30. Remarkable! We have fairly good working conditions. Our scale is \$1.25 per hour. Our present contract expires July 1 so we know not what the future holds for us. We can only hope for the best. Here's hoping!

Last year, after March 15, we had very fair luck. About all of our boys kept pretty well employed. But right now, things are kind of rocky. We have somewhere between 15 and 20 men loafing and more coming off every day. Big jobs winding up from last year. Looks pretty bad for at least two months. However, we have some big work coming on but it is in the ground.

The officers in our lodge are very efficient men. They keep our affairs pretty well straightened out and attend lodge every meeting night (which is more than can be said of the membership at large). Our executive committee consists of a crew of 100 per cent fair minded men, in my estimation. (No, I'm not a member!) It consists of Brothers Jim Driver, B. A.; James Isherwood, financial secretary; Ben Reaves, president; G. X. Barker, vice president; the elected Brothers are, John Crook, Hugh Brown, Red Lee and Tom James. They handle the business of the local and the difficulties of the membership without any partiality whatever, I believe.

I regret very much in my very first letter to write of things unpleasant. About a month ago, all our hearts were saddened by the death of our good Brother James Mercer. He had been in our local for about three years coming here on a traveler from No. 279. He went in business for himself shortly after arriving here. Incidentally his card went bad but he was later reinstated. A little while after that he took sick from some natural cause and died about a month ago after having been sick about four months.

Unfortunately he had lost his insurance but we all think we did our part toward the Brother. During his illness we paid him about three months sick benefits and at his death we put on a special assessment and paid all funeral expenses. We are now raffling off all his tools at 50 cents a chance to help his widow all we can.

I will say at this time that in connection with being press secretary, I am also local critic. Of course good or bad, we all like to see our name in print. This, in a way, will be termed the B. U. L. Askew column and I am going to try and be fair and tell the truth as far as I see it, whether it hurts or not. I believe in giving the devil his dues. I will let you know next time the squawks I receive. All that intend to gripe better think first because all complaints are going to be made public.

First I will start with the B. A. Jim Driver is a good old scout. He was a lieutenant in the army but he is a general with labor. Jim has been in office as B. A. for

about five years straight. He has done some wonderful work to better conditions and has been a cracker jack B. A. Incidentally, he is president of the Birmingham Trades Council. Although he has been a good B. A. a new suit will wear out and I firmly believe Jim is wearing out. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see a new B. A. next time in view of the fact that I am figuring on running. The only thing I ever had against Jim was that old suit he wore around here for the last three years. He seemed to think he was still in the trenches and wallered around here accordingly. But he has snapped out of it now and has a brand new suit, hat and shoes. Now we will get some new business.

We have a new man who came with us a little while ago named Plummer—from Detroit. He claims his card should be about six years old but it's only about two. You've seen those kind of fellows before. And did you ever hear a man gripe? Well, if you haven't just come down to the B. A.'s office some morning between 8 and 9. Of all the griping he surely does his part. We have an order in for some gripe pills. We hope to pacify him as soon as the examining board meets again.

Next comes to my mind is "B. S." Broum. "B. S." hails to us from the railroad local since the strike. He is young in our organization but is, in my estimation, a 100 per cent union man and a staunch supporter of the local and its principles. He stands for nothing except what is truthful and honest. I predict a good future for him. I wouldn't be surprised if he was our next B. A. In my estimation he would make a good one. Luck to him.

Next in my mind is "Little Jim Willie" Isherwood. He is a stomp down good financial secretary. You will have to ask him and his buddy "Red" Lee, recording secretary, why the title "B. S." was tacked on to Broum.

The only trouble I find with "Red" Lee is the fact that he is a radical. If you don't believe me, ask "Jim Willie."

Then, too, we have what every local has, a "click." Ask "Red" Lee. It is headed by "Rough Neck" Broum, our good Brother Straiton and Rev. Spain.

In conclusion, I will say in all sincerity that the only reason I can see why so many men are loafing is because we have been deluged by travelers from Florida. And I herewith issue warning to them to stay away from these parts as conditions are very bad here now and it will only mean embarrassment for them and us as well. I hope you don't feel hurt.

JACK ASKEW.

L. U. NO. 139, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Editor:

Some comments on May's Journal:

"Bachie" should not be allowed space in the correspondence (should have a two-page article up in front). Am I right?

Local No. 7: I am with you. I couldn't look at the job they are doing and feel right with the world.

Local No. 193: I certainly believe your resolution is all right. We have a famous light-heat-power company here, which is teed in or owned along with five other plants, and, boys, how they don't like a union man! They are doing a lot of additional work at their plant here and are also going to run a line to Binghamton, N. Y., which was mentioned in the article from No. 532. All this work is going to be no good for us.

Once in a while one of our shops, which carries union men, builds a substation or changes some big services for them, but no-

body understands how or why. The vice president of the company hates us like poison, but when he wants an electrical job done at his home one of our men always does it.

I noticed Local 444 told us all about Ranch 101. Brothers, if we would write up the unfair manufacturers, etc. (I mean the ones that give a lot of trouble), what a good thing it would be for organized labor. We could have handed that circus quite a wallop when it was here last year if we had known about them.

Back to local stuff:

It is circulated among our ranks that we have a Brother in our local who would work for a certain contractor for 25 berries per week (if he could have steady work). How's that for brotherhood, love, etc.? I hope he reads this article.

Our central trades and labor assembly has just decided to put on a label campaign in conjunction with the one the A. F. of L. is putting on.

The boys have commenced talking about the outing, so summer is nearly here.

Was just pleasantly interrupted by a friend of mine who is an auto mechanic. He belongs to the local here. It is pretty tough when you hear them say, "We are doing more work for non-union men than we do for you fellows that carry cards." It is disgusting to them to think that if they hired a non-union carpenter, plumber, painter or electrician we would be right on their necks and declare them unfair, etc. And, boys, we drive right by their garages to a place where they wouldn't recognize or even hire a union man. They are quite discouraged; their members are falling off. The auto manufacturers claim that they will spend a lot of money to break them up because they know they will be next. Come on, boys, ask for the mechanic that carries a card. He will be a good mechanic, I am sure.

Steve, a boy of one of our shops, has a setto down at Grotto Park tonight. I guess all the local is pulling for him. I think this is his first appearance in public with the gloves on, although I think he will come out O. K.

J. E. PRICE.

L. U. NO. 145, ROCK ISLAND AND MOLINE, ILL., AND DAVENPORT, IOWA

Editor:

Just a few lines from the Tri-Cities and vicinity, Local 145.

An excuse is in order. A future electrician has joined the family of said scribe, has all but demoralized his daily schedule, hence the laxity of his bark in the last few issues; but, he is doing well and the cigars were passed around and multitude of remarks were in order.

Work is still on the quiet order in this vicinity for our trade, as a great many of the Brothers are only working part time, and most of the work is small jobs and larger work they have only started. Due to so much rain they have had a late start, but from appearances we will be favored with plenty of work late in the summer or fall, and we sure hope to see a good year, as all the trades in the building craft are lined up and working together, and the building trades card is demanded of all who work on the job. Business Agent Hans Johnson is the secretary of the building trades and, with the rest of the business agents, he is trying to make the jobs 100 per cent union.

We have had a change in the city administrations in Rock Island and Moline, as the last election changed the slate in Rock Island and it is a more favorable line-up, as far as

labor is concerned, than ever in the city's history. Mayor C. Thompson was a plaster contractor; Bauer, as police magistrate, was grievance man for the Street Car Men's Union; and two aldermen, C. Nichols (ex-business agent of bricklayers) and J. Steel, a street car man, have all been in the labor field and have proven to be workers for the labor cause. Brother M. G. Welch was re-appointed electrical inspector. In Moline, the only change was that Brother B. Zobrist was appointed electrical inspector, and we sure were glad of the change as the local has tried to get a Brother in this office for years.

Some of our local electrical contractors are in a bad way financially, and, of course, that reflects on the membership. This has not come about in a day and is not the small house contractor, but some of the main concerns. Caused mainly, first, poor organization and co-operation among themselves; second, wholesale houses doing a retail business, all department stores, furniture stores, some drug stores, hardware stores, and what not, selling various electrical merchandise; and the biggest stumbling block of all, the local utility does a tremendous appliance business on a credit basis which no contractor can compete with, as the 95 cents down, and the rest paid monthly with your light bill is a brand of competition which no contractor can beat for long.

Trusting that all locals will have plenty of work for their Brothers for the year, and that all will be represented at Detroit, I will subside for the time, and trust that Brother Huse, of No. 193, continues his good articles for the WORKER, as they are sure chucked full of sound substance.

E. L. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 163, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Editor:

I am not going into much detail in this letter as I have so much to do just at the present time. On the state organization, I am not going to comment, except to say that I am, and those who were from this end of the state, very much satisfied with the result of the conference at Harrisburg. Brothers Miller, president of 81, Daley and Swarts, Brothers Mosley and Lynch and myself of 163, journeyed down by auto and returned back home the same day, in fact left Harrisburg at 1 A. M. next morning and arrived in Wilkes-Barre at 7 A. M., tired but very satisfied with the results.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I am sending out to all locals of the state with the copy of the tentative constitution and by-laws of the Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association, to be adopted as a whole or rejected. I want to state for the benefit of the locals of the state that when you receive this constitution, all we ask of you, is that if there is anything that you don't like with the idea of a state association, be fair enough to write us all of your objections, and give us a chance to try to show you that it is to your and your local's best benefit to be connected with the state association and we feel sure that you will help to make your state organization the best one in the Brotherhood.

Our next meeting we hope to have at least three times the number of local unions represented that we had at the Harrisburg meeting, and I believe that there will be.

Our building trades council drive is progressing along nicely, and we have signed up twelve new contractors, and have taken in about sixty new members, and if work starts up in the near future we will build higher, and have what would not be possible to attain if we hadn't the men on the road, and the loyalty of our rank and file, that constitutes our local. Brother Mosley has the

job of his life, as anyone who has ever been a B. A. can appreciate, and we can tell the world Brother Mosley is appreciated by all who have come in contact with him as a union man who does things and is getting his local union to the top. I state this for the benefit of those who may have had dealings with our B. A. and we want them to know of our confidence in him.

I believe that I have gone my limit, and Brother Parks, I have mislaid the notes you gave me to send to the Editor, but will have them in the next letter.

In conclusion, let every local union in the state of Pennsylvania, make plans to send delegates to the next convention of the state association, and show that you Pennsylvanians are true to the principles of your forefathers, who helped to make Pennsylvania what it is. Make it the strongest electrical union state in the union of states. And you can do it if you join our state association.

Organization of the Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association.
Organized May 11, 1927

at Harrisburg, Pa.

No. 15 Daisey Lane.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

May 22, 1927.

To all local unions in the state.

Greetings: Accompanying this letter is a copy of the constitution and by-laws as drafted at the meeting held in Harrisburg at the headquarters of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, which by a motion I am presenting to your membership to carefully go over section by section and if it meets with your approval as a whole, your local is requested to notify me at the earliest date of your action, so that I can prepare for the next meeting in a city in the central part of the state named by the president, to convene on Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30, and you can prepare to send your delegate, or delegates.

Locals 56, 81, 98, 143, 163, 367, 371, 375, 743 and 1099, Brother Meade represented the I. O. and M. P. Gordan represented the International Executive Board, there were ten locals represented by seventeen members, total nineteen present at organization meeting. Brother Clark of Local No. 143 elected as president, W. F. Barber of Local No. 163 elected secretary-treasurer. Brother Elmer Schwab of Local No. 56 of Erie elected first vice president at large. The four regional vice presidents elected as follows: Brother Sinn of 98, Philadelphia; Miller of 81, Scranton; MacDonald of 371, Charleroi; Brown of 1099 of Oil City.

To go into full details as to the benefits to be derived from this state association, would require writing a book, enough to say that the earnestness as displayed by the delegates who attended this meeting at Harrisburg, should shame any electrical worker who is not for a state association, and any local who turns this opportunity down is working for the benefit of the open shop movement, which will put you on the street and bring your wages down where you don't want them to go. The object of the movement is to benefit the electrical worker of the state, "and that means you," it matters not who you are or where you are located as an electrical worker. The open shopper don't like you and you know it and for that reason alone your local union should be active in the welfare of the state association.

Expecting to hear from your local in the very near future before June 30, 1927, adopting the constitution and by-laws as presented, and that you are prepared to send a delegate with proper credentials on your local's letterhead, signed by your president and secretary, with the seal of your local union, with

the name of your delegate so that I can get my part of the convention work done in budgeting the locals that will be present. I also hope to have the pleasure of meeting your delegate at the next meeting. "Time," Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30, 1927. Place to be given to you later from this office, so get busy so your delegate will know what you want from the association and what he can give for the benefit of the association, backed by your moral and financial support, which will come all back to you with more interest than Rockefeller's oil wells if you go into this and help make it so.

Again get your adoption report of the constitution and by-laws to me at your earliest convenience, before June 30, and any questions you may want on the subject, write me at the above address, and I will go into detail on any question not clear in the minds of your local members on the question of the Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association and its benefits to each and every electrical worker in the state.

W. F. BARBER.
Secretary-Treasurer.

L. U. NO. 184, GALESBURG, ILL.

Editor:

Will try to send in a few lines from Local 184 and also answer my critic from Local 527, Galveston, Texas, who it seems did not like my article on the actions of the southern democratic senators in the case of Senator-elect Frank L. Smith.

Now, Brother Broadcaster R. D. S., I can assure you that there was no intention of casting any reflections on the name of the fair state of Texas or the good union people of that state. I will admit my ignorance on this one fact, that I did not know that Texas was considered part of the so-called solid south. Now, I will admit that Galesburg is a small burg—about 29,000 souls—noted mostly for its colleges and schools and fine churches, and for your information the writer has been south, down through what I would call the old south, not the southwest. The hospitality is all right, but I can say that when I was down there in the winter of 1908 and 1919 that was about all that was down there for a working man.

I am not speaking of the organized union people who are in the south, but it is those who are unorganized who are the south's greatest enemy. Now to correct your impression that I have not been around much and do not know what I am talking about, I wish to state I have been in several of America's largest cities in all parts of the country several times, including our largest, New York City, and several of the largest cities of Europe. I do not believe what I read in the daily press on subjects I wrote on in the February Journal, but I do believe the labor press. Only recently the governors of Arkansas and several southern states held a meeting in regard to the deplorable conditions in the textile industry in their respective states, and all agreed that women's and children's standards of wages and conditions in this industry in the south (not the southwest) were practically serfdom and something must be done to correct this condition. If you will send me your address I will be glad to send you this article for your information. I have several good friends in Texas and in the south who know me and know how to take my article, and I am sorry that I hurt your feelings.

As for the negro part of your article, wish to say in all the first-class cafes and hotels in this burg you will see "We cater to white trade only" signs. And they do not allow them on the main floors of our best theatres,

and this is what you call the north but what we call the central west, where the tall corn grows. So, Brother, if you come to Galesburg, will be glad if you call on me, then you would be able to understand my article without taking offense.

With kindest regards to you and the members of your local, I will now leave this subject for something more important.

We have closed our 1927 agreement for inside wiremen without any trouble here. Got all the shops we had before, but I am sorry that we could not get the two non-union shops to see our way. Business is very slow opening up due to bad weather, but we have hopes for more work and less rain before long.

The writer is out of a job at the present writing. Do not know whether I will remain here or not. If I do you will continue to see me in the JOURNAL.

Before closing I wish to announce that I had a new arrival in the family just recently, a baby girl, which evens things up, as I already had a boy—A. W., Jr. Have a cigar, boys, on me, and turn in your bill at next regular meeting, as I probably will be working by that time.

I think I am over my word limit but this is my first offense, Brother Editor, so please excuse me this one time.

A. W. MAZE.

L. U. NO. 193, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

Thanks for getting my letter in the May JOURNAL. I was afraid that I missed out. However, I will try to do a little better. I never was late yet, at school, at work, for train or meetings if I knew that I was to be there, but may have wasted a lot of time trying to be on time. I find that many I know practice just the opposite. They generally have a lot of time yet, even after the time has passed. Let us for once, if we have not thought of it before, be on time for our next convention, with matters you think should be considered, and have everything ship-shape or at least make an effort to bring it about. Let others in on your opinion or put it out so that the members may consider it and see what they think of it. The best place in my opinion is through the JOURNAL. You know that most of our Brothers do more reading now. If you do not think so, just ask any Brother you may meet regarding most any article in last month's JOURNAL and you will find that he is quite well posted. That is what we are trying by the way of the JOURNAL. In the May issue you may note a resolution from L. U. 193, to be taken up at the Detroit meeting. We wish for every local to take

notice of it, and especially the outside locals, and instruct their delegate on the matter.

We realize that where any more money is asked for that alone generally puts cold water in it, but we feel that if it may be taken up with the intention to study to see if such a thing may be of any benefit to the Brotherhood and to its members, we know that it takes money to do anything that will amount to results. That is one of our reasons for appealing to increase the P. C. 25 cents per month. That amount will be able to carry 25 organizers at least, and that number of men at work on a certain kind of work for their full time should make some showing, and they should be controlled and managed by one who does not handle anything but the organizing work. We do not believe that it is a good policy to send out an organizer to organize the men, then after he has done so for him to go to the company asking for better conditions. The main reason is that the company generally knows who is doing this organizing and they do not like him and would sooner that he would not come near the office, and in many cases they will not do business with him.

We believe that one who organizes should do nothing else, and if agreements are to be requested someone else should do that. In some cases, of course, things work differently; that could be readily learned as we progress.

We also wish to call your attention to the fact that the power companies are organizing fast and will get the bulk of the business, and that means also the bulk of our kind of work. If we do not keep step with these companies we sure are going to lose out. That is, they will not have anything to do with the organization if we can not keep along with them. The system will be somewhat similar to what "Mother Bell" pulls on the union men and I am afraid that after it is once established we will stand about as much show to organize the men as we now have with "Mother Bell."

Don't you think it about time that we make some united effort, with some system that will be telling? We think so and are willing to increase the P. C. 25 cents to try it out. That is less than 1 cent per day, and we surely should not kick on that when we gain a 5 cents an hour increase in our pay, and don't forget that it comes because you are members of the Brotherhood. Men outside of the union may also get an increase, but the fact remains that it came about because the unionized companies first paid it and others had to do something to hold what men they had.

Now that you have run over this much



of this letter, just try it again. Read again the resolution L. U. 193 had in the May Journal. It may not have just what you want in it and may have many mistakes and may not cover enough, but what we wish is, don't you think that it should be worth 25 cents extra to get a trial in organizing these light and power companies? If you think that way, talk that way, and try to get your local to do that way, and instruct your delegate to work and vote that way. If you have a better way, let us learn of it.

F. C. HUSE.

L. U. NO. 203, WESLACO, TEXAS

Editor:

We are breaking the ice for the first time for Local No. 203 of the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas.

I would like very much to get in direct touch with you and the JOURNAL about Brotherhood work in the Valley. We have organized a local in Weslaco, Texas, but have not been fortunate enough to have the contractors lined up yet. We also have some inside dope on the contractors here that if we do go on strike, they are preparing to advertise extensively in both local and foreign papers for a cheap class of mechanics, but the wage is so low at present, that we want to warn the members of the I. B. of E. W. to overlook this advertising for it would make conditions harder on what few members are already here. We have a few men of the I. B. of E. W. at present loafing but we are trying to get them in the shops every chance we have. As the existing scale is from \$6 to \$8 per day all of the union that are now employed are drawing the scale but the lower class are working for around \$6.

We are now at present organizing a central labor trade council trying to get things lined out for better conditions with the assistance of the A. F. of L.

What few I. B. of E. W. men we have at work at present are pulling their contractors over by degrees on the right side but the contractors still have a few men left in these shops who are not card men and are working under scale.

We also are preparing our second agreement to be presented to the contractors before the last of next month and hope we will have better conditions for union men who come to the valley in the future.

W. M. Roy.

L. U. NOS. 210 AND 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

All I know is what I read in the WORKER and the papers, or see in the movies, and that just reminds me: Ain't the beer cold—in Wichita? For the edification of Mrs. Yorke's little boy, Slim, I must mention that gentlemen and collegiates have not been wearing garters for the last couple years. But thanks for the buggy ride, anyway.

And that fella Clarke of No. 143 writes just like a blonde. B. B. D.

The statistics presented by the Rockford scribe are quite interesting and I hope he doesn't mix gin with that jealousy. Such a terrible combine has but one ending—the sash-weight route.

All of which reminds me that the girls are getting some darn tough breaks lately, with certain judges pulling the disconnects on the alimony and hard-hearted juries returning first-degree verdicts for murder. That's making it safe for democracy.

I see that the printers' home in Colorado Springs is 35 years old. Yeah, in 1975 the electrical workers will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their home—on paper.

Ford has just turned loose the fifteen millionth flivver, with most of them right here in A. C.

By the way, I saw a battalion of the Fascisti on dress parade and their black shirts reminded me of a gang of old-time linemen.

Eight miles of pole line completed in 48 hours is a very good record, but will the company remember that when an increase in wages is asked or a lay-off is due? Experience has proven that large corporations as well as some contractors are greedy and heartless: the less you do for them, the more thanks you will receive.

All hats off to "Slim" Lindbergh, with more power and glory to him. When the world is done paying homage to the kid, let us hope he reaps the financial rewards within his grasp. Honors and medals are very pretty, but they can't be eaten when a guy is hungry nor hocked if he gets busted.

Say, Sir Ed., did your cookee ever let you fill up on roast lamb and gravy-bread and then calmly announce that there was homemade strawberry shortcake for dessert? You know, the good old-fashioned kind with icing 'n' everything. Ain't that a heluva trick to pull on a guy who always pays his board in advance?

The government is going to reduce the size of all currency. Huh, to conform, I presume, with the shrinkage in the buying power.

It has been said that imitation is the subtlest kind of flattery, and the following proves it: Some time ago the local chamber of commerce discovered that the B. T. C. of Atlantic County was a pretty well organized, smooth-running machine, so under the protective wing of the chamber a master builders' bureau was launched. A manager was imported for two years, at \$5,000 per, to organize and put this infant firmly on its feet. It is composed of general contractors, material dealers and sub-contractors, the majority of whom belong to the newly formed Contractors Association of Atlantic County, which in turn is composed of the various contractors' associations, such as the master plumbers, painters and the electrical association. Each association is represented on the executive council of the Atlantic County outfit and it has three members on the executive committee of the bureau, thereby making quite an interlocking directorate. Huh?

A conference committee will be appointed to negotiate all wage scales and agreements with the various trades employed by members of said association. Another committee will settle all disputes between members of the association, so it looks as though they anticipate a little rough weather. No committee has been appointed as yet to iron out any differences that may arise between organized labor and the association. Well, we'll cross that river when we come to it, but it's going to be tough for the electrician to argue with a master plumber or tin-roofer on the subject of an increase for the electrician. (Pardon me, Cameron, for stealing some of your thunder.)

Bert Marten of No. 211 has been on the sidelines for just one year today with a bum leg, and throughout it all he has maintained a cheerfulness that would do credit to a man enjoying the best of health. Incidentally, he has developed into a wizard at pinochle and knocks most of his opponents for a loop. Here's hoping that "El Pequeno" soon gets on both feet again.

Harry Farrell, of No. 210, passed away after a prolonged illness. He ranked high with the real unionists of this locality and will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

All members of No. 210 are working, with good prospects for the summer.

Jack O'Leary, old-timer from Leadville, blew in some time ago and signed up with the Light. He was in the game when the going was rough and many of us were wearing short trousers.

And that's that—sorry to see that Dealey lost his continuous standing in the P. S. association, as I hoped to see him at the head of the list for 1927.

So with best wishes I'll ring down the curtain for June.

BACHIE.

L. U. NO. 223, BROCKTON, MASS.

Editor:

Local 223 is on the air again, which will please the Brothers who have looked in vain in the JOURNAL the last three months. The last article that I wrote was in the February number, and the Brothers thought it fine, in fact they won't let me alone unless I write again, so here goes.

The first important event that happened since the election of officers was a banquet. This banquet was held on a Wednesday night in February and it was a great success, thanks to the committee, who I believe were James Flynn, H. B. Chase and E. J. Linehan. The Chamber of Commerce Hall, where it was held, was beautifully decorated with banners and streamers. Over a hundred Brothers and invited guests were present, and after everyone had enjoyed the turkey supper a two-hour program of entertainment from Boston was put on, then the usual speech making was in order, and about 11 P. M. the party broke up with everybody happy.

Our worthy president, "Happy" Ferris, is still plugging as usual, and as a reward for good and faithful service he has been elected delegate to the national convention of the I. B. E. W. to be held in Detroit.

We also have the honor of having one of our members, Ernest J. Linehan, a world war veteran, selected by popular vote in a contest conducted by one of the big department stores here to represent Brockton in France next September. Some lucky boy, I'll say.

Work is fair, with the Brothers working most of the time, but let me warn the Brothers from other cities not to come here looking for work, as it is about all we can do to keep our own members busy. The reason I say this is that as a result of the last letter I wrote, in which I said conditions were good, caused two worthy Brothers from Quebec to come and visit us with hopes of finding work here. But with conditions as they are, I am afraid the visiting Brothers are out of work, as some of our own members are out of work.

May 1 has passed by without any changes in the agreement, and the Brothers seem to think that with conditions as they are it is well to let things go on as they are, which in my opinion is very good judgment just at present. Some of the other building trades are demanding more money and a five-day week, and are still in various stages of settlement, with two crafts, the roofers and carpenters, on strike.

If the cost of building keeps on going up the working man can never afford to own a home of his own. Getting more wages simply cuts down the amount of work to be done and encourages carpet-baggers and non-union workers to do more work. It doesn't mean so much to the bankers, who sell bonds to build huge skyscrapers, but when you add a wage increase every year, which has been the custom now for many years back, it makes it still harder to build a modest home for a working man, for it is upon him and not the few real big jobs in the cities that keeps the building trades

busy in the biggest part of the country. As it is now, the building of small homes has dropped off and the work that is being done now is subject to keen competition, and as a result no one is making any money, just turning over one dollar for another, and getting by if they are lucky. These wage increases cannot keep on indefinitely, so why kill the goose that lays the golden eggs? The Brothers should keep what they have, and let business get a little better before they demand still more.

I don't suppose anyone will agree with the above statements, but nevertheless there is a lot of common sense and reason in it. If you don't believe it, just look around and see how the other fellow is getting along. You will find very few working people who are getting steady work at anything just now, and have not for the past year. That being the case, how can they pay still more for the homes they rent or want to build? How can the man who earns only \$5 or \$6 a day pay \$12 or \$14 a day to have work done on his house?

Let's hear from some of the radicals that every union is infested with and see how selfish and unreasonable they are.

HORACE M. CREAMER.

[We wonder if Brother Creamer's argument will really hold water.—Ed. note.]

L. U. NO. 226, TOPEKA, KANS.

Editor:

A great cloud of sorrow has been cast over this local by the loss of one of our charter members, Brother M. G. Hathaway, who passed on to his reward on May 18. "Newt" as all the boys called him, had a stroke of cerebral apoplexy in December and never regained his health. At his untimely death he was one of our trustees, member of the city electrical examining board and was a past president of this local, and has left a vacant spot in the hearts of all the boys.

Work is very slack here at present and not much prospect of any in sight. Brother Duncan of Tulsa, 584, and Brother Corey formerly of Muskogee, Okla., 384, are working on the Tecumseh plant job with a couple of our boys but as it is an open job there are more "rats" than "cards" on the job.

At the last city election there was a regular house cleaning and when the smoke cleared away Brother H. J. Fichtner was appointed city electrical inspector, replacing Brother Tom W. Martin, who had held the office for the last eight years. Brother Al Sutton was also appointed to the examining board in Brother Hathaway's place. So the prospects look good for better electrical work as "Heinie" is well liked by all the boys and a good union man who will show no partiality to anyone.

Well, I guess this is about all that the Brothers can stand for one time so will sign off.

Hoping this misses the waste basket and also meets the eye of our old friend Brother Bob Hardman of the "City that made the baked bean famous."

D. B. FOSTER.

L. U. NO. 229, YORK, PA.

Editor:

Have been out of print for so long that we must let the Brotherhood know that we still exist. Work is not so good for the fellows who have cards but they all seem to be getting enough to eat and a place to sleep. Several good sized jobs are in the offing but nothing much on hand now. There are plenty of men who are willing to work for one-third to one-half less than our scale, which is a big handicap.

Had a smoker on May 19. A sort of open meeting at which electricians, inspectors, city electricians, fire chief, and practically all the contractors were invited. At a similar affair of a year ago a great deal of good came out of it and things looked promising. This affair, however, did not come up to our expectations at all. A few outsiders, and a little more than half of our own membership. But "Whitey" Swigart and "Bit" Lindermuth, each ate the ice cream of 10 that didn't show up. And I know of some fellows that had 10 cigars in their pockets when they went home.

Probably the only time some of them get a label cigar is when they get it for nothing. Want to say to Clark of Harrisburg and Barber of Wilkes-Barre, that I am sorry that I did not get to the meeting that was planned to organize the Pennsylvania State Association of Electrical Workers.

Somebody roped the writer in on the committee for the festivities aforementioned and we didn't like to start a party and then leave it to take care of itself, although results prove that it would have been just as well.

However, we want to assure you that we are anxious to carry on any work that will be a benefit to the Brotherhood and we believe that a state body will be a real benefit. We are for it strong.

Probably will stop off to see some of the fellows interested, in the near future.

We have come to the conclusion that conditions will not become any better if we look to the contractors to help it along, their declaration to the contrary, notwithstanding!

We aim to undertake a serious determined organization campaign. A campaign where all electrical workers will be personally visited, not once, but a dozen times if necessary. And let the local be in a position to dictate terms, if necessary, instead of requesting a little attention and getting none.

RICHMOND.

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

Sometimes I wonder if you get as tired reading this stuff as I do writing it. But if you can stand the punishment, then get set and we're off.

I have just got through reading the April issue of the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL (a borrowed one) and must confess that the different press agents are showing real talent in their line. The magazine is getting better and better each month. The editorials and the educational columns certainly deliver their message in grand style. And I will be glad when it comes my turn, that is, that some one drops out and leaves an opening on the mailing list so that my name may be placed on same. But I have been a member less than two years and as there are members here who have been in good standing for as long as five or six years and have never received a single copy of the JOURNAL, then I sometimes wonder if a personal appeal wouldn't help along. And if that shoe fits anybody up there in the Machinist Building in Washington, then your shoes for the next season are assured, for there are at least thirty members here in Toledo who are not receiving the JOURNAL and there isn't a day that I don't have inquiries as to the reason.

This may appear far-fetched to Ye Editor, but if it will bring the JOURNAL to these boys we will be well paid for any efforts on our part and we offer our apologies in advance for any misunderstandings on your part. But the point is this, send the WORKER. Our notorious secretary, Oliver Myers, has recently sent you a practically complete mailing list. A whole lot depends on the results.

And now that is off my chest and the

members can see for themselves that I have made an effort to get them a WORKER, maybe I can get some peace.

And now Brother Electrical Worker, comes some information that will probably answer some of your troubles and problems. Local 245 has accomplished what has heretofore been thought an impossibility, the feat of transforming linemen from the rough and ready type to the role of gentlemen. We rented one of the best dance halls for Saturday, April 23, and extended invitations to all the members, and their friends for a get-together party and dance. The occasion is now history as last night was the night and friends allow me to announce that it was a grand success and a goodly crowd was there. The linemen all took off their spurs and washed their necks and ears and shaved and removed their old working clothes and replaced them with the latest style of dress apparel and all did credit to the event. They would have made an impression on any society. And the women folks (God bless 'em), they looked like a parade of the angels as they skipped so lightly across the dance floor. With their dainty garments they made a style show look like a rehearsal to the passion play. One of them, a Miss Sweet (that's really her name), she's the daughter of Tex Sweet, even got Pete Callahan in one of the square dances. With Miss Sweet looking so sweet and Pete with that blush of his made it look like the dance of the tulip and the rose. Charley Neebs showed the boys that he is just as young as he feels by dancing every dance. And his two beautiful daughters were there to strut their stuff and strut is the word. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yacka did a few classical numbers and they went over big.

Yes and Carl McMullen with his 250 pounds was on the floor with Mrs. McMullen, a really graceful couple. Mr. and Mrs. Roy LeFever and Mr. and Mrs. Degman Wingard came down from Maumee, Ohio, to enter the square dancing contest with Pa and Ma Sweet and Mr. and Mrs. William Assenbaugh, but Pa and Bill was too much for them, they shake a mean leg. But come again, Maumee, you are always welcome. Jack and Mrs. Kelly were there and as usual the life of the party. Every one was having such a good time that the serving of refreshments was put off until midnight.

The affair was a success and a good time was had by all even those that could not dance including myself and Mrs. Dukeshire. So if that will remove any doubt that a party of this nature can be made a success, profit by our experience and have a get-together party.

The only new name that appears on our membership list is that of Eber Hazen, a son of Michigan. Eber has been with us for two years now acting in the capacity of groundman and general roustabout. But he is one of the boys and we are proud of him and so will his home state be proud of him.

At this time Toledo is undergoing another one of those customer-ownership campaigns and most of the boys have laid aside pliers and cons for the old trusty fountain pen writing orders for stock in the Toledo Edison Co. Dave Laplant can only write his own name so he bought his own quota. This is the fifth day of a 10 day campaign and the boys are slow getting started, but watch the finish says I. These stock campaigns are beneficial in two ways, it gives the men a chance to learn the financial condition of the firm they work for to create the necessary interest that it requires to be a faithful employee and again it brings the men all together and makes it possible to pick out the cap that hasn't the I. B. E. W. insignia on it. There are not many here, however, on whom this button is missing, a very small percentage and they have all belonged at one

time or other but are so busy paying for automobiles that they haven't time to think of such a trifling thing as the future. It's the present that interests them, to them there is no tomorrow, to them there is no future only tomorrow's work day and as long as they are assured the same wage for tomorrow that they received for today then why should they worry? As long as they go to work at the same and quit at the same hour why should they worry but let it be circulated that starting in the near future the hours will be increased and the pay reduced and there would be such a rush in our financial secretary's office for applications that it would require two assistants to take care of them. But I for one sincerely hope that if it requires these conditions to bring about an awakening then we are better off without such members and we will continue to carry our own banners in the parade. For is it not true that the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the grease first?

We still have a few members pounding bricks here in Toledo and the weather is unfavorable for any predictions of increases in work but as the days pass and as summer advances there is a certainty that conditions will get better gradually and the men will be put back to work one at a time.

As this goes to press our 1927 agreement should be a settled fact as the 15th of June is the date that the old one expires. The city linemen and signal men have already gone up for a substantial increase in wages and I can't see where or why we will encounter any obstacles in our path but my next writing will have the complete results.

Our trouble man and stick salesman, Ed. Gregoire, says his biggest trouble lately is selling stock. You know Ed. is the boy that stepped right out last year and sold so much stock that the full time stocks salesmen wanted him to open a night school for them and teach them the art but due to the fact that Ed's job requires him to work the night shift every third shift, he couldn't see his way clear. But this year Ed is looking for a school of that nature for he has had no luck at all in the selling field. Better luck next time Ed.

EDW. E. DUKESHIRE.

L. U. NO. 271, WICHITA, KANS.

Editor:

I did not think I would get to write for the boys this time. I just got the missus back from the hospital, and she and the five queens I got made me more than a handful. While I am about it, I want to thank all of the boys for the beautiful flowers they sent to my wife. Lawdy! I did not know if I was going to a funeral or a sick-room. I did not think I had so many gosh-darn good friends. I have been living in a sort of hallucination all of these years, thinking that good whiskey was the only thing that made friends. Honest, I wanted to get sick myself. The room was full of flowers. The employees' association of the K. G. & E. Co. sent her a wonderful potful of the nicest plants, the missus' lodge did not forget, and all the rest of her friends seemed to vie with one another in sending the best they could get. Well, if it takes flowers to bring back health, let's keep up the stunt. It seemed to have worked in my case. Anyway, she is still my millstone, and I am tickled, too. Well, I am still alive. Anyway, you can all accept our thanks.

I got some clippings the other day. The heading of one was "Death Tape to be Discarded Forever." Just think, a tape measure which was in service twelve years is finally going to be discarded after killing two men. In all that time it was never discovered to contain brass filings until this happened. I do not believe either one of these men belonged

to our organization. They were J. J. McCullough, lineman, and C. T. Jackson, helper. Both worked for the Kansas City Municipal Light and Power. This gave me cause for thought and it seems to be a good point to talk about.

A couple of months ago I said I would like to write some on this safety-first bunk. Bunk it is to those to whom it does not appeal, but I want to say that I think it is a great little piece of work. I used to hear the remark, "Well, the company does not care a h—l of a lot whether I kick off or not," but in all my rambles I have found that the company does care a whole lot. Now, I am not going to spread out and cover all outfits, but I do say that where this so-called safety-first bunk is practiced is in corporations who have the welfare of the men, as well as the public, at heart. You will not find it in jerk-water outfits as the one mentioned, where one tape-line had been used for twelve long years before it was discovered to be dangerous. Outfits like these have their customers by the throats and can do almost as they please.

But the life of a corporation depends upon the good will of the public it serves, and I find that where the company's policy is to be fair to its employees, it naturally expects its employees to be fair with the public, and shoot square with it. An unbeliever is the one who suffers in the end, is not wanted, is dangerous to be about with; but a man who plays safe is always working. Of course, accidents will happen, but a great many of them can be prevented, and it is for this latter that the corporations spend a great deal of cash to prevent.

The posters upon bulletin boards are placed there to be read, and criticized. Some of us laugh at them, but in the long run the meanings of them are absorbed and made use of. We have our safety committee and tool inspection comes once a month. Rubber goods are tested, yes, and tape-lines, too. We get everything that is safe to work with, and anything that appears unsafe is discarded. Then there are safety meetings. It costs to keep this all up but it pays. It pays the company almost 100 per cent and the employees gain 100 per cent. Why, you ask? Figure the savings of your doctor bill, figure the amount of time that you lose, then figure your expense for the time you are off, and total it all up. So, as Mr. J. D. Harper, of the K. G. & E., says: "It pays to play safe, think safe, and be safe."

In our district, I can say that the boys all did their best to have a banner year, and I am sure that the Kansas Gas and Electric Company certainly appreciated the assistance of all its employees who are interested in this one big piece of work. The men who lost their lives with that tape would still be living had their company practiced safety first and had they practiced it themselves, for they were both old enough—one 41 years and the other 52. It goes to show that one is never too old to learn. That old saw, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," seems to have played out, for in this case one of the old tricks killed them off before they had a chance to learn of the new one. I don't aim to talk disrespectfully of the dead. I just wish to point out that none of us is any too wise, and there is always something new that can be learned. Nuff sed.

The following is the thanks of Mrs. Frohne to L. U. 271 for the beautiful flowers so thoughtfully sent to her:

I've come back from the land of ice packs and tea, Hypos and ether, and what else was good for me? Now I am feeling a heap better, and I want to pause to say

It was mighty nice of No. 271 to toss me that bo-kay.

I was down in the depths of agonized pain, And I heard them all opine that I'd not get well again; But I knew that I'd get better one nice, sun-shiny day, When the nurse came in bringing that wonderful bo-kay.

I had other flowers that were lovely and fair, But the message your flowers carried—oh, that's what made me care; For the union's been our friend for years, our guidance and mainstay: That's what gave the roses beauty in my bo-kay.

I am glad that I am improving and that I'll live to see The old I. B. E. W. treat others nice like me. I'll always hand you a kind word as I travel life's long way For the lesson taught, from the cheer you brought in my bo-kay.

Well, 'sall for this time.

SLIM YORKE.

L. U. NO. 290, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.

Editor:

I will make one more try to let the boys know No. 290 is on the map and going.

The Phillips Petro Building is finished and four of us have taken out travelers and that leaves this local short on membership but we signed up the Parsons Electric and that gives the local two more men and one more plant to work.

If we can sign up with the Keener Electric and run their one rat out we will have the town sewed up again after three years open.

We had to put a new clause in our agreement but after I submitted it to the signed contractors and they accepted it the Parsons Electric came right in and we hope we can get the Keener Electric with the same clause as it was one of the main hitches.

Work is slack around in these parts and don't look like it will pick up for some time.

Elliott, King and myself put our cards in No. 584, Tulsa, but Billie Whitegon put in at Oklahoma City. He went with Brother Rucker on the payroll of the Graham Norton Elevator Supply.

Brother Bob Rodgers showed in here last meeting but did not stay as there was no work.

There is some danger of this local becoming a contractors association if the boys go into business as they are talking.

I still think the small locals over the country would be benefited by traveling auditors to help keep unionism alive in the membership.

If I do say so myself as dumb as I am what effort and thought I put into this local has helped the whole town in regard to unionism. If we could put some one in the field to spread the bug in our own membership it would not be long before it would show all over the country.

This tobacco man James can come into a local and make a ten minute talk on unionism and have the fellows throwing scab tobacco on the floor and vow to buy union made goods of all kinds. I have met him in a number of towns and the effect is the same everywhere he goes. Some don't need stirring up but a lot of us get lax about the label.

And speaking of the label, why don't we have a transfer label in colors so we can wet a piece of paper and put a label on a steel front or a panel board without going to the trouble of drilling and all that? It would

put our label on a lot of work that does not get the label now. Think that over and let's get a nice label out and then put it on everywhere.

Well, as I am traveling again next week this will be my last spasm at least for some time, so keep up the good work and good luck and good bye.

CHAS. J. MAUNSELL.

L. U. NO. 292, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor:

Things are very quiet here at present and there are still quite a number of the Brothers out of employment as I believe there are in most localities throughout the country. This condition is not peculiar to the electrical trade as the streets of both Minneapolis and St. Paul are thronged with idle men as are the streets of most of the larger cities. But while this condition in most places is more or less temporary, here it is becoming chronic. The reasons for this are many and varied and cover too large a field to give a comprehensive diagnosis of all the contributory causes to this condition.

I believe it is a well recognized fact that unemployment is the greatest menace facing the labor movement and as such is entitled to the most attentive consideration of all those interested in the success of organized labor.

In the larger, more general sense, the basic underlying cause of this ever increasing unemployment is the speeding up of production both by the labor saving machinery and by the continued speeding up of the pace of the workers and therefore the only generally effective remedy is to slow up production. The shorter work day or the shorter work week are very poor and inadequate remedies for the trouble as is clearly demonstrated by Henry Ford's five day week. The practical mathematical answer to the problem of creating employment for more men is less production per man per hour. But this would seriously interfere with profits and the cold blooded insatiable greed of the profit pursuing commercial leaders in modern industry stands in the way of applying this remedy just as it stands in the way of everything generally beneficial to humanity if it is in the least degree detrimental to these vested interests.

There is no city that I know of where this selfish, grasping, "dog-in-the-manger" policy of "rule or ruin" is more perfectly exemplified than it is here in Minneapolis.

Few people outside this city have any conception of the actual conditions existing here and there are a large number of those living in the city who have little or no knowledge of the real facts.

Our local Shylocks in thin heartless clamour for their "pound of flesh," have resorted to many policies and activities that are not only reprehensible from a moral standpoint but are ruinous to the prosperity of the city and therefore like most efforts inspired by avaricious greed to some extent defeat their own ends.

We hear a lot about the "pie card artists" in the labor movement but we have here a "gent" at the head of an organization of employers called the "Citizens Alliance" who is able to bunco these employers into paying him twelve thousand dollars (\$12,000) a year for his services in helping to destroy the local market.

Perhaps the above statement will do with a little explaining and the explanation is that the main factor in any local market is the wage of the workers and to whatever extent the purchasing power of the workers is nullified by lowering wages just so far is the local market destroyed. Now the policy of the Citizens Alliance is to beat down wages

and enslave the workers by disrupting the unions. In order to do this they have flooded the country with false reports of a marvelous prosperity here which is a negative quantity and a magnificent building boom which is principally on paper. Then by flooding the city with thousands of workers seeking jobs that don't exist, to swell the already overcrowded ranks of the unemployed that were lured here a few years ago in the same way by means of the glittering bait of the building of the Ford plant—(at that time 50 men came here for every job that was available either on the construction work or in the working force of the plant).

Following the Ford plant came the Mendota Bridge and the Ford Bridge, both well advertised and thereby drawing their quota of superfluous workers coming here only to be turned away from both jobs by hundreds, and then came the Veterans Hospital. I worked upon that job myself and there were very few days during the eleven months that I was employed then that there were not from a dozen to three dozen men turned away who came there seeking work.

And now comes this great building boom that has been so diligently press-agented over the country for the past four or five months. The first to materialize out of this mass of castles in the air (or on paper) will be the new theater, the first slab of which they expect to start some time in June. Then comes the much advertised Foshay building which in the newspapers was to cover a square block with two stories and this to be topped by a 20-story tower. The fact is they are going to build one unit of the two story part this year and the rest is all in the future, probably the distant future. Then comes the Sears Roebuck building and the Y. W. C. A., and several more, that nobody can say when they will start if ever. And then there is the proposed \$5,000,000 Wesley M. E. church,

the one building that should have been started by this time except for the opposition of some of the same interests that are behind the labor-hating Citizens Alliance.

But this is a story by itself which I may tell at a later date. The point is that by this press agent system of exaggeration and misrepresentation, that Minneapolis is flooded today with more unemployed labor than all the building activities and other channels of employment are likely to absorb in the next four or five years and the end is not yet for the merry game still goes on.

This great excess of workers over the available amount of work, operating through the law of supply and demand, has kept the workers of Minneapolis, both skilled and unskilled, organized and unorganized, craft for craft, lower paid than those in other cities, of the same size, throughout the country, in actual wages paid. But this is not all, for this overcrowding causes a shifting of employment, so that the vast majority of the workers have a much shorter period of employment during the year than they should have under normal conditions. This curtails their yearly wages, consequently their purchasing power, still more.

The back lash from this short sighted selfish policy, is very apparent in the business depression which exists and has existed for some time here, one of the results of which is plainly in evidence in the many vacant stores, offices, and residences, the number of which is decidedly on the increase. So what call is there to build more?

The city is in a deplorable condition due to the short sighted, selfish policy, due to the rapacious greed of and pursued by certain of the leading vested interests who loudly voice the cry of civic patriotism and then hypocritically sap the real resources of a true prosperity. There is the kind of civic pride that glorifies the city because she has



Boomer is a mixer,
As you can plainly see,
No doubt, he has forgotten this,
But it's not the same with we.
The dancers at the ball,
Would stop to quench their thirst
You should have seen their antics
Some,— sure did, their
WORST.

been an easy victim for them to pilfer and filch privilege and power and personal gain from, at the expense of the welfare of the rest of the community.

The destructive tactics of these economic high-binders is not limited to the labor baiting policies of the Citizen's Alliance but I must defer the delineation of these to a future letter and bring this one to a close.

W. WAPLES,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 348, CALGARY, ALTA.

Editor:

Since writing you, things have taken on a better look, both for the light boys and for the telephones. They have received a small increase in pay, which is a step in the right direction.

While sitting here trying to figure out something to write about, I just thought how would it be for a little more co-operation between the different locals in Canada, such as making suggestions for the improvement of the order in Canada? In reference to this I have in view such things as one local will think out for the increase of members in its local. Now, that idea maybe of good to some other local, so why not pass it along by sending a copy to some other local and let it in turn send a copy to someone else? In this way Canadian locals will get in touch with one another, which I think would be fulfilling the words "international brotherhood."

Now we have a convention coming on at Detroit, and at that time things are done with the word speed written in big letters. So a little time spent in a local on a meeting night, having a resolution read that some other local has before the convention, will give the delegates going to Detroit some idea of what is coming up and they would be in readiness for same and would be able to cast their votes the way they want to.

When I say Canadian locals, this does not mean to say that our Brothers across the line can not correspond with us on this side, in fact we would like to have them so we could get acquainted. The old saying is that two heads are better than one, even though one is a cabbage head, so let's put our heads together from now on.

Well, this is some of my pet stuff, so I guess it would not be just right to take up space with just pet stuff. So will just say that everything in Alberta is looking forward to big times this year. We have a boom on at present in the building line, and the farmers are all looking for a big crop as the weather is ideal. And, last but not least, our oil is one big factor to bet on. So this is all Local No. 348 can give this trip. Will try something else next time.

LOCAL NO. 348.

L. U. NO. 349, MIAMI, FLA.

Editor:

It probably will be of interest to the locals who are discussing the formation of a state association of electrical workers to know that local unions in the state of Florida have just recently formed such an association. It is a little early to predict how effective our state body, which we have named the Florida State Council of Electrical Workers, will be. Those who are most responsible for its existence hope that it will function in such a manner as to merit and receive the whole-hearted support and co-operation of all local unions within the state. In the meantime, all local unions that have not already done so are being urged to affiliate and lend their assistance in establishing and maintaining a state organization that we can all be justly proud

of and one that will enable us to be properly and effectively represented in matters of a state-wide character.

For some time our building trades council has been making an effort to gain the erecting of the steel in our new 27-story county building for the union iron workers, which work is being done by a firm unfair to the iron workers. In trying to bring this about, several of the crafts, including our own, were compelled to suspend work in support of the iron workers. The Whitmore Electric Company has the contract for this job. It is employing members of our local and had an international agreement with our Brotherhood, and in spite of the fact that this agreement specifically provides that an interruption of work due to a building trades difficulty shall not be considered a violation of said agreement, has manned this job with non-union men. We are, indeed, glad to know there are so few of our employers who show so little respect for agreements into which they enter. We don't know whether the Whitmore Electric Company will decide to operate on a union basis again or not. If it does, and happens to come your way, it would be well when dealing with this firm to keep in mind our experience with it.

To keep the members at large informed of the true conditions existing in the different parts of the country should be one of the most important functions of our JOURNAL. The following information is given from a desire to be fair to any member who may be thinking of paying us a visit. We realize that this is a free country and that one has the right to travel where he pleases, and if after reading of the conditions in our locality any member of the Brotherhood wishes to head this way, we can only tell him what to expect. In a spirit of fairness to the members who may be casting envious glances in the general direction of the land of perpetual sunshine and flowers, we feel they should be in possession of certain information so that they can at least go about making their plans with their eyes wide open.

We have at the present time a membership in excess of 400. More than half our members are unable to find employment of any kind and the balance are working mostly part time and doing odd jobs. In fact, the situation has become so desperate we have been forced to appoint a welfare committee of five to provide ways and means of getting some of our members out of town and to provide the necessities of life for a great many who are destitute. Our local has already turned over \$1,000 to this committee and expects to spend more before we can re-establish anywhere near an equal balance between the supply and demand of mechanics.

On account of the scarcity of work, or rather the large surplus of men, we were recently forced to accept a reduction in pay of \$2 a day. As most of us know, some of us from none too pleasant past experiences in a great many cases, a period of business depression is usually taken advantage of to force wage reductions. When business gets bad somebody has to be the goat, and as a rule the workers' wages are the first to receive attention, in most cases making the business just a little more severe. Some day the merchants and business men are going to realize that good wages and good times go together.

A. WILSON.

THIS BUTTON IN YOUR LAPEL



proudly announces membership in the I. B. E. W. A handsome bit of jewelry, in gold and enamel. Solid gold, medium size.

\$1

L. U. NO. 364, ROCKFORD, ILL.

"The Forest City"

Editor:

Those he vamps that Bachle and "Slim" Yorke speak of so highly in this month's JOURNAL would sure have a heck of a time sporting those lace trimmed B. V. D.'s and those pink and baby blue stepouts. Because for months now we have had weather that has made me sorry that I took off my heavy undies. Rain and then some more rain. Only about two days that I can remember for ages when there was no rain all day and cold, and this almost the first of June. Now they are blaming it on the radio stations and say they have all got to close up for 2 months, June and July. Let's see if that helps any.

Well, wire twisters, we also have had our charter open for awhile; and I will say it has sure brought in a lot more of the boys to us also. A lot of new faces in the chairs on meeting nights. I don't think that conditions in this town are near as bad as Brother Finger of No. 124 says they are in Kansas City, Mo., but even at that we have our rats and curbstoners to contend with. Let us hope though that by the end of next month they will have started to improve.

Since writing in my last letter lots of important things have happened. First of course Rockford has had an election and has now got a new mayor. The first new one in about seven years. Then next of course, our boy friend Lindbergh flew over the ocean, and if you don't think that that is much, why just try and do it yourself. What I claim is that that boy is there. And incidentally he has been the means of letting the French know that we have some Americans here in this country, who do not, just as soon as they arrive in France, make one grand rush for the flesh markets and wine shops of lower Paris. That lad, he stays on top. The only trouble about him and his kind is that they are not satisfied to do a stunt like that and then rest on their glory. Lord no, they are always out after new worlds to conquer and pretty soon it is "finis" to another brave man, and we have to get ourselves another hero to worship. Next he wants to fly across the Pacific they say. Yes, and those two Frenchmen wanted to fly across the Atlantic. I sure would like to fly along with that man Lindbergh (is he any relation of yours Billy?) but, I will be darned if I would have guts enough, or nerve enough to make that fly alone. I like company too blamed well and pretty near go nuts when I have to drive the flivver 125 miles or so by myself.

If this makes the grade to Washington by the first, and gets by the eagle eye of our Editor into print, and then you read it, why then I am sorry for you for it is sure a rotten letter this week, but I can't help it. For two weeks I have tried to think of something good to write about, but as long as the weather stays the same as it is now, who in Sam Hill can think of anything except cuss words?

C. A. H.

L. U. NO. 369, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Editor:

Getting near press time again, so will try to get a few lines in the JOURNAL from Local No. 369. Things are running along pretty smoothly at this time; a few of the boys still on the bricks and the weather plenty bum for this time of the year, rain about every other day, which is retarding building around these diggings very much.

A few of the boys from down in the south have breezed in and were tendered a hearty welcome to come in and sit on the bench and play checkers. At the last report I had they were still playing checkers, so

would not advise any newcomers this way until further notice.

Our old friend and Brother, L. M. McKensie, has again hoisted his sails and is out on the sea of matrimony. Bon voyage, Mac, old boy, and may it be a pleasant trip and last a million years.

Well, folks, did you have your jack on Whiskery? Here's hoping that you did. Little Willie had his on an old hay moose and that son of a gun saw some alfalfa sticking out of a barn on the back stretch and ran in put the feed bag on. Woe be it when I see that chavaux again.

When this letter is read the fellows of old Local 369 will be getting their \$10 per day. Nothing to brag about, but it is a little more than last year, and if we just keep on we will get there.

Brother Simms, the financial secretary, seems to be mourning over something, which we all believe is a case for the heart or stomach M. D. as his wife has gone on a vacation, and the said Brother has been trying to master the frying pan.

Mr. Wood Axton, the daddy of Clown cigarettes, has started his addition to his present factory. The new addition is to be a six-story structure, and it will have many added features for the comfort of his employees, who are now enjoying better conditions than any other factory in this city, and I believe any other factory in the country. Keep demanding Clown cigarettes with the union label and we will build another addition next year. Yes, this building will be built with strictly union labor.

As it is getting near post time, I will have to sign off. L. C. K.

L. U. NO. 404, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

Editor:

Will say that there was a committee appointed to meet with Wheeling Local Union No. 141, and the boys that called on Wheeling local were Mr. W. Backer, Mr. Hildebrand, Mr. Smertneck and the writer, Phil Stefan. Wheeling has a fine bunch of electrical workers, and I think they should have their names in our JOURNAL now and then.

Here are a few words about our own town since my last letter: We added a new member to our ranks, H. E. McManama. So you can see we are still going 100 per cent, and here is hoping the good work will keep up. Well, here is hoping that I will be able to do better next time, and here's more luck to Captain Lindbergh. P. S.

L. U. NO. 435, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Editor:

It is quite a fascinating study, the study of beginnings. Beginnings of life, beginnings of great movements, beginnings of jobs, beginnings of books, beginnings of letters and so as mine has begun, here goes.

Brother Jansky said in a recent number of the JOURNAL, "Thought wedded to Fact"—what a text for the worker as he, too, thinks of the future. The Utopia of his dreams. The shorter week. A fairer share of the wealth he produces. The leisure, the Brotherhood in a word, and then from thinking, or is it only that he dreams? He faces stubborn facts—wealth, not merely money, but wealth of comfort, wealth of opportunity, entrenched behind laws, made by it, and for it. Sees his weaker brethren of other countries sold into virtual slavery. Sees nations arming on a greater, madder rush than ever; sees noted (?) chemists, trying to discover cures—for human ills? No! But maturing destructive forces to be let loose, when some other madmen decide, how can his dreams come true? Why, by wedding thought to fact.

A lump of clay, nimble fingers guided by thought and we get a model of form exquisite and dainty, expressive of the artist's thought.

I know that this sounds like the veriest platitude, but what about conditions 30 to 40 years ago? Are they not better today? More expressive of what the workers thought? And so Brothers, on we go. Giving expression to our thoughts, combining them, organizing them in this great JOURNAL of ours; and by wedding them to economic fact, produce a betterment. Slow as an oak's growth, but sturdy and strong and our children will shelter 'neath its branches in the not so distant future.

Now for Local No. 435. Brother McIntosh in the chair. J. L. McBride at the wheel. Brother Lewis as sensitive as ever on innuendoes respecting automobiles and Fords. Quite a happy family I assure you. Something about the other members next time. Look out for Brother McIntosh at Detroit or failing him Brother Verhoef, tried and trusted John.

Next month will be the month of roses. Until then Adieu.

J. BLOUNT.

L. U. NO. 492, MONTREAL, CANADA

Editor:

The month of May was an important month for Local No. 492 as the contract between the majority of its members and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Consolidated expired May 30. Negotiations were therefore opened by a committee composed of James Broderick, who is president of Local No. 492 and an international representative; Charles Hodgkiss, financial secretary; Rube Jackson and Harry Nevison representing the employees, who interviewed the company on seven different occasions.

The company absolutely refused to consider a contract which did not have as its basis a period of years, and suggested a five year agreement with an increase of one cent an hour per year, which meant we would have at the beginning of the fifth year five cents an hour more than the rates now paid. This naturally was rejected by the employees at a special meeting held on the 18th of the month; the men told their delegates to ask for an increase of five cents an hour and 14 days holidays with pay for men who work seven days per week and said they would be willing to grant the company a three year contract on these conditions. Thus the collective bargaining process went on between the company and the men.

The company rejected the straight five cent increase and made an offer of a three year agreement with a two cent an hour increase the first year one and a half cents increase the second year and one and a half cents increase the third year and 12 days holidays with pay to those who work seven days a week. This means we get the five cents increase at the beginning of the third year and brings the substation operators and floormen up to the peak wages they received in 1920. This offer of the company was thoroughly discussed at the second regular meeting of the local held on the 25th, and when President Broderick put the question to the vote, it was unanimously accepted and on Friday morning, May 27, the contract was duly signed by Brothers Hodgkiss, Jackson and Nevison for the men and Messrs. Pope and Norris for the company. This increase includes first and second class construction men and other workers known as handy men.

Local No. 492 sends congratulations and best wishes to Baby Local No. 568 of Hull, Quebec, which has just been organized and opened by our energetic President Jim Broderick. Our advice to Local No. 568 is "Look

well to Jim." Regards to all other locals and au revoir till next month.

H. M. NEVISON.

L. U. NO. 511, STAMFORD, CONN.

Editor:

This is No. 511 of Stamford calling again. It seems as though this local has had too good a start, as the boys don't seem to get around any more. They must think that the local can do business while they sit on their front porches meeting nights. It appears now that the members who were strong for the local at the start have fallen away badly now, and the would-be back-seat men are the fellows who are keeping the local on the map.

We started with a membership of 68 and out of that around 15 men turn out on meeting nights. They are loyal union men.

I was pleased to see some of the boys present at the central labor body mass meeting on February 4, where Brother Egan gave a very interesting talk on the benefits of organization. There are very many things we could not have and would not have today were it not for organized labor.

Brother Foley was present at our last meeting, when he cleared himself anent the Westchester situation, and truly the locals around this section would like the International to take more interest in them and send delegates now and again to keep things moving.

We have not seen Brother Bennett lately. He was to have been our business agent. He must have too much business to attend to now.

Now, on the first Friday of June, let's have all you fellows attend who actually want to be union men, and please don't carry a card around to disgrace it. We can build a good local of honest-to-goodness fellows. If we do not need its benefits today, we more than likely will need them later on, so let us put our hearts into this local and make it go. It is nothing to be proud of to join a local and then back-slide; it is worse than not joining at all.

All our boys seem to be in good health at present, so they have no excuses that way, although it is good to be able to say this.

I don't know of anything else on my mind at present, unless that the boys want to know if Brother George Gregory ever caught that flying horse to put the jumper on it.

"BILL SCOTTY."

L. U. NO. 527, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Editor:

I thought by now I would be able to say we had all the shops here signed up with the new agreement calling for \$11 per day but we did not succeed so well and are having a little trouble.

At the present time we have about six shops signed up and about eight not signed up. The shops that did not sign have imported some rats to take our jobs so we are busy working on them now.

The contractors would not consider the new agreement at all and wanted their own agreement. I am sorry to say five of our members stayed on the job and would not walk out with the rest of our members, and I am going to send their names and card numbers and what action we take against these members. We ought not to take them back in the local ever again and still that is not good enough.

We have Brother Grasser down here with us trying to get things O. K. and he sure is doing good. At a special meeting we had several days ago he gave the local the best

talk I have ever heard on the labor question. It went straight home and seemed to have a lot of effect on the local.

I am asking all roving Brothers to stay away from Galveston until this thing gets all right again and will let you know how we come out in the next month's WORKER.

Everybody is all excited in our town now as we are going to have the grandest bathing girl revue that has ever been shown in any city in the world. There is nothing like it that has been held before and we expect to have about 200,000 visitors for several days. If possible I am going to get a couple of pictures of the girls and send them to our Editor to put in the WORKER.

R. D. S.

L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

Working conditions are unusually severe in this section considering the approaching summer season with but few of the boys fortunate enough to be on full time. We feel that this effect can be attributed to universally dull times but to such extent that our recent wage increase has hardly manifested itself.

In spite of adverse conditions we have kept our heads up and feel that 567 has made several upward and progressive movements that should be chronicled here for the mutual benefit of any local whom we can assure have proved beneficial to us.

Possibly not an initiative step, but if adopted, certainly a progressive one, has been taken by 567 as an issue of the recent joint conference meetings. Brother Ed. Fessenden, a former member of our city government, an exponent of parliamentary law and a strict advocate of union principles among his other qualifications, was instigator of a proposition, approved by the contractors, the local and International Representative Charles Keaveney, embracing the formation of a joint welfare committee, comprised of the contractors of the city and an equal representation from the local who shall meet in session once each month for the purpose of ironing out all difficulties that may be cumbersome to either until threshed out on a par basis.

W. W. McKenney of the contractors is president and A. F. Eagles of 567 is secretary and treasurer. While per capita dues have been established at \$1.00 per month for a three-month period to provide a fund for incidentals.

Should another contractor be signed up another member from the local will be added. Our representatives to the welfare committee are our conference board, who navigated the local over several ticklish situations, President E. B. Walker, Ed. Fessenden, W. T. Bradford, George McCrum and A. F. Eagles, augmented at present by Bert Stoddard and Robert Leahy.

One meeting has been held, the result of which was encouraging and future promise is that much good will be effected.

The Maine State Branch A. F. of L. twenty-fourth annual convention will convene on June 14, in Central Labor Hall, Lewiston. Much important business is to be transacted of which the most vital to us is the success of Brother A. F. Eagles of 567 who might be classed as a sort of repeater since he is a candidate to succeed himself as president of the state branch for the sixth term, a record that has been eclipsed only once in the state branch, that by Charles O. Beal, who wielded the gavel for seven years.

Although Al in his predictions is somewhat pessimistic as to his continued success, such is the acclaim of great politicians and we may reasonably expect the customary landslide that has accompanied his previous campaigns.

Brother John Nicholson is our delegate to the convention and while this is his maiden voyage, if we are to judge him by the standard he has set in other conferences we feel assured of proper representation.

We are also pledged to Brother Charles Keaveney to send a delegate to the Detroit convention, for which plans are being formulated. There is an effort being made in Portland to establish a building trades council, several times defunct. Interest is lacking in several locals and harmony is not the keynote, consequently little progress is being made.

Again we can report progress in radio as the class conducted by Brothers James Nicholson and Harry Peiffer has completed the prescribed course of ten lessons covering all phases of radio receiving as applied to the average broadcast receiving set. Brothers Nicholson and Peiffer have labored long and patiently, voluntarily without compensation, save the satisfaction of reward of merit earned by the students who maintained sufficient ambition to complete the course with excellent rank, and thereby assurance of a much higher standard of radio efficiency controlled by the organized electrical worker.

Of the class of 36 who enrolled, 17 completed all lessons, 22 passed in radio lessons, two members attained an average rank of 92.5 while the total average was 82.5. Much assistance was rendered the class by Harold Castner, a former member of 567, who lectured on the application of commercialism to radio and by W. L. Foss, manager of the local broadcasting station WCHS, while most notable of all was the lecture given by Mr. Ralph Williams who is in charge of radio at the N. E. Tel. and Tel. Co., in Portland, on the trans-oceanic transmission of voice that takes place regularly between New York and London.

Plans are already being made for a new and larger class in advanced radio, in the fall.

Now we will take one more progressive step and find ourselves in the library of Local No. 567. This is in the early stages of development and what progress has been made is attributed to the efforts of Brothers Nicholson and Eagles who, in forming the nucleus of a library, sanctioned by the local, have provided us with eighteen books of prominence. Subscriptions to the American Federationist, The Labor Age and our own JOURNAL as well as a bound volume of 1926 issues. Numerous topics in pamphlet form combine to keep those interested, well informed on all matters pertaining to the electrical and labor movements.

Through the kind efforts of Charles Reed of the building trades of Salem, Mass., the committee is building up a program of debates and lectures for the interest and benefit of organized labor.

M. M. McKENNEY.

L. U. NO. 575, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Editor:

I have not been in the habit of writing for the WORKER (I suppose this can be classed as such), but after reading some of the articles of the press secretaries I decided to try my hand. I have been for some time a very ardent reader of the WORKER, and will have to take off my hat to the Editor and his staff. Being a building trades council business agent, I enjoy the privilege of reading all the trade journals of the building crafts (that doesn't mean I read them all), and will have to say our own JOURNAL is the best, and I say that with due respect to the others.

I sometimes wonder if it would be a good plan for all locals to read the JOURNAL at their meetings the same as they would any

educational feature, but I suppose most of the dues-paying members don't have time for such things. They are (most of them, I should say) too busy at something else to give their local the proper attention, which is a pity, but the truth. It has been my experience that the younger member is not giving to our movement what he should in the way of attendance at meetings and committee work involved in the organization. I suppose it is up to the older member to educate the younger member in his duty, but that is where most of them fall down—doing the work themselves rather than put forth the effort that is involved in getting the other fellow to do the work.

With reference to the problems of Local No. 292, I suppose all locals are afflicted with the same disease, so keep up the good work, Brothers, and everything will come out in the wash. Here is wishing you success.

Local No. 1 is to be congratulated on having such members as Brother Ludgate and his associates on the radio committee. I only wish all locals could be blessed with this kind of material, but on the other hand I am of the opinion we have them in all locals if they would only wake up and announce themselves to the world.

While Local No. 575 is small in members as compared to other locals, we have what I consider the best local in southern Ohio. We control all the work in the building line in this vicinity, with a good wage scale and the best of working conditions. The only thing we lack at this time is work, but we hope for the future.

GORDON FREEMAN.

L. U. NO. 586, HULL, QUEBEC

Editor:

Local No. 586 got away to a good start at its first meeting, considering that most of the men lost three hours pay to attend.

Brother Broderick installed the charter and gave a very interesting talk. The hall was filled and a number of new members were added to the list.

Officers were elected and instructed to act as an executive board.

The meeting nights were set for the second and fourth Monday of each month.

Attendance of members at every meeting is most important to the success of the local union.

The dues for journeymen are \$2.50 per month, helpers, \$2.40 per month, this includes the 90 cents per month for the insurance benefit of \$1,000.

P. ELSWORTH.

L. U. NO. 602, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Editor:

It is with pleasure, that I as press secretary of Local Union No. 602 take this opportunity of advising the Brothers of the I. B. E. W. that we are still alive and doing the things that we should do, in some instances. We have just settled a controversy between the local members and our electrical contractors of Amarillo, as to the betterment of working conditions and a small wage increase.

The details of the settlement, will be given in some following paragraphs.

Local Union No. 602, I. B. E. W., members are overflowing with joy on account of the results of the new contract committee, and that we have had the presence of our most efficient and worthy Brother D. W. Tracy, International Vice President, with us for the past ten days. We all love Brother Tracy, and think he is one of our international organization's valuable assets.

Brother Tracy's results (with the co-operation of some of our worthy Brothers) have

been successful and profitable to the members of Local No. 602. Brothers E. Gilpin and J. L. Miller acted in harmony with Brother Tracy in all negotiations, in the settlement of our suspension of work here beginning May 1, 1927.

I gladly say that the committee was supported on three occasions, to the extent of a 100 per cent vote; this is encouraging and gets results, shows evidence of the brotherly love that exists among the members of L. U. No. 602 and much credit must be given to the conduct of her officers.

Brother Tracy leaves Amarillo with an unanimous vote of thanks for his services, conduct, pleasing personality, affable disposition, efficiency and his ability to bring his negotiations to a pleasing conclusion.

I also wish to make mention of our worthy Brother J. W. Cummings, business agent, who was called into service with the committee at various times during the period of negotiation.

Brethren, I wish to call your attention to two capital letters, S. J., and just what their meaning may be. This question arose during the time Brother Tracy was here and during a special meeting, in which I, the recording secretary, was busy making records of the efficient and qualified committee on negotiation, including Brother Tracy. Now if I were to apply the two letters S. J. I would say, Supreme Justice, which is in my mind, means a very high officer in the highest of our national courts, and in the capacity of recording secretary of a bunch of electricians I would naturally take things of an unknown meaning to be of some high standard, but Brother Tracy interprets the meaning of S. J. in this case as it applies to me personally to mean Sleeping Jessus, and with a heated discussion on the matter I was forced to accept the ruling of Brother Tracy as legal as he is one of them big boys from the International, but Brothers I am still in doubt about the word Jessus. I hope to some day be able to advance to the office of inspector in some good local and that Brother Tracy shall have chance to pass that way, there I shall demonstrate my authority.

Now giving you the results of all negotiations of the local and Brother Tracy while in our city, and stating to you there is quite a large extra board existing here, I will suspend operation at this writing.

PRESS SECRETARY.

CONTRACTORS AND ELECTRICAL WORKERS SETTLE DIFFERENCES AFTER 2 DAYS

New Contract Covers Provisions for Conference Board to Work Out All Differences in Future. International Vice President Speaks Well of Local Employers.

The electricians temporarily suspended work Monday, their contract with the contractors having expired and no new one between the two parties having been agreed upon. But their differences have been satisfactorily settled in their new contract and work has been resumed.

The electricians' old contract with the contractors expired May 1. The electricians had given a 90-day notice of certain changes they desired. The contractors refused to grant these changes. A discontinuation of work necessarily followed to await the arrangement of the desired contract; and the electricians, as a local and individually, were 100 per cent in favor of this section.

The negotiations and differences between the workers and the contractors were handled in conference. Mr. Tracy, vice president of the international organization, assisted the electricians in their cause at these conferences. Mr. Tracy assures us that a peaceful and pleasant relationship between the two

parties was maintained throughout the entire period of negotiation.

A compromise was reached and a new contract made. Mr. Tracy states that under the new contract there is a 100 per cent improvement in the working conditions and a wage increase of .01 per day. The new wage scale is from \$10 to \$10.50 from May 4, and from \$10.50 to \$11 after July 1. The new situation has added a benefit to the workers without adding any great burden to the contractors or public.

The new contract is a perpetual agreement—something new in this district—and runs from year to year. The agreement carries with it the creation of a conference board, to be composed of six members, three from each party. It has for its purposes the adjustment of difference and grievances that may rise from time to time; the promotion of peaceful relationship; the elevation of the profession as a whole; to avoid all cessation of work as occurred on May 1. This last purpose is the main feature of the board.

The international vice president tells us that the electrical workers will devote time and energy to the promotion of the labor movement as a whole in Amarillo. They had taken into consideration the progress of the labor movement in the city of Amarillo, and thereby concurred to the compromise agreement.

The electrical workers, including the international vice president, Mr. Tracy, desire to thank the labor movement of Amarillo for the splendid moral support given during their negotiations and trouble.

L. U. NO. 613, ATLANTA, GA.

Editor:

As it has been some time since Local No. 613 has had a letter in the JOURNAL, we think it about time to let the Brotherhood know how we are progressing in the Gate City.

We have been on strike against the local contractors here for a year now, but have been able to keep most of the boys working until recently. We have a few on the waiting list at present, and would not advise any of the boys to drift this way, as we do not see enough work to keep our boys going. However, the prospects are good for signing up a few more shops.

We have had some Brothers to go bad on us. The following members have been tried and fined the sum of \$100.00 each:

L. D. Day, Card No. 599726
E. A. Wallace, Card No. 599722
T. E. Bernside, Card No. 606331

If any of these men drift into your jurisdiction, we would thank you to notify us.

Mr. William H. Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, visited us this spring and made an interesting talk, which we enjoyed very much.

BERT WELCH.

L. U. NO. 622, LYNN, MASS.

Editor:

After reading each month in your wonderful journal the various letters of building trades locals and linemen's locals, I could no longer resist the desire to send in a few lines outlining the plight of the shop workers.

Brothers, the conditions of the men and women employed in the electrical manufacturing industry are almost unbelievable.

Working as we do here in Lynn for that monster non-union corporation known to us as "the Generous Electric Company," the General Electric Company, our condition is almost one of slavery.

We have here in the Lynn plant as a

means of handling our grievances that system of fakery known as the plan of representation, "American plan," "company union," and oh! what a miscarriage of justice those names imply.

In 1918 the employees of this plant were 95 per cent organized through the long and patient efforts of your organizer, Brother Keaveney, and Organizers Donovan and Barr of the machinists' organization. That organization lifted us out of slavery and established wages and working conditions undreamed of by the workers in this plant, and then came the plan of representation or company union and the propaganda that always goes with such movements in an effort to get the employees of an industry to drop away from their labor unions. The effort was successful here and the workers, thinking that they could get as good results under this plan, dropped away from their unions and tried the plan of representation as a means of curing their ills. Inside of five years we have lost all we had gained through the unions and we are now back again to the old slavery days, completely at the mercy of the company and its fake company union or so-called plan of representation.

Thanks to the articles appearing in Labor Age exposing the General Electric Company and its company union system of fakery, there is again a real awakening started among the men and women in this plant here, and in my opinion they are once more turning towards their unions for help, with a determination that never again will they allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the fakery of company unions.

Our job of reorganizing is not an easy one, as we have at the present time a very severe industrial depression here, with hundreds being laid off every week. In addition to that the spy and stool-pigeon are always on the job watching us and checking up on our every action and word, so that in order to protect our jobs, if they can be called jobs, we have to practice the same methods as were used before 1918, that is, holding group meetings of trusted ones in somebody's home and in the camps in the woods outside the city, so as to try to avoid the spies and stool-pigeons.

Organizer Keaveney is again on the job, trying to help us as best he can, as in the days of 1918, and those of us who have hung on for years in old Local 622 are praying and hoping for a better day, when we can once more take our place in the labor movement. For the present and for the preservation of my wonderful job with the "Generous Electric Company," I will have to sign off now simply as

HOPEFUL.

L. U. NO. 627, LORAIN, OHIO

Editor:

"Will the Union Label Be Fought Next?"—a heading over a paragraph in the A. F. of L. Weekly News Service. I wonder how many of us realize that the label will be fought, and, in fact, is now, for there are so many of us in the organized labor movement today who are to all appearances good union men who do not demand the union label, and by not doing so are helping the anti-unionist tear down the greatest defense of organized labor. I have heard men say "I asked for the label but the store did not have it," but did they demand the union label? These Brothers have taken obligations in their respective organizations and pledged their honor as men to promote its objects, but if they do not demand the union label and buy the union label they violate their oaths and therefore are without honor, so to speak.

These same Brothers will go to church

and offer up alms and pray to the Almighty for forgiveness of their sins and at the same time have a scab made suit of clothes on. I wonder if the Almighty doesn't smile at the humorous situation of a poor, ignorant chunk of mud who has not the backbone to defend his own miserable being, but would try with a long-drawn amen and a few coppers to make the Master believe that he is a man among men when he is only a traitor to himself and to his fellow man. I am not a church-goer; that's my business. If you are, that's your business. Those that are church-goers must buy the label to be true to their beliefs; those who are not religiously bent are forced to buy the union label, for that is the only out they have.

I see No. 474 is coming to the front again; more power, and may you have many long and happy years of success.

Local 627 extends the best of wishes and a welcome to all.

H. ODLE.

L. U. NO. 675, ELIZABETH, N. J.

Editor:

The address delivered by President Green before the Conference on the Elimination of Waste in Industry has opened a field for further discussion. At the present time we are in a period of unemployment, and the question arises, is it due to industrial waste, speed up methods or other causes?

In analyzing this condition we can almost disregard the first, industrial waste. Upon the second, however, we are forced to admit seems to rest the sole responsibility. The third can be laid to a strike in another locality but whose contractors have work in our jurisdiction. Also, under this head can be attributed the minor infringements some members are wont to commit, viz: working a few minutes overtime or hauling material in their car.

This speed up method has come to a point where it must be reckoned with. Through his own fault the man on the job is a machine. By the constant use of the boring machine or the brace and bit his reasoning has been narrowed to the nth degree. He is deprived of the liberty of a free thinking man, to him the "boss" is a god whose word is law. The "conscientious fool" has heard the cry of losing money so often that he positively believes it. His reasoning has been numbed or otherwise he could readily see the "boss" could not continue in business and lose money all the time. He believes if he goes contrary to the doctrine of his "boss" he will be fired and will be unable to get another job. In short, he is a modern slave and will continue to be one until he tries to reason for himself. The man with ordinary reasoning advises the "boss," who constantly complains about losing money, that he should learn how to figure before he attempted to do contracting.

Now the problem confronts us, can this type of journeyman be educated? While he is in the employ of his present "boss" it will be a difficult task but allow him to work under better conditions and it will be easier. This seems to be the only solution at the present time and we must face it.

One journeyman tried figuring the cost of the job and found the boss way ahead of the game. Now the boss admits with a sad face "he is slowing down." What a shame it is.

To the wives, mothers and sisters of the members of Local No. 675 let me urge you to patronize the union label. You can do it in a thousand ways and accomplish more results than the men ever thought of. Ask for the union label, show that you are really interested in the labor movement and thankful that your wage earner is a union man.

I wish to acknowledge to the women my

thanks for the interest they have shown in the writeups for 675.

Brother Haggerty has been awarded a kit of tools as the result of obtaining the highest average at the Newark Vocational School. Congratulations Gene, it was well earned.

TIGHE.

L. U. NO. 691, GLENDALE, CALIF.

Editor:

I am enclosing the late report of conditions in Glendale which I mentioned in the other letter, in the form of an examination ordinance now in effect in this city. This local was instrumental in putting over the ordinance, and we feel proud of the fact, as we think it is one of the best things that ever hit this town.

This ordinance provides for the examination of master electricians, journeyman electricians, and journeyman fixture hangers, and limits the use of helpers at the rate of not more than one helper per journeyman, and a helper is not allowed to work without the supervision of a journeyman on the job.

E. E. MECHAM.

L. U. NO. 695, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Editor:

"Down with the knocker."

The knocker is the meanest man in the world.

He has no pride, no brains and no true friends.

The best that any one can say of a knocker is that he is always at his job. He is never late and does a good day's work at "knocking."

The knocker is very unpopular, he is two-faced and the public is shy of him.

Look for the knocker on a street corner or in a crowd telling how Brother so and so runs the local but yet he won't attend meetings and lend a hand in the right spirit.

No one likes a knocker!

"Up with the booster."

The booster is the best, most popular man in the world; he is a true friend to every man.

The booster is at every local meeting to do his part.

He keeps things to himself unless they might in some way help some other Brother.

When we chance to meet a booster, it is always a cheerful meeting with no talk of knocking the other fellow or local.

Brothers, sum up yourselves, see how you stand and if it is doubtful which side you have been on, shift your gears and head for the right side, "The Boosters."

Work is slack in St. Joe now and not a very good outlook for the coming hot weather.

Local No. 695 wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy to those unfortunate locals in the path of the terrible flood.

We have on our sick list Brother Bill Goodman, formerly of L. U. No. 1002. He has been very low in the hospital and is on a slow road to recovery. We know Brother Goodman would be very pleased to hear from some of the members at L. U. 1002.

RAY F. EGGERS.

L. U. NO. 723, FORT WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

This is the time of year when the wives of linemen in this city see more of the men than at any other time, and the reason is that the fishing law goes into effect for six weeks. After the law goes out, there is no telling when the linemen will be home—only at meal times, for what lineman doesn't like to eat?

It is now apparent why "Sunshine" Ward,

formerly of Louisiana, now of the Gulf of Mexico, has been such an advocate of the daylight saving time (which we now have). He has deserted the ranks of blue-shirted workmen and taken sides with the white-collared guys. He is now one of the City Light & Power's solicitors. He says his course in salesmanship sure comes in handy now. He has an M. S. (master of salesmanship) diploma issued by the National Salesman Training Association. At the present writing he hasn't taken up tennis.

Harry Pickett has been chosen to represent Fort Wayne, Ind., at the convention to be held in Detroit during August. He expects to meet a lot of his old-time friends in Detroit, so come on, fellows, and look for Harry. Harry "Speed" Lotz has been chosen to fill his shoes in case the unexpected happens between now and then.

If you see something bright-green trimmed in "high" yellow coming your way, it is no sign that your eyesight is failing you, but it is only "Speed" Lotz and his Velie. He is the envy of the entire colored population of this city, and they look with longing eyes as he speeds on, pleasure bent. "Speed" and his "cucumber" can be seen 'most any time and any place.

Jake Madden, who was injured about six years ago, which made a storeroom attendant out of a lineman, is able to potter around. We don't need the weather forecaster at Washington to tell us what kind of weather we are going to have. (He only hits it once in a while, anyway.) Jake can tell us for certain when to expect a storm or a rainy spell.

The high line is progressing nicely under the direction of Merle Teeters, foreman in charge.

Dick Greenwood, who was injured March 4, has left the hospital and is improving wonderfully.

At this age and stage of the game, when insurance rates are exorbitant for the lineman, this local has seen fit to take out a group insurance policy.

I have been racking my brain and the brains of some of the old-timers, but can find no parallel that equals or betters the job performed by members of L. U. No. 245, of Toledo, Ohio. I would suggest if it comes to a contest and competent judges decide, that the first prize should be a ton of asbestos coal.

"Is this the police station?" came the query over the telephone. "Yes, madam." "Have you seen or heard anything of my husband, Evan Wright? He's a lineman for the City Light." "No, madam, his name doesn't appear on the roster or on the daily injured list." It turned out that Evan, being an ardent City Light baseball fan, forgot to tell Mrs. Wright when he left her in the morning that he wouldn't be home till late on account of the Home Telephone and City Light baseball game. It was quite dark when he arrived home, on account of living out in the "rhubarbs."

Sam Evans has become so much of an owl that he can't stand working days. He is back on the old job of chief night troubleman.

Nomination of officers for the ensuing year is now in order. Keen rivalry is felt among the candidates as they go about campaigning for the various offices.

ANTHONY J. OFFERLE.

L. U. NO. 728, FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Editor:

As we are still well and all together, and my first letter has been out over a week now, I will try another one. Things are still pretty quiet here. The contract has been let on our new \$500,000 courthouse and

everything is union, so that makes us feel better.

The Brothers are still checking out. It doesn't look like we would have enough to elect officers next month. I hear that Brother Tom Byers is going soon. We hate to lose Tom, but I know the Brothers up in Pennsylvania will be glad to see him.

Brother Foote says his dogs have been restless for a week or so now, and so he is going to give them a run up the coast to see if he can ease them a little. But we know they will be back in place before the snow flies. We sure miss all of the Brothers, and if any of you have a minute to spare you might drop us a line now and then.

In looking over the WORKER this month, I find some mighty good letters and some very interesting subjects discussed, but it seems that the big question is organization, and it sure is a problem, but I believe that the article on the back of the WORKER by James Maurer holds the answer to a lot of our troubles. I have often wondered how many locals have the business of their organization in the hands of a business man who can go out and meet other business men on a common ground.

It seems to me that successful organization today depends a whole lot on salesmanship, and a good salesman always has the data on his goods. If we can show the contractor where it means dollars and cents to him to go along with organized labor, he will be easier persuaded. And unless the Brothers prepare themselves to go out and prove that it is good business, the organization might as well stay at home. I think that we could stand a lot of organization right in our own ranks. Although it is unfortunate, it is a fact that we have too many card men and not union men who do us more harm than the ones who have never been in.

I may seem a little radical on this subject, but it is my belief, so take what you like of it and mark out the rest.

Well, we would like to see all of the locals represented at the convention. You ought to at least have one Brother that would like to go up Canada way on a vacation, so it ought not to be hard to get a delegate. So here is to a big convention.

I see by a letter from No. 1154 that Brother John Jacobs is home. We wonder where Brother Jakey has been for the past year. Some of the Brothers here say Jakey couldn't stop talking long enough to bend pipe with both hands. But just the same we are glad Brother John got home, if it did take him a year.

EARLE L. WARREN.

L. U. NO. 731, INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.

Editor:

As it has been some time since you last heard from our local, it is up to me to get busy with my pen, so here goes.

For the past few months we have been anxiously looking for the long winter to come to an end. Long winters mean the consumption of much fuel, and the coal and wood man gets a big lump of our wages in these northern towns. This year we have seen "winter lingering in the lap of spring," as the poet puts it.

Summer has not reached us yet, but we surely have lots of spring. When attempting to turn our back yards into gardens we find the soil exceedingly springy, and when endeavoring to locate a site for a potato patch we sometimes are startled by the spring of a frog.

Some seasons we are short of power because of scarcity of water. This year we are unusually short of power because of too much water. With rain every week, four or five

days out of seven, our tail water has reached such a height as to threaten us with a flood. Living as we do near the headwaters of the Mississippi we can appreciate the enormous volume of water that mighty stream is bearing down to the flooded sections in the south. We are glad that we live near to that river's source instead of near its mouth. On account of a shortage of power some of our mills have been shut down for a time. However, a new power line has just been completed by which we can get power from a new plant 100 miles to the east. This will be available shortly, which will help to relieve our difficulties.

Our local is in a healthy condition. We have had our contract for the coming year signed up, and all our members are hard at work. We now have a membership of 34, making a net gain of ten or twelve since our organization nine years ago. Our members are alive to the wisdom of keeping our dues paid up. We were forcibly reminded of this a few months ago in the death by electrocution of a former member who had allowed his membership to expire through non-payment of dues.

The \$1,000 his dependents failed to get would look good to them now if they had it. It pays to keep paid up.

C. S.

L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

Well I am trying to come back again this month; I think that if a fellow wants to keep as near up with the news of our JOURNAL as he can he must stay close to it, and read most all of them. I find that we get most of our education from the other fellow's experience.

At this time I will ask the readers (with the Editor's consent) to excuse the beginning of my April letter as the Editor left out two sentences at the beginning of the letter.

Our sick Brothers are all getting along fine. Brother Wright I reported in the hospital last month is slowly recovering. Early in May Brother Whitie King was walking down a pole and got too near a ground wire on the back of the pole, a secondary touched his cons. and he got a slight burn on two fingers; while all this was happening Whitie decided a jump would be quicker than to walk. Some of the boys asked Whitie why he didn't jump on smooth ground instead of a rock pile. He said there was some brush around the pole and he couldn't see the ground, so Whitie got the left arm broken but after two weeks he was able to wear a limp stick on the right.

Everything looks good for our L. U. We are having good meetings and pretty fair attendance with Brother Claud Smith in the chair.

I am sure you delegates will be glad to meet Brother Smith at the convention as he is our delegate.

I want to get back to the subject of reading the JOURNAL, not only the JOURNAL but stop right here and now and think how much of your own by-laws you actually understand. Now let's get a little deeper into this subject. The majority of us don't read the constitution enough to know much about our own organization and there is the A. F. of L. constitution. I am sorry to say I seldom hear any Brother say that he knows anything about the principles of the A. F. of L. and while we are on the subject just look around and see if you can find a constitution of your home state (in the house). But the greatest constitution of them all is the constitution of this great United States. Now for a beginner let's get busy and read the Declaration of Independence and we will be reminded

why we get a lot of flags, place them at various places on the old car and have the wife fix a basket of choice food then we take all the kiddies, load them, wife, basket and all into the old boat, drive out to some place where we can find the biggest crowd. Next day we say we had a glorious Fourth and a great many don't remember what it is all about.

Now Brothers and sisters, let's get a little wiser to the different constitutions that we should abide by and help to make this country a better place for the next generation to live in. Most everybody boasts of some state and calls it home. I am proud of Oklahoma and call it my home state. I was born in Oklahoma by choice (my father's choice). I was reared in Oklahoma by choice (my father's choice) and I have lived the past twelve years in Oklahoma (my choice). So you see I have three good reasons for boosting Oklahoma.

Now Brothers let's get all the constitutions we can and read them between the stories we tell our neighbors about the big fish we almost caught on a previous fishing trip that we made to a place he had not been.

(Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Corinthians 10:12.)

O. L. WOODALL.

L. U. NO. 1012, LORAIN, OHIO

Editor:

This is Local No. 1012 broadcasting, and as the air is quite heavy tonight won't be able to stay on very long. This is my first attempt at this job, so don't expect anything very interesting.

Here it is the twenty-second and my WORKER hasn't arrived, and if doesn't arrive before long will have to go and find one somewhere.

We have been having a little trouble, but have gotten the kinks pretty well spliced out.

The weather isn't any too good around here for a man to hit the poles, but hope it will warm up before long. Business isn't very rushing here, but all the boys have worked steadily and seem to have a little spare change if somebody mentions a crap game or any of the other things a lineman likes to do.

We have just had the sad news that A. M. Dorneife was killed, being struck by a street car near Fremont, Ohio. We will miss this Brother in the local and I know his many friends will mourn his loss as we do.

We have lost a few members lately as they thought they could get more good of \$3 per if they spent it some other way. But some day they will see where they could have used it and it would have helped them a darn sight more.

Well, Brothers, hoping this gets in the WORKER, will dead-end here for this time.

C. ALWARD.

L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, CAN.

Editor:

Welcome Local No. 435 to the charmed circle. At long and last we greet thee.

Well, it is raining yet, hasn't stopped hardly, since it quit snowing. We had the Red and Assiniboine rivers on the rampage for a while but you boys down south have sure got us beat when it comes to floods, cyclones and hurricanes.

Brother Editor, you made a statement in the April JOURNAL that you had a weakness for pictures. Well, I am going to whisper gently into the editorial ear that I, too, have a weakness for pictures. Enclosed you will find two of them which I hope you will find room to insert in as prominent a place as

you can find. Brothers and sisters, permit me to introduce to you Brother John Woodman, our hotly contested delegate to the I. B. E. W. convention next August. Brother Woodman is a product of the last great west: reared in Winnipeg and has spent all his life so far in its vicinity. His daily task is pushing the heavy construction gang for the Manitoba Telephone system in this city. His hobbies are flying pigeons, chickens (the feathered kind not the bobbed hair variety) and shooting.

His vacation is spent every fall in the Lake Manitoba marshes where the wild duck



SHOWING BROTHER JOHN WOODMAN,
Delegate to 1927 Convention

are as thick as fleas on a hound dog, and as hard to catch.

Our new agreement that we have spent so much time on has fallen most decidedly flat. The bosses have stated in no uncertain manner, Nothing Doing. They have manifestly declared that the petty bosses and pen pushers require more money to uphold their positions therefore they get a raise while the linemen and cablemen have such an easy job that their services are not appreciated in the same manner. In fact a cut has appeared amongst the troublemen. We have applied to Ottawa for an arbitration board which we have no doubt will be granted. This is Canadian law. Brothers of the U. S., the employees appoint an outsider to represent them. The employer the same and these two men appoint a chairman. Failing an agreement, a strike is then legal. Brothers keep away please until we can get something settled here. In future our pen name will be "I'll be back next month."

R. G. IRVINS,
Card No. 132847.

L. U. NO. 1054, SALINA, KANS.

Editor:

As a couple of months have rolled by since the first letter from Local 1054 appeared in the JOURNAL, it was decided that it was time for another one, but I couldn't think of anything to write about, so the boys made a few suggestions.

Did you ever notice that while we give unfair shops and businesses plenty of publicity, the shops and businesses that are strong for organized labor are seldom noticed, leaving most people in the dark as to who is who, the same way as it left us on the question of magazines in the April issue of the JOURNAL? We heard a lot about the magazines that were for big business, and some that were against big business but luke-warm toward labor, but not one that was strong for labor. Maybe there aren't any. It was also noticed that while there was a list of power projects listed in the JOURNAL, nothing was said about whether they were union or non-union jobs, and if

anything was being done to make them union if they were not.

But as long as there are non-union men we will have non-union shops to contend with, so why not all of us talk unionism to all non-union men, whether they be in our own line of work or not?

You know that when the farmer plants his seed probably all doesn't grow, but he harvests a crop off what does grow.

So why not plant the seed of unionism and harvest a crop of good union men, which will bring what we want—better standards of living and a chance to enjoy the pleasures of life?

W. L. JOHNSON.

[The magazine field is pretty much non-union. However, we did tell you about the Survey, the New Republic, the Nation, the Atlantic Monthly and the Scripps-Howard newspapers—all friendly. As to organization, progress is reported.—Ed. note.]

L. U. NO. 1099, OIL CITY, PA.

Editor:

I suppose that most of the Brothers, if they happen to give us a thought, are wondering about No. 1099. Well, we have been like the bear, hibernating. We have been drowsing for almost a year, which I think is too long for a bear to sleep and surely too long for a local to be out of the JOURNAL.

To sort of renew old friendships, I will give you a thumb-nail sketch of interesting facts concerning Oil City and No. 1099.

Oil City has a population of 23,000 and was at one time a boom town in the oil-producing region. "Them was the good old days." Derricks lined both sides of the main streets, the mud was knee deep and men and "licker" were 100 per cent.

Unlike the ghost towns of the west, Oil City, after the boom had passed, instead of moving away lock, stock and barrel, settled down and tried to find something to take the place of the oil wells. A number of companies were formed to refine crude oils; manufacturing of gas engines, pumps and oil well supplies were started, and today wherever fine oil is used or oil well supplies of any kind are needed you will find that in the majority of cases Pennsylvania products get the call.

So much for Oil City. Now for No. 1099. We have a mixed local of around 40 members, and the town as a whole is fairly well organized. There is one unfair shop and a number of "door-bell mechanics" who are giving us some trouble. In fact, I should say they are giving us a lot. Most of the building around here in the past has been new homes and that is where the "door-bell mechanic" shines. Low prices and ten-cent store material are his strong points. However, we hope to eliminate them in the near future.

This local sent a delegate to the state convention at Harrisburg, one of whose aims is to license the electrical workers and contractors of Pennsylvania. Also an electric league is being formed in Venango County, and one of its main objects is to license the electricians and contractors. So we can but hope for the best.

Building conditions are improving. There are at present two \$40,000 homes being built, three new theatres proposed (two actually), and an addition to a present movie. The S. S. Kresge Company is building a \$100,000 store, and plans are being drawn for a number of other buildings which will cost from \$20,000 to \$200,000. It looks as though some of us will be able to keep the wolf away for a while. Wish us luck, 'cause we sure need it.

I notice in most of the letters that business conditions are improving, but all of the

scribes tell us to stay away from their towns. Well, the same applies to Oil City. Some of the boys work in the shops in the winter time and when the trade picks up all of them are rarin' to go.

We have a number of problems to overcome, which I suppose are the load most locals have to carry, and in my next will try to air my views in solving some of them. In closing can say that I am a "pore young feller," who has but recently "seen the light," and this job was wished on me when my back was, in a manner of speaking, turned. Will do my best and trust that my next mail won't have a "Thanks, but we can't use it" slip in it.

OGGIE.

L. U. NO. 1147, WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WIS.

Editor:

Our old agreement expired May 1st and we already have fixed up the contract until next May. The paper makers and pulp and sulphite workers had their representatives here from headquarters but the "Liktishuns" went in alone, partly to save expenses and partly because we weren't certain as to when we would go in. We've got a committee that know their onions, ennahow. It took two days to get everything lined up satisfactory to both sides but it was done pretty well.

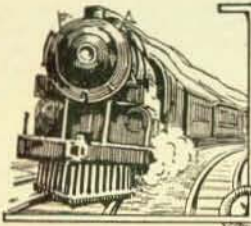
On the money question, here's how we came out. The power house operators at Wisconsin Rapids, Bison and Stevens Point got an increase of three cents. The motor tenders at Wisconsin Rapids and Bison two cents. The spare man at Stevens Point three cents. The motor winder and working foreman at Wisconsin Rapids five cents each. One helper at Wisconsin Rapids got five cents. Spare men at Bison and Wisconsin Rapids two cents each. The maintenance man at Bison got three cents and the wood worm man at Wisconsin Rapids got three cents. I've forgotten what the linemen got but I think it was three cents. Just about everybody got an increase but the substation operators but they weren't sure if they would be able to spend any more money if they did get it so they are going to get their adjustment when the new turbine is finished.

Other points, working conditions, rules, etc., are practically the same as last year. Forty-eight hours off for Christmas, 24 hours off July 4th, Labor Day 24 hours, Decoration Day 24 hours. All necessary labor on these days paid at time and a half. Also one and one-half time for Sundays; every man must be off at least one Sunday in three. Where a man is called in Sunday and his paytime amounts to eight hours or more, he is to take one day off during the week. No man is to work more than 12 hours at a stretch. The contract specifies there shall be no strikes or lockouts for one year and wages may be adjusted to a higher rate but not lower, so altogether it is a pretty good contract.

I am inclosing a little clipping which I hope the Editor can find room for. It was written by the vice president of the Pulp and Sulphite Workers International but it shows what sort of an outfit we have to work for and deal with.

Don't get the idea that we got all our conditions on a silver platter, because this outfit has had to scratch gravel to beat the band, taking a little bit here this time and a little there next time and so on, but it's been a square fight. Our committees were never threatened with their jobs and there have been no hard feelings or grudges held on either side which enables both sides to get down to brass tacks and give their real opinions of things in question. Well, more next month. How did you other locals come out?

S. BRAMBLE.



The OCTOPUS

By FRANK NORRIS



However, before Annixter could reply, Magnus came out on the porch, erect, grave, freshly shaven. Without realising what he was doing, Annixter instinctively rose to his feet. It was as though Magnus was a commander-in-chief of an unseen army, and he a subaltern. There was some little conversation as to the proposed dance, and then Annixter found an excuse for drawing the Governor aside. Mrs. Derrick watched the two with eyes full of poignant anxiety, as they slowly paced the length of the gravel driveway to the road gate, and stood there, leaning upon it, talking earnestly; Magnus tall, thin-lipped, impassive, one hand in the breast of his frock coat, his head bare, his keen, blue eyes fixed upon Annixter's face. Annixter came at once to the main point.

"I got a wire from Osterman this morning, Governor, and, well—we've got Disbrow. That means that the Denver, Pueblo and Mojave is back of us. There's half the fight won, first off."

"Osterman bribed him, I suppose," observed Magnus.

Annixter raised a shoulder vexatiously.

"You've got to pay for what you get," he returned. "You don't get something for nothing, I guess. Governor," he went on, "I don't see how you can stay out of this business much longer. You see how it will be. We're going to win, and I don't see how you can feel that it's right of you to let us do all the work and stand all the expense. There's never been a movement of any importance that went on around you that you weren't the leader in it. All Tulare County, all the San Joaquin, for that matter knows you. They want a leader, and they are looking to you. I know how you feel about politics nowadays. But, Governor, standards have changed since your time; everybody plays the game now as we are playing it—the most honourable men. You can't play it any other way, and, pshaw! if the right wins out in the end, that's the main thing. We want you in this thing, and we want you bad. You've been chewing on this affair now a long time. Have you made up your mind? Do you come in? I tell you what, you've got to look at these things in a large way. You've got to judge by results. Well, now, what do you think? Do you come in?"

Magnus's glance left Annixter's face, and for an instant sought the ground. His frown lowered, but now it was in perplexity, rather than in anger. His mind was troubled, harassed with a thousand dissensions.

But one of Magnus's strongest instincts, one of his keenest desires, was to be, if only for a short time, the master. To control men had ever been his ambition; submission of any kind, his greatest horror. His energy stirred within him, goaded by the lash of his anger, his sense of indignity, of insult. Oh for one moment to be able to strike back, to crush his enemy, to defeat the railroad, hold the Corporation in the grip of his fist, put down S. Behrman, rehabilitate himself, regain his self-respect. To be once more powerful, to command, to dominate. His thin lips pressed themselves together, the nostrils of

his prominent hawk-like nose dilated, his erect, commanding figure stiffened unconsciously. For a moment, he saw himself controlling the situation, the foremost figure in his State, feared, respected, thousands of men beneath him, his ambition at length gratified; his career, once apparently brought to naught, completed; success a palpable achievement. What if this were his chance, after all, come at last after all these years. His chance! The instincts of the old-time gambler, the most redoubtable poker player of El Dorado County, stirred at the word. Chance! To know it when it came, to recognize it as it passed fleet as a wind-flurry, grip at it, catch at it, blind, reckless, staking all upon the hazard of the issue, that was genius. Was this his chance? All of a sudden, it seemed to him that it was. But his honour! His cherished, lifelong integrity, the unstained purity of his principles? At this late date, were they to be sacrificed? Could he now go counter to all the firm built fabric of his character? How, afterward, could he bear to look Harran and Lyman in the face? And, yet—and, yet—back swung the pendulum—to neglect his Chance meant failure; a life begun in promise, and ended in obscurity, perhaps in financial ruin, poverty even. To seize it meant achievement, fame, influence, prestige, possibly great wealth.

"I am so sorry to interrupt," said Mrs. Derrick, as she came up. "I hope Mr. Annixter will excuse me, but I want Magnus to open the safe for me. I have lost the combination, and I must have some money. Phelps is going into town, and I want him to pay some bills for me. Can't you come right away, Magnus? Phelps is ready and waiting."

Annixter struck his heel into the ground with a suppressed oath. Always these fool female women came between him and his plans, mixing themselves up in his affairs. Magnus had been on the very point of saying something, perhaps committing himself to some course of action, and, at precisely the wrong moment, his wife had cut in. The opportunity was lost. The three returned toward the ranch house; but before saying goodbye, Annixter had secured from Magnus a promise to the effect that, before coming to a definite decision in the matter under discussion, he would talk further with him.

Presley met him at the porch. He was going into town with Phelps, and proposed to Annixter that he should accompany them.

"I want to go over and see old Broderson," Annixter objected.

But Presley informed him that Broderson had gone to Bonneville earlier in the morning. He had seen him go past in his buckboard. The three men set off, Phelps and Annixter on horseback, Presley on his bicycle.

When they had gone, Mrs. Derrick sought out her husband in the office of the ranch house. She was at her prettiest that morning, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her innocent, wide-open eyes almost girlish. She had fastened her hair, still moist, with a black ribbon tied at the back of her head,

and the soft mass of light brown reached to below her waist, making her look very young.

"What was it he was saying to you just now," she exclaimed, as she came through the gate in the green-painted wire railing of the office. "What was Mr. Annixter saying? I know. He was trying to get you to join him, trying to persuade you to be dishonest, wasn't that it? Tell me, Magnus, wasn't that it?"

Magnus nodded.

His wife drew close to him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"But you won't, will you? You won't listen to him again; you won't so much as allow him—*anybody*—to even suppose you would lend yourself to bribery? Oh, Magnus, I don't know what has come over you these last few weeks. Why, before this, you would have been insulted if any one thought you would even consider anything like dishonesty. Magnus, it would break my heart if you joined Mr. Annixter and Mr. Osterman. Why, you couldn't be the same man to me afterward; you, who have kept yourself so clean till now. And the boys; what would Lyman say, and Harran, and every one who knows you and respects you, if you lowered yourself to be just a political adventurer!"

For a moment, Derrick leaned his head upon his hand, avoiding her gaze. At length, he said, drawing a deep breath:

"I am troubled, Annie. These are the evil days. I have much upon my mind."

"Evil days or not," she insisted, "promise me this one thing, that you will not join Mr. Annixter's scheme."

She had taken his hand in both of hers and was looking into his face, her pretty eyes full of pleading.

"Promise me," she repeated; "give me your word. Whatever happens, let me always be able to be proud of you, as I always have been. Give me your word. I know you never seriously thought of joining Mr. Annixter, but I am so nervous and frightened sometimes. Just to relieve my mind, Magnus, give me your word."

"Why—you are right," he answered. "No, I never thought seriously of it. Only for a moment, I was ambitious to be—I don't know what—what I had hoped to be once—well, that is over now. Annie, your husband is a disappointed man."

"Give me your word," she insisted. "We can talk about other things afterward."

Again Magnus wavered, about to yield to his better instincts and to the entreaties of his wife. He began to see how perilously far he had gone in this business. He was drifting closer to it every hour. Already he was entangled, already his foot was caught in the mesh that was being spun. Sharply he recoiled. Again all his instincts of honesty revolted. No, whatever happened, he would preserve his integrity. His wife was right. Always she had influenced his better side. At that moment, Magnus's repugnance of the proposed political campaign was at its pitch of intensity. He wondered how he had ever allowed himself to so much as entertain the idea of joining with the others. Now,

he would wrench free, would, in a single instant of power, clear himself of all compromising relations. He turned to his wife. Upon his lips trembled the promise she implored. But suddenly there came to his mind the recollection of his new-made pledge to Annixter. He had given his word that before arriving at a decision he would have a last interview with him. To Magnus, his given word was sacred. Though now he wanted to, he could not as yet draw back, could not promise his wife that he would decide to do right. The matter must be delayed a few days longer.

Lamely, he explained this to her. Annie Derrick made but little response when he had done. She kissed his forehead and went out of the room, uneasy, depressed, her mind thronging with vague fears, leaving Magnus before his office desk, his head in his hands, thoughtful, gloomy, assaulted by forebodings.

Meanwhile, Annixter, Phelps, and Presley continued on their way toward Bonneville. In a short time they had turned into the County Road by the great watering-tank, and proceeded onward in the shade of the interminable line of poplar trees, the wind-break that stretched along the roadside bordering the Broderson ranch. But as they drew near to Caraher's saloon and grocery, about half a mile outside of Bonneville, they recognized Harran's horse tied to the railing in front of it. Annixter left the others and went in to see Harran.

"Harran," he said, when the two had sat down on either side of one of the small tables, "you've got to make up your mind one way or another pretty soon. What are you going to do? Are you going to stand by and see the rest of the Committee spending money by the bucketful in this thing and keep your hands in your pockets? If we win, you'll benefit just as much as the rest of us. I suppose you've got some money of your own—you have, haven't you? You are your father's manager, aren't you?"

Disconcerted at Annixter's directness, Harran stammered an affirmative, adding:

"It's hard to know just what to do. It's a mean position for me, Buck. I want to help you others, but I do want to play fair. I don't know how to play any other way. I should like to have a line from the Governor as to how to act, but there's no getting a word out of him these days. He seems to want to let me decide for myself."

"Well, look here," put in Annixter. "Suppose you keep out of the thing till it's all over, and then share and share alike with the Committee on campaign expenses."

Harran fell thoughtful, his hands in his pockets, frowning moodily at the toe of his boot. There was a silence. Then:

"I don't like to go it blind," he hazarded. "I'm sort of sharing the responsibility of what you do, then. I'm a silent partner. And, then—I don't want to have any difficulties with the Governor. We've always got along well together. He wouldn't like it, you know, if I did anything like that."

"Say," exclaimed Annixter abruptly, "if the Governor says he will keep his hands off, and that you can do as you please, will you come in? For God's sake, let us ranchers act together for once. Let's stand in with each other in one fight."

Without knowing it, Annixter had touched the right spring.

"I don't know but what you're right," Harran murmured vaguely. His sense of discouragement, that feeling of what's-the-use, was never more oppressive. All fair means had been tried. The wheat grower was at last with his back to the wall. If he chose his own means of fighting, the responsibility must rest upon his enemies, not on himself.

"It's the only way to accomplish anything,"

he continued, "standing in with each other . . . well, . . . go ahead and see what you can do. If the Governor is willing, I'll come in for my share of the campaign fund."

"That's some sense," exclaimed Annixter, shaking him by the hand. "Half the fight is over already. We've got Disbrow you know; and the next thing is to get hold of some of those rotten San Francisco bosses. Osterman will—" But Harran interrupted him, making a quick gesture with his hand.

"Don't tell me about it," he said. "I don't want to know what you and Osterman are going to do. If I did, I shouldn't come in."

Yet, for all this, before they said good-bye Annixter had obtained Harran's promise that he would attend the next meeting of the Committee, when Osterman should return from Los Angeles and make his report. Harran went on toward Los Muertos. Annixter mounted and rode into Bonneville.

Bonneville was very lively at all times. It was a little city of some twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, where, as yet, the city hall, the high school building, and the opera house were objects of civic pride. It was well governed, beautifully clean, full of the energy and strenuous young life of a new city. An air of the briskest activity pervaded its streets and sidewalks. The business portion of the town, centering about Main Street, was always crowded. Annixter, arriving at the Post Office, found himself involved in a scene of swiftly shifting sights and sounds. Saddle horses, farm wagons—the inevitable Studebakers—buggies grey with the dust of country roads, buckboards with squashes and grocery packages stowed under the seat, two-wheeled sulkies and training carts, were hitched to the gnawed railings and zinc-sheathed telegraph poles along the curb. Here and there, on the edge of the sidewalk, were bicycles, wedged into bicycle racks painted with cigar advertisements. Upon the asphalt sidewalk itself, soft and sticky with the morning's heat, was a continuous movement. Men with large stomachs, wearing linen coats but no vests, laboured ponderously up and down. Girls in lawn skirts, shirt waists, and garden hats, went to and fro, invariably in couples, coming in and out of the drug store, the grocery store, and haberdasher's, or lingering in front of the Post Office, which was on a corner under the I. O. O. F. hall. Young men, in shirt sleeves, with brown, wicker cuff-protectors over their forearms, and pencils behind their ears, bustled in front of the grocery store, anxious and preoccupied. A very old man, a Mexican, in ragged white trousers and bare feet, sat on a horse-block in front of the barber shop, holding a horse by a rope around its neck. A Chinaman went by, teetering under the weight of his market baskets slung on a pole across his shoulders. In the neighbourhood of the hotel, the Yosemite House, travelling salesmen, drummers for jewelry firms of San Francisco, commercial agents, insurance men, well-dressed, metropolitan, debonair, stood about cracking jokes, or hurried in and out of the flapping white doors of the Yosemite bar-room. The Yosemite bus and City bus passed up the street, on the way from the morning train, each with its two or three passengers. A very narrow wagon, belonging to the Cole & Colemore Harvester Works, went by, loaded with long strips of iron that made a horrible din as they jarred over the unevenness of the pavement. The electric car line, the city's boast, did a brisk business, its cars whirling from end to end of the street, with a jangling of bells and a moaning plaint of gearing. On the stone bulkheads of the grass plat around the new City Hall, the usual loafers sat, chewing tobacco, swapping stories. In the park were the inevitable array of nurse-

maids, skylarking couples, and ragged little boys. A single policeman, in grey coat and helmet, friend and acquaintance of every man and woman in the town, stood by the park entrance, leaning an elbow on the fence post, twirling his club.

But in the centre of the best business block of the street was a three-story building of rough brown stone, set off with plate glass windows and gold-lettered signs. One of these latter read, "Pacific and Southwestern Railroad, Freight and Passenger Office," while another, much smaller, beneath the windows of the second story, bore the inscription, "P. and S. W. Land Office."

Annixter hitched his horse to the iron post in front of this building, and tramped up to the second floor, letting himself into an office where a couple of clerks and bookkeepers sat at work behind a high wire screen. One of these latter recognized him and came forward.

"Hello," said Annixter abruptly, scowling the while. "Is your boss in? Is Ruggles in?"

The bookkeeper led Annixter to the private office in an adjoining room, ushering him through a door, on the frosted glass of which was painted the name, "Cyrus Blakelee Ruggles." Inside, a man in a frock coat, shoestring necktie, and Stetson hat, sat writing at a roller-top desk. Over this desk was a vast map of the railroad holdings in the country about Bonneville and Guadalajara, the alternate sections belonging to the Corporation accurately plotted.

Ruggles was cordial in his welcome of Annixter. He had a way of fiddling with his pencil continually while he talked, scribbling vague lines and fragments of words and names on stray bits of paper, and no sooner had Annixter sat down than he had begun to write, in full-bellied script, *Ann Ann* all over his blotting pad.

"I want to see about those lands of mine—I mean of yours—of the railroad's," Annixter commenced at once. "I want to know when I can buy. I'm sick of fooling along like this."

"Well, Mr. Annixter," observed Ruggles, writing a great *L* before the *Ann*, and finishing it off with a flourishing *d*. "The lands"—he crossed out one of the *n*'s and noted the effect with a hasty glance—"the lands are practically yours. You have an option on them indefinitely, and, as it is, you don't have to pay the taxes."

"Rot your option! I want to own them," Annixter declared. "What have you people got to gain by putting off selling them to us. Here this thing has dragged along for over eight years. When I came in on Quien Sabe, the understanding was that the lands—your alternate sections—were to be conveyed to me within a few months."

"The land had not been patented to us then," answered Ruggles.

"Well, it has been now, I guess," retorted Annixter.

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, Mr. Annixter," Annixter crossed his legs wearily.

"Oh, what's the good of lying, Ruggles? You know better than to talk that way to me."

Ruggles' face flushed on the instant, but he checked his answer and laughed instead.

"Oh, if you know so much about it—" he observed.

"Well, when are you going to sell to me?"

"I'm only acting for the General Office, Mr. Annixter," returned Ruggles. "Whenever the Directors are ready to take that matter up, I'll be only too glad to put it through for you."

"As if you didn't know. Look here, you're not talking to old Broderson. Wake up, Ruggles. What's all this talk in Genslinger's rag about the grading of the value of our lands this winter and an advance in the price?"

Ruggles spread out his hands with a deprecatory gesture.

"I don't own the 'Mercury,'" he said.

"Well, your company does."

"If it does, I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, rot! As if you and Genslinger and S. Behrman didn't run the whole show down here. Come on, let's have it, Ruggles. What does S. Behrman pay Genslinger for inserting that three-inch ad. of the P. and S. W. in his paper? Ten thousand a year, hey?"

"Oh, why not a hundred thousand and be done with it?" returned the other, willing to take it as a joke.

Instead of replying, Annixter drew his check-book from his inside pocket.

"Let me take that fountain pen of yours," he said. Holding the book on his knee he wrote out a check, tore it carefully from the stub, and laid it on the desk in front of Ruggles.

"What's this?" asked Ruggles.

"Three-fourths payment for the sections of railroad land included in my ranch, based on a valuation of two dollars and a half per acre. You can have the balance in sixty-day notes."

Ruggles shook his head, drawing hastily back from the check as though it carried contamination.

"I can't touch it," he declared. "I've no authority to sell to you yet."

"I don't understand you people," exclaimed Annixter. "I offered to buy of you the same way four years ago and you sang the same song. Why, it isn't business. You lose the interest on your money. Seven per cent of that capital for four years—you can figure it out. It's big money."

"Well, then, I don't see why you're so keen on parting with it. You can get seven per cent the same as us."

"I want to own my own land," returned Annixter. "I want to feel that every lump of dirt inside my fence is my personal property. Why, the very house I live in now—the ranch house—stands on railroad ground."

"But, you've an option—"

"I tell you I don't want your cursed option. I want ownership; and it's the same with Magnus Derrick and old Broderson and Osterman and all the ranchers of the county. We want to own our land, want to feel we can do as we please with it. Suppose I should want to sell Quen Sabe. I can't sell it as a whole till I've bought of you. I can't give anybody a clear title. The land has doubled in value ten times over again since I came in on it and improved it. It's worth easily twenty an acre now. But I can't take advantage of that rise in value so long as you won't sell, so long as I don't own it. You're blocking me."

"But, according to you, the railroad can't take advantage of the rise in any case. According to you, you can sell for twenty dollars, but see can only get two and a half."

"Who made it worth twenty?" cried Annixter. "I've improved it up to that figure. Genslinger seems to have that idea in his nut, too. Do you people think you can hold that land, untaxed, for speculative purposes until it goes up to thirty dollars and then sell out to some one else—sell it over our heads? You and Genslinger weren't in office when those contracts were drawn. You ask your boss, you ask S. Behrman, he knows. The General Office is pledged to sell to us in preference to any one else, for two and a half."

"Well," observed Ruggles decidedly, tapping the end of his pencil on his desk and leaning forward to emphasize his words, "we're not selling now. That's said and signed, Mr. Annixter."

"Why not? Come, spit it out. What's the bunco game this time?"

"Because we're not ready. Here's your check."

"You won't take it?"

"No."

"I'll make it a cash payment, money down—the whole of it—payable to Cyrus Blakelee Ruggles, for the P. and S. W."

"No."

"Third and last time."

"No."

"Oh, go to the devil!"

"I don't like your tone, Mr. Annixter," returned Ruggles, flushing angrily.

"I don't give a curse whether you like it or not," retorted Annixter, rising and thrusting the check into his pocket, "but never you mind, Mr. Ruggles, you and S. Behrman and Genslinger and Shelgrim and the whole gang of thieves of you—you'll wake this State of California up some of these days by going just one little bit too far, and there'll be an election of Railroad Commissioners of, by, and for the people, that'll get a twist of you, my bunco-steering friend—you and your backers and cappers and swindlers and thimble-riggers, and smash you, lock, stock, and barrel. That's my tip to you and be damned to you, Mr. Cyrus Blackleg Ruggles."

Annixter stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him, and Ruggles, trembling with anger, turned to his desk and to the blotting pad written all over with the words, *Lands, Twenty dollars, Two and a half, Option*, and, over and over again, with great swelling curves and flourishes, *Railroad, Railroad, Railroad*.

But as Annixter passed into the outside office, on the other side of the wire partition, he noted the figure of a man at the counter in conversation with one of the clerks. There was something familiar to Annixter's eye about the man's heavy built frame, his great shoulders and massive back, and as he spoke to the clerk in a tremendous, rumbling voice, Annixter promptly recognized Dyke.

There was a meeting. Annixter liked Dyke, as did every one else in and about Bonneville. He paused now to shake hands with the discharged engineer and to ask about his little daughter, Sidney, to whom he knew Dyke was devotedly attached.

"Smartest little tad in Tulare County," asserted Dyke. "She's getting prettier every day, Mr. Annixter. There's a little tad that was just born to be a lady. Can recite the whole of 'Snow Bound' without ever stopping. You don't believe that, maybe, hey? Well, it's true. She'll be just old enough to enter the Seminary up at Marysville next winter, and if my hop business pays two per cent on the investment, there's where she's going to go."

"How's it coming on?" inquired Annixter.

"The hop ranch? Prime. I've about got the land in shape, and I've engaged a foreman who knows all about hops. I've been in luck. Everybody will go into the business next year when they see hops go to a dollar, and they'll overstock the market and bust the price. But I'm going to get the cream of it now. I say two per cent. Why, Lord love you, it will pay a good deal more than that. It's got to. It's cost more than I figured to start the thing, so, perhaps, I may have to borrow somewhere; but then on such a sure game as this—and I do want to make something out of that little tad of mine."

"Through here?" inquired Annixter, making ready to move off.

"In just a minute," answered Dyke. "Wait for me and I'll walk down the street with you."

Annixter grumbled that he was in a hurry, but waited, nevertheless, while Dyke again approached the clerk.

"I shall want some empty cars of you people this fall," he explained. "I'm a hop-

raiser now, and I just want to make sure what your rates on hops are. I've been told, but I want to make sure. Savvy?"

There was a long delay while the clerk consulted the tariff schedules, and Annixter fretted impatiently. Dyke, growing uneasy, leaned heavily on his elbows, watching the clerk anxiously. If the tariff was exorbitant, he saw his plans brought to naught, his money jeopardised, the little tad, Sidney, deprived of her education. He began to blame himself that he had not long before determined definitely what the railroad would charge for moving his hops. He told himself he was not much of a business man; that he managed carelessly.

"Two cents," suddenly announced the clerk with a certain surly indifference.

"Two cents a pound?"

"Yes, two cents a pound—that's in car-load lots, of course. I won't give you that rate on smaller consignments."

"Yes, car-load lots, of course . . . two cents. Well, all right."

He turned away with a great sigh of relief.

"He sure did have me scared for a minute," he said to Annixter, as the two went down to the street, "fiddling and fussing so long. Two cents is all right, though. Seems fair to me. That fiddling of his was all put on. I know 'em, these railroad heelers. He knew I was a discharged employee first off, and he played the game just to make me seem small because I had to ask favours of him. I don't suppose the General Office tips its slaves off to act like swine, but there's the feeling through the whole herd of them. 'Ye got to come to us. We let ye live only so long as we choose, and what are ye going to do about it? If ye don't like it, git out.'"

Annixter and the engineer descended to the street and had a drink at the Yosemite bar, and Annixter went into the General Store while Dyke bought a little pair of red slippers for Sidney. Before the salesman had wrapped them up, Dyke slipped a dime into the toe of each with a wink at Annixter.

"Let the little tad find 'em there," he said behind his hand in a hoarse whisper. "That'll be one on Sid."

"Where to now?" demanded Annixter as they regained the street. "I'm going down to the Post Office and then pull out for the ranch. Going my way?"

Dyke hesitated in some confusion, tugging at the ends of his fine blonde beard.

"No, no. I guess I'll leave you here. I've got—got other things to do up the street. So long."

The two separated, and Annixter hurried through the crowd to the Post Office, but the mail that had come in on that morning's train was unusually heavy. It was nearly half an hour before it was distributed. Naturally enough, Annixter placed all the blame of the delay upon the railroad, and delivered himself of some pointed remarks in the midst of the waiting crowd. He was irritated to the last degree when he finally emerged upon the sidewalk again, cramming his mail into his pockets. One cause of his bad temper was the fact that in the bundle of Quen Sabe letters was one to Hilma Tree in a man's handwriting.

"Huh!" Annixter had growled to himself, "that pip Delaney. Seems now that I'm to act as go-between for 'em. Well, maybe that feemale girl gets this letter, and then again, maybe she don't."

But suddenly his attention was diverted. Directly opposite the Post Office, upon the corner of the street, stood quite the best business building of which Bonneville could boast. It was built of Colusa granite, very solid, ornate, imposing. Upon the heavy plate of the window of its main floor, in gold and red letters, one read the words:

"Loan and Savings Bank of Tulare County." It was of this bank that S. Behrman was president. At the street entrance of the building was a curved sign of polished brass, fixed upon the angle of the masonry; this sign bore the name, "S. Behrman," and under it in smaller letters were the words, "Real Estate, Mortgages."

As Annixter's glance fell upon this building, he was surprised to see Dyke standing upon the curb in front of it, apparently reading from a newspaper that he held in his hand. But Annixter promptly discovered that he was not reading at all. From time to time the former engineer shot a swift glance out of the corner of his eye up and down the street. Annixter jumped at a conclusion. An idea suddenly occurred to him. Dyke was watching to see if he was observed—was waiting an opportunity when no one who knew him should be in sight. Annixter stepped back a little, getting a telegraph pole somewhat between him and the other. Very interested, he watched what was going on. Pretty soon Dyke thrust the paper into his pocket and sauntered slowly to the windows of a stationery store, next the street entrance of S. Behrman's offices. For a few seconds he stood there, his back turned, seemingly absorbed in the display, but eyeing the street narrowly nevertheless; then he turned around, gave a last look about and stepped swiftly into the doorway by the great brass sign. He disappeared. Annixter came from behind the telegraph pole with a flush of actual shame upon his face. There had been something so slinking, so mean, in the movements and manner of this great, burly honest fellow of an engineer, that he could not help but feel ashamed for him. Circumstances were such that a simple business transaction was to Dyke almost culpable, a degradation, a thing to be concealed.

"Borrowing money of S. Behrman," commented Annixter, "mortgaging your little homestead to the railroad, putting your neck in the halter. Poor fool! The pity of it. Good Lord, your hops must pay you big, now, old man."

Annixter lunched at the Yosemite Hotel, and then later on, toward the middle of the afternoon, rode out of the town at a canter by the way of the Upper Road that paralleled the railroad tracks and that ran diametrically straight between Bonneville and Guadalupe. About half-way between the two places he overtook Father Sarria trudging back to San Juan, his long cassock powdered with dust. He had a wicker crate in one hand, and in the other, in a small square valise, the materials for the Holy Sacrament. Since early morning the priest had covered nearly fifteen miles on foot, in order to administer Extreme Unction to a moribund good-for-nothing, a greaser, half Indian, half Portuguese, who lived in a remote corner of Osterman's stock range, at the head of a cañon there. But he had returned by way of Bonneville to get a crate that had come for him from San Diego. He had been notified of its arrival the day before.

Annixter pulled up and passed the time of day with the priest.

"I don't often get up your way," he said, slowing down his horse to accommodate Sarria's deliberate plodding. Sarria wiped the perspiration from his smooth, shiny face.

"You? Well, with you it is different," he answered. "But there are a great many Catholics in the county—some on your ranch. And so few come to the Mission. At High Mass on Sundays, there are a few—Mexicans and Spaniards from Guadalupe mostly; but weekdays, for matins, vespers, and the like, I often say the offices to an empty church—the voice of one crying in the wilderness. You Americans are not good churchmen. Sundays you sleep—you read the newspapers."

"Well, there's Vanamee," observed Annixter. "I suppose he's there early and late."

Sarria made a sharp movement of interest.

"Ah, Vanamee—a strange lad; a wonderful character, for all that. If there were only more like him. I am troubled about him. You know I am a very owl at night. I come and go about the Mission at all hours. Within the week, three times I have seen Vanamee in the little garden by the Mission, and at the dead of night. He had come without asking for me. He did not see me. It was strange. Once, when I had got up at dawn to ring for early matins, I saw him stealing away out of the garden. He must have been there all the night. He is acting queerly. He is pale; his cheeks are more sunken than ever. There is something wrong with him. I can't make it out. It is a mystery. Suppose you ask him?"

"Not I. I've enough to bother myself about. Vanamee is crazy in the head. Some morning he will turn up missing again, and drop out of sight for another three years. Best let him alone, Sarria. He's a crank. How is that greaser of yours up on Osterman's stock range?"

"Ah, the poor fellow—the poor fellow," returned the other, the tears coming to his eyes. "He died this morning—as you might say, in my arms, painfully, but in the faith, in the faith. A good fellow."

"A lazy, cattle-stealing, knife-in-his-boot Dago."

"You misjudge him. A really good fellow on better acquaintance."

Annixter grunted scornfully. Sarria's kindness and good-will toward the most outrageous reprobates of the ranches was proverbial. He practically supported some half-dozen families that lived in forgotten cabins, lost and all but inaccessible, in the far corners of stock range and cañon. This particular greaser was the laziest, the dirtiest, the most worthless of the lot. But in Sarria's mind, the lout was an object of affection, sincere, unquestioning. Thrice a week the priest, with a basket of provisions—cold ham, a bottle of wine, olives, loaves of bread, even chicken or two—toiled over the interminable stretch of country between the Mission and his cabin. Of late, during the rascal's sickness, these visits had been almost daily. Hardly once did the priest leave the bedside that he did not slip a half-dollar into the palm of his wife or oldest daughter. And this was but one case out of many.

His kindness toward animals was the same. A horde of mange-corroded curs lived off his bounty, wolfish, ungrateful, often marking him with their teeth, yet never knowing the meaning of a harsh word. A burro, overfed, lazy, incorrigible, browsed on the hill back of the Mission, obstinately refusing to be harnessed to Sarria's little cart, squealing and biting whenever the attempt was made; and the priest suffered him, submitting to his humour, inventing excuses for him, alleging that the burro was foundered, or was in need of shoes, or was feeble from extreme age. The two peacocks, magnificent, proud, cold-hearted, resenting all familiarity, he served with the timorous, apologetic affection of a queen's lady-in-waiting, resigned to their disdain, happy if only they condescended to enjoy the grain he spread for them.

At the Long Trestle, Annixter and the priest left the road and took the trail that crossed Broderson Creek by the clumps of grey-green willows and led across Quien Sabe to the ranch house, and to the Mission farther on. They were obliged to proceed in single file here, and Annixter, who had allowed the priest to go in front, promptly took notice of the wicker basket he carried. Upon his inquiry, Sarria became confused. "It was a basket that he had had sent down to him from the city."

"Well, I know—but what's in it?"

"Why—I'm sure—ah, poultry—a chicken or two."

"Fancy breed?"

"Yes, yes, that's it, a fancy breed."

At the ranch house, where they arrived toward five o'clock, Annixter insisted that the priest should stop long enough for a glass of sherry. Sarria left the basket and his small black valise at the foot of the porch steps, and sat down in a rocker on the porch itself, fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat, and shaking the dust from his cassock. Annixter brought out the decanter of sherry and glasses, and the two drank to each other's health.

But as the priest set down his glass, wiping his lips with a murmur of satisfaction, the decrepit Irish setter that had attached himself to Annixter's house came out from underneath the porch, and nosed vigorously about the wicker basket. He upset it. The little peg holding down the cover slipped, the basket fell sideways, opening as it fell, and a cock, his head enclosed in a little chamois bag such as are used for gold watches, struggled blindly out into the open air. A second, similarly hooded, followed. The pair, stupefied in their headgear, stood rigid and bewildered in their tracks, clucking uneasily. Their tails were closely sheared. Their legs, thickly muscled, and extraordinarily long, were furnished with enormous cruel-looking spurs. The breed was unmistakable. Annixter looked once at the pair, then shouted with laughter.

"Poultry—a chicken or two—fancy breed!—ho! yes, I should think so. Game cocks! Fighting cocks! Oh, you old rat! You'll be a dry nurse to a burro, and keep a hospital for infirm puppies, but you will fight game cocks. Oh, Lord! Why, Sarria, this is as good a grind as I ever heard. There's the Spanish cropping out, after all."

Speechless with chagrin, the priest bundled the cocks into the basket and catching up the valise, took himself abruptly away, almost running till he had put himself out of hearing of Annixter's raillery. And even ten minutes later, when Annixter, still chuckling, stood upon the porch steps, he saw the priest, far in the distance, climbing the slope of the high ground, in the direction of the Mission, still hurrying on at a great pace, his cassock flapping behind him, his head bent; to Annixter's notion the very picture of discomfiture and confusion.

As Annixter turned about to reënter the house, he found himself almost face to face with Hilma Tree. She was just going in at the doorway, and a great flame of the sunset, shooting in under the eaves of the porch, enveloped her from her head, with its thick, moist hair that hung low over her neck, to her slim feet, setting a golden flash in the little steel buckles of her low shoes. She had come to set the table for Annixter's supper. Taken all aback by the suddenness of the encounter, Annixter ejaculated an abrupt and senseless, "Excuse me." But Hilma, without raising her eyes, passed on unmoved into the dining-room, leaving Annixter trying to find his breath, and fumbling with the brim of his hat, that he was surprised to find he had taken from his head. Resolutely, and taking a quick advantage of his opportunity, he followed her into the dining-room.

"I see that dog has turned up," he announced with brisk cheerfulness. "That Irish setter I was asking about."

Hilma, a swift, pink flush deepening the delicate rose of her cheeks, did not reply, except by nodding her head. She flung the table-cloth out from under her arms across the table, spreading it smooth, with quick little caresses of her hands. There was a moment's silence. Then Annixter said:

"Here's a letter for you." He laid it down on the table near her, and Hilma picked it

up. "And see here, Miss Hilma," Annixter continued, "about that—this morning—I suppose you think I am a first-class mucker. If it will do any good to apologize, why, I will. I want to be friends with you. I made a bad mistake, and started in the wrong way. I don't know much about women people. I want you to forget about that—this morning, and not think I am a galoot and a mucker. Will you do it? Will you be friends with me?"

Hilma set the plate and coffee cup by Annixter's place before answering, and Annixter repeated his question. Then she drew a deep, quick breath, the flush in her cheeks returning.

"I think it was—it was so wrong of you," she murmured. "Oh! you don't know how it hurt me. I cried—oh, for an hour."

"Well, that's just it," returned Annixter vaguely, moving his head uneasily. "I didn't know what kind of a girl you are—I mean, I made a mistake. I thought it didn't make much difference. I thought all females were about alike."

"I hope you know now," murmured Hilma ruefully. "I've paid enough to have you find out. I cried—you don't know. Why, it hurt me worse than anything I can remember. I hope you know now."

"Well, I do know now," he exclaimed.

"It wasn't so much that you tried to do—what you did," answered Hilma, the single deep swell from her waist to her throat rising and falling in her emotion. "It was that you thought that you could—that anybody could that wanted to—that I held myself so cheap. Oh!" she cried, with a sudden sobbing catch in her throat, "I never can forget it, and you don't know what it means to a girl."

"Well, that's just what I do want," he repeated. "I want you to forget it and have us be good friends."

In his embarrassment, Annixter could think of no other words. He kept reiterating again and again during the pauses of the conversation:

"I want you to forget it. Will you? Will you forget it—that—this morning, and have us be good friends?"

He could see that her trouble was keen. He was astonished that the matter should be so grave in her estimation. After all, what was it that a girl should be kissed? But he wanted to regain his lost ground.

"Will you forget it, Miss Hilma? I want you to like me."

She took a clean napkin from the sideboard drawer and laid it down by the plate.

"I—I do want you to like me," persisted Annixter. "I want you to forget all about this business and like me."

Hilma was silent. Annixter saw the tears in her eyes.

"How about that? Will you forget it? Will you—will you like me?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said.

"No what? You won't like me? Is that it?"

Hilma, blinking at the napkin through her tears, nodded to say, Yes, that was it.

Annixter hesitated a moment, frowning, harassed and perplexed.

"You don't like me at all, hey?"

At length Hilma found her speech. In her low voice, lower and more velvety than ever, she said:

"No—I don't like you at all."

Then, as the tears suddenly overpowered her, she dashed a hand across her eyes, and ran from the room and out of doors.

Annixter stood for a moment thoughtful, his protruding lower lip thrust out, his hands in his pocket.

"I suppose she'll quit now," he muttered. "Suppose she'll leave the ranch—if she hates me like that. Well, she can go—that's all—

she can go. Fool female girl," he muttered between his teeth, "petticoat mess."

He was about to sit down to his supper when his eye fell upon the Irish setter, on his haunches in the doorway. There was an expectant, ingratiating look on the dog's face. No doubt, he suspected it was time for eating.

"Get out—you!" roared Annixter in a tempest of wrath.

The dog slunk back, his tail shut down close, his ears drooping, but instead of running away, he lay down and rolled sulkily upon his back, the very image of submission, tame, abject, disgusting. It was the one thing to drive Annixter to a fury. He kicked the dog off the porch in a rolling explosion of oaths, and flung himself down to his seat before the table, fuming and panting.

"Damn the dog and the girl and the whole rotten business—and now," he exclaimed, as a sudden fancied qualm arose in his stomach, "now, it's all made me sick. Might have known it. Oh, it only lacked that to wind up the whole day. Let her go, I don't care, and the sooner the better."

He countermanded the supper and went to bed before it was dark, lighting his lamp, on the chair near the head of the bed, and opening his "Copperfield" at the place marked by the strip of paper torn from the bag of prunes. For upward of an hour he read the novel, methodically swallowing one prune every time he reached the bottom of a page. About nine o'clock he blew out the lamp and, punching up his pillow, settled himself for the night.

Then, as his mind relaxed in that strange, hypnotic condition that comes just before sleep, a series of pictures of the day's doings passed before his imagination like the roll of a kinoscope.

First, it was Hilma Tree, as he had seen her in the dairy-house—charming, delicate, radiant of youth, her thick, white neck with its pale amber shadows under the chin; her wide, open eyes rimmed with fine, black lashes; that deep swell of her breast and hips, the delicate lustrous floss on her cheek, impalpable as the pollen of a flower. He saw her standing there in the scintillating light of the morning, her smooth arms wet with milk, redolent and fragrant of milk, her whole, desirable figure moving in the golden glory of the sun, steeped in a lambent flame, saturated with it, glowing with it, joyous as the dawn itself.

Then it was Los Muertos and Hooven, the sordid little Dutchman, grimed with the soil he worked in, yet vividly remembering a period of military glory, exciting himself with recollections of Gravelotte and the Kaiser, but contented now in the country of his adoption, defining the Fatherland as the place where wife and children lived. Then came the ranch house of Los Muertos, under the grove of cypress and eucalyptus, with its smooth, gravelled driveway and well-groomed lawns; Mrs. Derrick with her wide-opened eyes, that so easily took on a look of uneasiness, of innocence, of anxious inquiry, her face still pretty, her brown hair that still retained so much of its brightness spread over her chair back, drying in the sun; Magnus, erect as an officer of cavalry smooth-shaven, grey, thin-lipped, imposing, with his hawk-like nose and forward-curling grey hair; Presley with his dark face, delicate mouth and sensitive, loose lips, in corduroys and laced boots, smoking cigarettes—an interesting figure, suggestive of a mixed origin, morbid, excitable, melancholy, brooding upon things that had no names. Then it was Bonneville, with the gayety and confusion of Main Street, the whirling electric cars, the zinc-sheathed telegraph poles, the buckboards with squashes stowed under the seats; Ruggles in frock coat, Stetson hat and shoe-

string necktie, writing abstractedly upon his blotting pad; Dyke, the engineer, bigboned, powerful, deep-voiced, good-natured, with his fine blonde beard and massive arms, rehearsing the praises of his little daughter Sidney, guided only by the one ambition that she should be educated at a seminary, slipping a dime into the toe of her diminutive slipper, then, later, overwhelmed with shame, slinking into S. Behrman's office to mortgage his homestead to the heeler of the corporation that had discharged him. By suggestion, Annixter saw S. Behrman, too, fat, with a vast stomach, the cheek and neck meeting to form a great, tremulous jowl, the roll of fat over his collar, sprinkled with sparse, stiff hairs; saw his brown, round-topped hat of varnished straw, the linen vest stamped with innumerable interlocked horseshoes, the heavy watch chain, clinking against the pearl vest buttons; invariably placid, unruffled, never losing his temper, serene, unassailable, enthroned.

Then, at the end of all, it was the ranch again, seen in a last brief glance before he had gone to bed; the fecundated earth, calm at last, nursing the implanted germ of life, ruddy with the sunset, the horizons purple, the small clamour of the day lapsing into quiet, the great, still twilight, building itself, dome-like, toward the zenith. The barn fowls were roosting in the trees near the stable, the horses crunching their fodder in the stalls, the day's work ceasing by slow degrees; and the priest, the Spanish churchman, Father Sarria, relic of a departed régime, kindly, benign, believing in all goodness, a lover of his fellows and of dumb animals, yet, for all that, hurrying away in confusion and discomfiture, carrying in one hand the vessels of the Holy Communion and in the other a basket of game cocks.

Chapter VI

It was high noon, and the rays of the sun, that hung poised directly overhead in an intolerable white glory, fell straight as plumbets upon the roofs and streets of Guadalajara. The adobe walls and sparse brick sidewalks of the drowsing town radiated the heat in an oily, quivering shimmer. The leaves of the eucalyptus trees around the Plaza drooped motionless, limp and relaxed under the scorching, searching blaze. The shadows of these trees had shrunk to their smallest circumference, contracting close about the trunks. The shade had dwindled to the breadth of a mere line. The sun was everywhere. The heat exhaled from brick and plaster and metal met the heat that steadily descended blanketwise and smothering, from the pale, scorched sky. Only the lizards—they lived in chinks of the crumbling adobe and in interstices of the sidewalk—remained without, motionless, as if stuffed, their eyes closed to mere slits, basking, stupefied with heat. At long intervals the prolonged drone of an insect developed out of the silence, vibrated a moment in a soothing, somnolent, long note, then trailed slowly into the quiet again. Somewhere in the interior of one of the 'dobe houses a guitar snored and hummed sleepily. On the roof of the hotel a group of pigeons cooed incessantly with subdued, liquid murmurs, very plaintive; a cat, perfectly white, with a pink nose and thin, pink lips, dozed complacently on a fence rail, full in the sun. In a corner of the Plaza three hens wallowed in the baking hot dust, their wings fluttering, clucking comfortably.

And this was all. A Sunday repose prevailed the whole moribund town, peaceful, profound. A certain pleasing numbness, a sense of grateful enervation exhaled from the scorching plaster. There was no movement, no sound of human business. The faint hum of the insect, the intermittent murmur

of the guitar, the mellow complainings of the pigeons, the prolonged purr of the white cat, the contented clucking of the hens—all these noises mingled together to form a faint, drowsy bourdon, prolonged, stupefying, suggestive of an infinite quiet, of a calm, complacent life, centuries old, lapsing gradually to its end under the gorgeous loneliness of a cloudless, pale blue sky and the steady fire of an interminable sun.

In Solotari's Spanish-Mexican restaurant, Vanamee and Presley sat opposite each other at one of the tables near the door, a bottle of white wine, tortillas, and an earthen pot of frijoles between them. They were the sole occupants of the place. It was the day that Annixter had chosen for his barn-dance and, in consequence, Quien Sabe was in fête and work suspended. Presley and Vanamee had arranged to spend the day in each other's company, lunching at Solotari's and taking a long tramp in the afternoon. For the moment they sat back in their chairs, their meal all but finished. Solotari brought black coffee and a small carafe of mescal, and retiring to a corner of the room, went to sleep.

All through the meal Presley had been wondering over a certain change he observed in his friend. He looked at him again.

Vanamee's lean, spare face was of an olive pallor. His long, black hair, such as one sees in the saints and evangelists of the pre-Raphaelite artists, hung over his ears. Presley again remarked his pointed beard, black and fine, growing from the hollow cheeks. He looked at his face, a face like that of a young seer, like a half-inspired shepherd of the Hebraic legends, a dweller in the wilderness, gifted with strange powers. He was dressed as when Presley had first met him, herding his sheep, in brown canvass overalls, thrust into top boots; grey flannel shirt, open at the throat, showing the breast ruddy with tan; the waist encircled with a cartridge belt, empty of cartridges.

But now, as Presley took more careful note of him, he was surprised to observe a certain new look in Vanamee's deep-set eyes. He remembered now that all through the morning Vanamee had been singularly reserved. He was continually drifting into reveries, abstracted, distraught. Indubitably, something of moment had happened.

At length Vanamee spoke. Leaning back in his chair, his thumbs in his belt, his bearded chin upon his breast, his voice was the even monotone of one speaking in his sleep.

He told Presley in a few words what had happened during the first night he had spent in the garden of the old Mission, of the Answer, half-fancied, half-real, that had come to him.

"To no other person but you would I speak of this," he said, "but you, I think, will understand—will be sympathetic, at least, and I feel the need of unburdening myself of it to some one. At first I would not trust my own senses. I was sure I had deceived myself, but on a second night it happened again. Then I was afraid—or no, not afraid, but disturbed—oh, shaken to my very heart's core. I resolved to go no further in the matter, never again to put it to test. For a long time I stayed away from the Mission occupying myself with my work, keeping it out of my mind. But the temptation was too strong. One night I found myself there again, under the black shadow of the pear trees calling for Angèle, summoning her from out the dark, from out the night. This time the Answer was prompt, unmistakable. I cannot explain to you what it was, nor how it came to me, for there was no sound I saw absolutely nothing but the empty night. There was no moon. But somewhere off there over the little valley, far off, the darkness was troubled; that *me* that went out upon my

thought—out from the Mission garden, out over the valley, calling for her, searching for her, found, I don't know what, but found a resting place—a companion. Three times since then I have gone to the Mission garden at night. Last night was the third time."

He paused, his eyes shining with excitement. Presley leaned forward toward him, motionless with intense absorption.

"Well—and last night," he prompted.

Vanamee stirred in his seat, his glance fell, he drummed an instant upon the table.

"Last night," he answered, "there was—there was a change. The Answer was—" he drew a deep breath—"nearer."

"You are sure?"

The other smiled with absolute certainty.

"It was not that I found the Answer sooner, easier. I could not be mistaken. No, that which has troubled the darkness, that which has entered into the empty night—is coming nearer to me—physically nearer, actually nearer."

His voice sank again. His face like the face of younger prophets, the seers, took on a half-inspired expression. He looked vaguely before him with unseeing eyes.

"Suppose," he murmured, "suppose I stand there under the pear trees at night and call her again and again, and each time the Answer comes nearer and nearer and I wait until at last one night, the supreme night of all, she—she—"

Suddenly the tension broke. With a sharp cry and a violent uncertain gesture of the hand Vanamee came to himself.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "what is it? Do I dare? What does it mean? There are times when it appals me and there are times when it thrills me with a sweetness and a happiness that I have not known since she died. The vagueness of it! How can I explain it to you, this that happens when I call to her across the night—that faint, far-off, unseen tremble in the darkness, that intangible, scarcely perceptible stir. Something neither heard nor seen, appealing to a sixth sense only. Listen, it is something like this: On Quien Sabe, all last week, we have been seeding the earth. The grain is there now under the earth buried in the dark, in the black stillness, under the clods. Can you imagine the first—the very first little quiver of life that the grain of wheat must feel after it is sown, when it answers to the call of the sun, down there in the dark of the earth, blind, deaf; the very first stir from the inert, long, long before any physical change has occurred—long before the microscope could discover the slightest change—when the shell first tightens with the first faint premonition of life? Well, it is something as illusive as that." He paused again, dreaming, lost in a reverie, then, just above a whisper, murmured:

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," . . . and she, Angèle . . . died."

"You could not have been mistaken?" said Presley. "You were sure that there was something? Imagination can do so much and the influence of the surroundings was strong. How impossible it would be that anything *should* happen. And you say you heard nothing, saw nothing."

"I believe," answered Vanamee, "in a sixth sense, or, rather, a whole system of other unnamed senses beyond the reach of our understanding. People who live much alone and close to nature experience the sensation of it. Perhaps it is something fundamental that we share with plants and animals. The same thing that sends the birds south long before the first colds, the same thing that makes the grain of wheat struggle up to meet the sun. And this sense never deceives. You may see wrong, hear wrong, but once touch this sixth sense and it acts with absolute

fidelity, you are certain. No, I hear nothing in the Mission garden. I see nothing, nothing touches me, but I am *certain* for all that."

Presley hesitated for a moment, then he asked:

"Shall you go back to the garden again? Make the test again?"

"I don't know."

"Strange enough," commented Presley, wondering.

Vanamee sank back in his chair, his eyes growing vacant again:

"Strange enough," he murmured.

There was a long silence. Neither spoke nor moved. There, in that moribund, ancient town, wrapped in its siesta, flagellated with heat, deserted, ignored, baking in a noon-day silence, these two strange men, the one a poet by nature, the other by training, both out of tune with their world, dreamers, introspective, morbid, lost and unfamiliar at that end-of-the-century time, searching for a sign, groping and baffled amidst the perplexing obscurity of the Delusion, sat over empty wine glasses, silent with the pervading silence that surrounded them, hearing only the cooing of doves and the drone of bees, the quiet so profound, that at length they could plainly distinguish at intervals the puffing and coughing of a locomotive switching cars in the station yard of Bonneville.

It was, no doubt, this jarring sound that at length roused Presley from his lethargy. The two friends rose; Solotari very sleepily came forward; they paid for the luncheon, and stepping out into the heat and glare of the streets of the town, passed on through it and took the road that led northward across a corner of Dyke's hop fields. They were bound for the hills in the northeastern corner of Quien Sabe. It was the same walk which Presley had taken on the previous occasion when he had first met Vanamee herding the sheep. This encompassing detour around the whole country-side was a favorite pastime of his and he was anxious that Vanamee should share his pleasure in it.

But soon after leaving Guadalajara, they found themselves upon the land that Dyke had bought and upon which he was to raise his famous crop of hops. Dyke's house was close at hand, a very pleasant little cottage, painted white, with green blinds and deep porches, while near it and yet in process of construction, were two great storehouses and a drying and curing house, where the hops were to be stored and treated. All about were evidences that the former engineer had already been hard at work. The ground had been put in readiness to receive the crop and a bewildering, innumerable multitude of poles, connected with a maze of wire and twine, had been set out. Farther on at a turn of the road, they came upon Dyke himself, driving a farm wagon loaded with more poles. He was in his shirt sleeves, his massive, hairy arms bare to the elbow, glistening with sweat, red with heat. In his bell-like, rumbling voice, he was calling to his foreman and a boy at work in stringing the poles together. At sight of Presley and Vanamee he hailed them jovially, addressing them as "boys," and insisting that they should get into the wagon with him and drive to the house for a glass of beer. His mother had only the day before returned from Marysville, where she had been looking up a seminary for the little tad. She would be delighted to see the two boys; besides, Vanamee must see how the little tad had grown since he last set eyes on her; wouldn't know her for the same little girl; and the beer had been on ice since morning. Presley and Vanamee could not well refuse.

They climbed into the wagon and jolted over the uneven ground through the bare forest of hop-poles to the house. Inside they found Mrs. Dyke, an old lady with a very

gentle face, who wore a cap and a very old-fashioned gown with hoop skirts, dusting the what-not in a corner of the parlor. The two men were presented and the beer was had from off the ice.

"Mother," said Dyke, as he wiped the froth from his great blond beard, "ain't Sid anywhere about? I want Mr. Vanamee to see how she has grown. Smartest little tad in Tulare County, boys. Can recite the whole of 'Snow Bound,' end to end, without skipping or looking at the book. Maybe you don't believe that. Mother, ain't I right—without skipping a line, hey?"

Mrs. Dyke nodded to say that it was so, but explained that Sidney was in Guadalajara. In putting on her new slippers for the first time the morning before, she had found a dime in the toe of one of them and had had the whole house by the ears ever since till she could spend it.

"Was it for licorice to make her licorice water?" inquired Dyke gravely.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dyke. "I made her tell me what she was going to get before she went, and it was licorice."

Dyke, though his mother protested that he was foolish and that Presley and Vanamee had no great interest in "young ones," insisted upon showing the visitors Sidney's copy-books. They were monuments of laborious, elaborate neatness, the trite moralities and ready-made aphorisms of the philanthropists and publicists, repeated from page to page with wearying insistence. "I, too, am an American Citizen. S. D., 'As the Twig is Bent the Tree is Inclined.' 'Truth Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again.' 'As for Me, Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death,' and last of all, a strange intrusion amongst the mild, well-worn phrases, two legends. 'My motto—Public Control of Public Franchises,' and 'The P. and S. W. is an Enemy of the State.'"

"I see," commented Presley, "you mean the little tad to understand 'the situation' early."

"I told him he was foolish to give that to Sid to copy," said Mrs. Dyke, with indulgent remonstrance. "What can she understand of public franchises?"

"Never mind," observed Dyke, "she'll remember it when she grows up and when the seminary people have rubbed her up a bit, and then she'll begin to ask questions and understand. And don't you make any mistake, mother," he went on, "about the little tad not knowing who her dad's enemies are. What do you think, boys? Listen, here. Precious little I've ever told her of the railroad or how I was turned off, but the other day I was working down by the fence next the railroad tracks and Sid was there. She'd brought her doll rags down and she was playing house behind a pile of hop poles. Well, along comes a through freight—mixed train from Missouri points and a string of empties from New Orleans—and when it had passed, what do you suppose the tad did? She didn't know I was watching her. She goes to the fence and spits a little spit after the caboose and puts out her little head and, if you'll believe me, *hiassen* at the train; and mother says she does that same every time she sees a train go by, and never crosses the tracks that she don't spit her little spit on 'em. What do you think of that?"

"But I correct her every time," protested Mrs. Dyke seriously. "Where she picked up the trick of hissing I don't know. No, it's not funny. It seems dreadful to see a little girl who's as sweet and gentle as can be in every other way, so venomous. She says the other little girls at school and the boys, too, are all the same way. Oh, dear," she sighed, "why will the General Office be so unkind and unjust? Why, I couldn't be happy, with all the money in the world, if I thought that even one little child hated me—hated me so that it would spit and hiss at me. And it's not one child, it's all of them, so Sidney says;

and think of all the grown people who hate the road, women and men, the whole county, the whole State, thousands and thousands of people. Don't the managers and the directors of the road ever think of that? Don't they ever think of all the hate that surrounds them, everywhere, everywhere, and the good people that just grit their teeth when the name of the road is mentioned? Why do they want to make the people hate them? No," she murmured, the tears starting to her eyes, "No, I tell you, Mr. Presley, the men who own the railroad are wicked, bad-hearted men who don't care how much the poor people suffer, so long as the road makes its eighteen million a year. They don't care whether the people hate them or love them, just so long as they are afraid of them. It's not right and God will punish them sooner or later."

A little after this the two young men took themselves away, Dyke obligingly carrying them in the wagon as far as the gate that opened into the Quien Sabe ranch. On the way, Presley referred to what Mrs. Dyke had said and led Dyke, himself, to speak of the P. and S. W.

"Well," Dyke said, "it's like this, Mr. Presley. I, personally, haven't got the right to kick. With you wheat-growing people I guess it's different, but hops, you see, don't count for much in the State. It's such a little business that the road don't want to bother themselves to tax it. It's the wheat growers that the road cinches. The rates on hops are fair. I've got to admit that; I was in to Bonneville a while ago to find out. It's two cents a pound, and Lord love you, that's reasonable enough to suit any man. No," he concluded, "I'm on the way to make money now. The road sacking me as they did was, maybe, a good thing for me, after all. It came just at the right time. I had a bit of money put by and here was the chance to go into hops with the certainty that hops would quadruple and quintuple in price inside the year. No, it was my chance, and though they didn't mean it by a long chalk, the railroad people did me a good turn when they gave me my time—and the tad'll enter the seminary next fall."

About a quarter of an hour after they had said goodbye to the one-time engineer, Presley and Vanamee, tramping briskly along the road that led northward through Quien Sabe, arrived at Annixter's ranch house. At once they were aware of a vast and unwonted bustle that revolved about the place. They stopped a few moments looking on, amused and interested in what was going forward.

The colossal barn was finished. Its freshly whitewashed sides glared intolerably in the sun, but its interior was as yet innocent of paint and through the yawning vent of the sliding doors came a delicious odour of new, fresh wood and shavings. A crowd of men—Annixter's farm hands—were swarming all about it. Some were balanced on the top-most rounds of ladders, hanging festoons of Japanese lanterns from tree to tree, and all across the front of the barn itself. Mrs. Tree, her daughter Hilma and another woman were inside the barn cutting into long strips bolt after bolt of red, white and blue cambric and directing how these strips should be draped from the ceiling and on the walls; everywhere resounded the tapping of tack hammers. A farm wagon drove up loaded to overflowing with evergreens and with great bundles of palm leaves, and these were immediately seized upon and affixed as supplementary decorations to the tri-coloured cambric upon the inside walls of the barn. Two of the larger evergreen trees were placed on either side the barn door and their tops bent over to form an arch. In the middle of this arch it was proposed to hang a mammoth pasteboard escutcheon with gold letters, spelling the word *Welcome*. Piles of chairs, rented

from I. O. O. F. hall in Bonneville, heaped themselves in an apparently hopeless entanglement on the ground; while at the far extremity of the barn a couple of carpenters clattered about the impromptu staging which was to accommodate the band.

There was a strenuous gayety in the air; everybody was in the best of spirits. Notes of laughter continually interrupted the conversation on every hand. At every moment a group of men involved themselves in uproarious horse-play. They passed oblique jokes behind their hands to each other—grossly veiled double-meanings meant for the women—and bellowed with laughter thereat, stamping on the ground. The relations between the sexes grew more intimate, the women and girls pushing the young fellows away from their sides with vigorous thrusts of their elbows. It was passed from group to group that Adela Vacca, a division superintendent's wife, had lost her garter; the daughter of the foreman of the Home ranch was kissed behind the door of the dairy-house.

Annixter, in execrable temper, appeared from time to time, hatless, his stiff yellow hair in wild disorder. He hurried between the barn and the ranch house, carrying now a wickered demijohn, now a case of wine, now a basket of lemons and pineapples. Besides general supervision, he had elected to assume the responsibility of composing the punch—something stiff, by jingo, a punch that would raise you right out of your boots; a regular hairlifter.

The harness room of the barn he had set apart for himself and intimates. He had brought a long table down from the house and upon it had set out boxes of cigars, bottles of whiskey and of beer and the great china bowls for the punch. It would be no fault of his, he declared, if half the number of his men friends were not uproarious before they left. His barn dance would be the talk of all Tulare County for years to come. For this one day he had resolved to put all thoughts of business out of his head. For the matter of that, things were going well enough. Osterman was back from Los Angeles with a favourable report as to his affair with Disbrow and Darrell. There had been another meeting of the committee. Harlan Derrick had attended. Though he had taken no part in the discussion, Annixter was satisfied. The Governor had consented to allow Harlan to "come in," if he so desired, and Harlan had pledged himself to share one-sixth of the campaign expenses, providing these did not exceed a certain figure.

As Annixter came to the door of the barn to shout abuse at the distraught Chinese cook who was cutting up lemons in the kitchen, he caught sight of Presley and Vanamee and hailed them.

"Hello, Pres," he called. "Come over here and see how she looks;" he indicated the barn with a movement of his head. "Well, we're getting ready for you tonight," he went on as the two friends came up. "But how we are going to get straightened out by eight o'clock I don't know. Would you believe that pip Caraher is short of lemons—at this last minute and I told him I'd want three cases of 'em as much as a month ago, and here, just when I want a good, lively saddle horse to get around on, somebody hikes the buckskin out the corral. *Stole* her, by jingo. I'll have the law on that thief if it breaks me—and a sixty-dollar saddle 'n' headstall gone with her; and only about half the number of Jap lanterns that I ordered have shown up and not candles enough for those. It's enough to make a dog sick. There's nothing done that you don't do yourself, unless you stand over these loafers with a club. I'm sick of the whole business—and I've lost my hat; wish to God I'd never dreamed of givin' this rotten fool dance. Clutter the whole place up with a lot of females. I

sure did lose my presence of mind when I got that idea."

Then, ignoring the fact that it was he, himself, who had called the young men to him, he added:

"Well, this is my busy day. Sorry I can't stop and talk to you longer."

He shouted a last imprecation at the Chinaman and turned back into the barn. Presley and Vanamee went on, but Annixter, as he crossed the floor of the barn, all but collided with Hilma Tree, who came out from one of the stalls, a box of candles in her arms.

SCIENCE BUILDS EMPIRES ON ANALYSIS, NOT LUCK

(Continued from page 298)

controls the design of electrical machinery. Like the discoveries of Galileo, Ampere's conclusions were vigorously attacked by many scientists; again illustrating the truth that "nothing resists change so obstinately as the mental attitude of man."

Newton of Electricity

Just as Newton basing his conclusions on the works of the Tuscan artist laid the foundation of modern dynamics, so Ampere, whom Clerk Maxwell called the Newton of electricity, laid the foundation of electrodynamics. And what a host of new problems as a consequence appeared on the intellectual horizon!

These discoveries, no more than the others, were a result of chance. They were the achievement of the human intellect which is ever attempting to push back the curtain which separates the known from the unknown. From the childish question of "where does the light go when it goes out," through the philosopher's inquiry into the meaning of life, to the old man's solicitude concerning what lies beyond the grave, man is constantly, and continuously seeking to peer into the unexplored. Why? Again the question obtrudes. Why do men climb the seemingly inaccessible mountains? Why at the risk of life, do they seek regions yet unexplored? Why do aviators risk the perils of the deep to be the first to land in New York? Why does Dr. Reed permit himself to be bitten by the yellow fever carrying mosquito? Why does Haldane subject himself to a test for acidosis? Why did the early investigators in X-rays risk health and life to learn more of their properties? Why did Dr. Lenher of the University of Wisconsin continue his investigations into the properties of selenium knowing full well the price he would have to pay? The everpressing and ever present why is an irresistible challenge to the inquiring spirit of man.

Man, "chaos of thought and passion, all confused;

Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

LINDBERGH, FATHER AND SON, BOTH DARING PIONEERS

(Continued from page 291)

statesman, who was stricken in the midst of his campaign for governor, has passed away. For many years Lindbergh had been an outstanding figure in Minnesota politics, and as time passed, his sound grasp of economic and political questions made him more and more a conspicuous personality. The Farmer-Labor party and the progressive cause, have suffered an irreparable loss in his death.

"It was said of him for several years before his death, and is generally believed, that

he knew more about the question of finance than any other citizen of the state, and more than many members of congress and of presidential cabinets. He foresaw clearly the near-panic that is now gripping the country with increasing severity, and his speaking in the various campaigns in which he participated, was always along the line of imparting genuine information to his hearers, and stimulating a more effective interest in public affairs.

"In spite of the grievous attacks hurled against him during the war, which were instigated by reactionary interests and without a shadow of foundation, so far as loyalty to his country was concerned, he had thousands upon thousands of friends and there is no doubt but that their numbers were increasing.

"For ten years he served the sixth district in congress, and there made himself a permanent historical figure in United States affairs by his clear analysis and perception of the results of the Federal Reserve bank system.

"His last illness, a tumor on the brain, became acute about the middle of April, forcing him to retire from his campaign for governor, in which he was reaching and appealing to hosts of people more successfully than in any former campaign. For a time it was thought an operation might remove the trouble, but this hope was abandoned by attending surgeons, and on Friday, May 23, he died."

Author of Economics Work

Lindbergh, the father, was the author of many political pamphlets. He also published one volume in 1923, shortly before his death. This is entitled "The Economic Pinch." It is an interesting volume full of facts, figures, and a dreamy passion for democracy.

That he understood organized labor and its problems is clearly indicated.

"Strikes are usually rebellion against wrong conditions," he declares. "To avoid strikes we must take steps to correct the conditions * * *

"Workers are forced to strike by the very laws that enjoin them from striking. The law that gives any group, official, industrial or capitalistic, power to crush labor, is a direct challenge that forces anarchy * * *

"We can banish from our minds the thought that the people live for the nation, because the nation is for the people and it must be preserved for the people of the present and future. In no other way can it have full strength. It is treason to sacrifice the people for the government, except when it is necessary to have the nation for the people present and future. By the power of the nation's support, the life and expression of the people must be maintained. The nation is not national for purposes of death, but is national for the purposes of the life of the national human family—which ultimately will include the people of all the world, guided by the spirit of justice everywhere. That will be the least costly and the most effective, but the world is not yet fit for such a condition. Too much racial prejudice exists. It would not work * * *

When we read these words—"The nation is not national for purposes of death, but is national for the purposes of the life of the national human family, which ultimately will include the people of all the world"—we are not surprised when Slim stood in the French chamber of deputies and uttered a similar conviction.

These two men are much alike. Strong, fearless, individual, vikings both, and both pioneers.

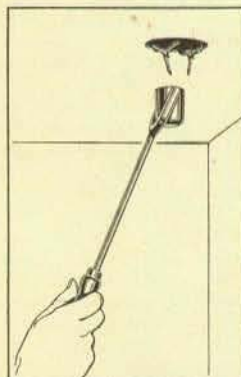
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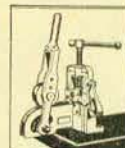


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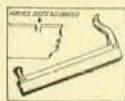
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IN MEMORIAM

Lyman F. Hull, L. U. No. 328

We, as members of Local Union No. 328, of Oswego, N. Y., deeply regret the sudden death of a true and loyal worker, Brother Lyman F. Hull.

His many friends and fellow workers deeply regret the sudden and untimely calling from this earth.

It is with heartfelt sympathy that we extend our condolence to his widow and family. May they in this hour of darkness be strengthened to know that we also bear their sorrow.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow and that they be spread on the minutes of our local union and a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

GEO. ADRIANCE,
HENRY LAFRANCE,
GEO. POTTER,

Committee.

George T. Flatley, L. U. No. 151

Whereas the sudden and unforeseen call of the Almighty Father has removed from our midst Brother George T. Flatley, many years a faithful and sincere worker in the labor movement, and

Whereas in the death of Brother Flatley, Local Union No. 151 has suffered an irreparable loss, and

Whereas his family has lost one who has always been faithful and true; therefore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in respect to his memory, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his bereaved family, one to our International Office for publication in the Journal of Electrical Workers, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local union.

W. P. STANTON,
FRANK HICKEY,
RAY S. MARSH,
M. J. SULLIVAN,
B. E. HAYLAND,

Committee.

M. G. Hathaway, L. U. No. 226

It is with regret that we, as members of Local Union No. 226, I. B. E. W., Topeka, Kans., deeply regret the sad death that occurred on May 18, 1927, and took from our midst Brother M. G. Hathaway, a dutiful and faithful member of L. U. No. 226, at his untimely death; and

Whereas in his fellowship we have recognized the spirit of a true and loyal Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local No. 226, I. B. E. W., extend their most sincere sympathy to his wife, relatives and friends in this hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days in respect to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, and one to the International Office for publication in the official Journal, and a copy be spread on the minutes of this local.

G. R. SHELTON,
D. B. FOSTER,
F. M. HARRIS,

Committee.

J. Wesley Mercer, L. U. No. 136

Some three years ago, there came into our midst on a traveler from Local No. 219 a Brother in the person of J. Wesley Mercer. And now we, the members of Local No. 136 pause in our activities to pay reverence to the memory of our dear departed Brother, whom God, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to take from us.

Whereas we deeply regret the loss of our good Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local No. 136, extend our heartfelt sympathies to his wife and relatives in their hour of bereavement. May God console and comfort them as only he can, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 60 days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, one to our Journal, and a copy be spread upon the minutes of our local.

JACK ASKEW,
GEO. McWILLIAMS,
E. E. ADAMS,

Committee.

Elmer Bellis, L. U. No. 367

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 367 deeply regret the loss of our esteemed Brother, Elmer Bellis, and

Whereas Local Union No. 367 has suffered the loss of a loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local No. 367, I. B. E. W., extend their most sincere sympathy to his wife, relatives and friends in this hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for thirty days in respect to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, and one to the International Office for publication in the official Journal, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local union.

GEO. M. WILLAUER,
JOHN F. RALPH,
H. J. STEVEN,
A. P. BENNER,

Committee.

Morris J. Brophy, L. U. No. 36

We, the members of Local Union 36, have been called upon to pay our last tribute of respect to our Brother, Morris J. Brophy, who was electrocuted while in the performance of his duty; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union 36, extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved ones; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days as a token of respect to his memory; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow, a copy spread upon the minutes of our local, and a copy sent to our International Journal for publication.

O. J. SEYMOUR,
P. H. GREENHOUSE,
C. A. BARR.

Committee.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID FROM MAY 1, INCLUDING MAY 31, 1927

Local	Name	Amount
3	Beltus Loubert	\$ 1,000.00
98	Charles F. Ormsby	1,000.00
937	Kyle W. Finnell	300.00
98	E. R. Woods	1,000.00
328	Lyman F. Hull	475.00
134	Simon Federgren	1,000.00
38	E. S. Moore	1,000.00
865	D. W. Landes	1,000.00
134	N. Mahon	300.00
6	A. L. Lewis	1,000.00
3	Thomas Donahue	1,000.00
I. O.	E. C. McQuillian	1,000.00
53	Carl Lee Jackson	300.00
53	Jacob J. McCullough	1,000.00
134	B. F. Koehler	1,000.00
2	Clarence R. Hawkins	650.00
41	H. D. Cursons	1,000.00
666	Eugene V. Edwards	650.00
I. O.	John Holligan	1,000.00
134	Arthur Hirsch	300.00
84	Levi H. Boyd	300.00
383	Lester E. Little	300.00
53	John H. Tatum	650.00
66	W. B. Milligan	825.00
367	Elmer Bellis	1,000.00
9	Leonard Weberg	475.00
77	H. O. Buell	650.00
		\$20,175.00

Total claims paid from May 1, including May 31, 1927.....\$ 20,175.00
Total claims previously paid.....1,021,286.10

Total claims paid.....\$1,041,461.10

Correct

Magistrate: What brought you here, my man?

Culprit: Two policemen, sir!

Magistrate: Drunk, I suppose?

Culprit: Yes, sir, both of 'em.

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Personal Journalism

"Well," said the Old Printer, "it begins to look in Toledo like a return to the days of personal journalism, when editors edited with a gun in one hand and a pencil in the other, and newspaper readers got the raw truth without any dessert, and the editor who died a natural death was a disgrace to the profession and to his family."

"It now has come down to a question of which evening paper screamed the loudest on a certain date recently in its noon edition—just as if anybody cares."

"Which reminds me of a day in the early 80's when the editor of a paper I was setting type on declared: 'We have it on good authority that the fat-headed prevaricator who edits the flyspecked wall paper around the corner is going to lie about us again. But watch us!'"—Toledo Union Leader.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR OF EUROPEAN UNIONS

(Continued from page 289)

countries, or Mexico, in which the local or regional union predominates over the national trade union or in which the national industrial union is entirely unknown. But that is usually the result of incipient industrialism, or of an undeveloped national labor market in different industries, due partly to a lack of communications. Otherwise, however, the forms of the labor world are everywhere the same; the craft or industrial local; the city or district labor council; the national industrial or trade union; and the national federation of all trade unions; these forms are found in practically every country where trade unionism has become established.

Are there labor temples?

In countries like Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia and England, the trade unions have fine office buildings of their own and in many countries the trade unions have gone even beyond that. For instance, in Hamburg the labor unions were building a large hotel last summer, when I was there, which was to be called the "Labor" hotel for labor people coming to Hamburg on trade union business. The purpose of it was to provide for the trade union people a place where they could feel at home and live according to their own standards. It also should be kept in mind that the co-operative movement which in many European countries is closely related to the labor movements provides the "peoples houses," where the working people come for various purposes, such as for entertainment or to spend an evening over a cup of coffee, or to dance. At Utrecht the railway men's house is a marvel of beauty and convenience.

Is there a movement corresponding to union management co-operation?

I should say that there is no definite movement of that kind, but there is a great deal of interest in the idea in two countries, Germany and England. The German trade union press has given considerable space from time to time to a discussion of this phase of American unionism and since the visit to this country of the various trade union delegations which have been here during the last two years there has been some talk. There are some advocates in Germany and England who urge this idea on the industrial world. On the whole, however, the situation is as yet unfavorable to it, the workers frequently blaming the employers for insufficient flexibility and for an attitude of mind which makes such co-operation difficult.

It should be borne in mind, however, that in the European labor movement of the advanced industrial countries, collective bargaining has reached a stage of development far in advance of what it is in this country. Collective agreements, covering a greater proportion of the workers in industry, are national in character, and play a greater part in the regulation of industrial relations so that to the extent to which collective bargaining is practiced one may speak of co-operation in industry, though the power upon which it rests is the trade union.

Collective bargaining is also connected in many countries with elaborate systems of industrial arbitration and of industrial courts.

What are the principal problems of the unions?

The answer to that question depends upon the condition of affairs in each country, and in each industry. If one should try to generalize, one would find that the fundamental problems of the trade unions in Europe today are to keep their membership, to maintain the wage rates they have, to maintain

or to secure the eight-hour day, and to protect the standard of living or to improve it as much as possible. Generally speaking, the trend in Europe at the present time is still somewhat unfavorable to the workers. Wage cuts have been made in the various industries of France, Norway, England and other countries so that one may say that on the whole the trade unions of Europe are at present on the defensive.

How do European Trade Unionists regard their American brothers? Are they critical?

One may say that in general the trade unionists in the different countries of Europe are amazed at the high wages and high standard of living which the American trade unionists have secured for their membership. One might even say perhaps, envious. It is only necessary to mention the wage rates of an American electrician, plumber or garment worker to a worker in the respective trade in any European country to call forth astonishment on his face. The more thoughtful trade unionists in Europe are inclined to discount the economic achievements of the American trade unionists by pointing out the fact that the American trade union worker has to take care of himself in all emergencies, that he has to face the burdens of all risks in life, that he has no insurance provided for him by the state, that he has no special privilege in the matter of rent as in some European countries. So when this is discounted, the American wage does not seem so high.

Since 1921 one might say that the moderate trade unionist of Europe has changed his attitude toward the American trade union. He is more interested in knowing what it is, and how it functions, and he thinks that there are many things he could learn from it. This has to be qualified somewhat by the fact that the trade unionist of such countries as England, for instance, feel that they have a tradition of over 100 years of unionism and that there is very little that anybody else can teach them in that respect. On the other hand, the German trade unionists have been more interested in American trade unionism than any other group.

The left wing, especially the Communists in the European trade union movements, are critical of American trade unions because they are not sufficiently "revolutionary." In fact the Communists are warning all European trade unionists that what is happening in Europe today is the Americanization of European trade unions which they regard as being fraught with grave danger to the European.

Outside of the Communists' ranks, however, there is a practically general feeling that the time has come when the trade unionists of Europe and America must come closer together, must know each other better, and must try to think and talk things over in common, so as to profit by one another's experience. Every trade union leader of America who has been over to Europe in the last two or three years has been handsomely received by the leaders of Europe; has been given every opportunity to see the trade union labor movement for himself. The very fact that one country after another has sent trade union delegations to this country in the last two or three years is proof of the great interest that the trade union labor movement has awakened in Europe, and of the sincere desire on the part of the trade unionist to come into closer and more intimate relations with the American trade unions.

Does the so-called spirit of hate toward everything American extend to the European unionists in their attitude toward American unionism?

No.

How far has workers' education advanced in Europe? Is it strictly in the control of the unions?

That again varies from country to country. A good example of workers' education under the control of the workers themselves is the workers' college in Brussels, Belgium. I visited it this summer and stayed there several days. It is a very beautiful spot which was formerly what they call in Belgium an aristocratic villa which was bought by the trade unions several years ago and fitted over into a college. It is used entirely for members of trade unions and officials who come there for several months or for a year and who are given courses in various subjects. It is very much like Brookwood in America, though it has not as much ground. Though the place is small, every effort has been made to fit it out so as to cultivate the aesthetic feeling of the workers. It is very simple but has the aesthetic touch. There is a fine labor college in Frankfurt-am-Main, in Germany, and there are several other colleges in different countries. Besides, the trade unions of several countries in Europe conduct summer schools of an international character to which workers of different countries are invited and come to so as to cultivate the international relations between the workers of two countries. All of these are strictly under control of trade unions, but there is an adult education movement which, though serving the workers, is not strictly under the control of the trade unions.

Are there important labor dailies? Is the labor press strong and influential?

The labor press in the different countries of Europe is very large. One may say that practically every trade union has its own paper in each country of Europe, that every national federation of trade unions has a general paper, either weekly or monthly, and there are numerous dailies run by political parties whose readers are workers.

Do unions operate research departments?

Yes, in some countries very elaborate ones. The Labor Research Department in England carries on considerable work of an economic character. The German trade union federation has a staff of several people, experts, who study all economic and social problems from the point of view of the trade unions. So has Austria. Besides, the large unions such as the miners' union in Germany or the woodworkers' union in Germany, employ one or two men who have special economic training and who carry on special research of industrial problems for their union. One may also note a very interesting development in Europe, namely, that many of the trade union officials have utilized their time and the opportunities offered to them by educational institutions to learn the technique of research themselves and many trade union officials at the present time in the various trade unions of the countries of central and western Europe are fairly good statisticians and can do a piece of research for themselves whenever they need to.

Does research play an important part in wage negotiations?

Research plays a very important part, not only in wage negotiations but in the trade union life in general. The European trade unionist is eager to know trade conditions, to have all the statistical information possible on his industry, and to follow the general economic development of his country. For all these purposes, research and investigation are essential and are cultivated.

In those countries where dictatorships are a fashion, is real trade unionism thriving, or is it at a standstill?

This, of course, brings up the question of Russia, and that demands separate treatment. In Russia, though trade union membership is nominally a voluntary matter, in reality

it is an organic part of the State structure. There are 9,000,000 trade unionists in Russia.

In Italy, Spain and Portugal where dictatorships have been established the so-called bona fide trade union movement has been destroyed. Only recently the General Confederation of Italy had to give up its offices in Milan and cease to exist even nominally. In Spain and Portugal the unions still continue to exist but under very great difficulties. As is well known Mussolini has evolved a type of unionism of his own the so-called Fascist trade unionism which has now been legalized and made almost compulsory. Primo de Rivera in Spain has followed suit and has published a law on trade unions very much after the Italian fashion. What this Fascist trade unionism may be, it is impossible at the present time to say. Most of its concepts and techniques are borrowed from the older trade unionism, from the Syndicalist philosophy and from the doctrine of nationalism, all of which have been thrown into one pot to make the new brew.

The significant thing about Fascist trade unionism seems to me to be this: That it attempts to create co-operation between capital and labor by the methods of political dictatorship and tries to hold the whole system together by the creed of the subordination of the individual to the "corporate State." In other words, it tries to substitute force for voluntary contract in order to get the work of the world done without at the same time trying to find an inner solution for the conflicts which continuously arise between labor and capital. Whether force can achieve that remains to be seen.

Are the European trade unionists resisting the introduction of the machine or unionizing it?

On the whole there has been less resistance to the introduction of new machinery in Europe than before the war, but the problems which face the workers in this respect are the problems of new methods of management and technical organization, such as rationalization.

Is there tendency in Europe to over-emphasize political activity to the neglect of union business?

I should say no. There is a very definite division of labor since the war between the trade unionists and political parties. It is difficult for an American trade unionist to realize how much more important politics is in the life of the individual in Europe than in America. The workers cannot but take a direct and vigorous interest in political affairs because so much of their own life depends upon political conditions, for instance, the improvement of labor laws, extension of sickness insurance, the passing of a tariff on food which will increase the cost of living, the distribution of unemployment relief, and even the right to carry on trade union activities, as is now the case in England, are all matters of politics with which the trade union must deal. But in all European countries this is left largely to the political parties, that is, either socialist parties or labor parties, while the trade unionist and trade union organizations confine themselves in their daily work to the problems of the trade union. Before the war one might say that all through Europe, with the exception of England, the political parties tended to dominate the trade union, but this has been completely reversed since the war and the trade unions if not dominating the political parties at least may be said to direct them in so far as labor matters are concerned.

What are the most encouraging trends in European labor?

One should say that in all countries of Europe the workers have realized that their welfare depends upon general economic con-

ditions. What the workers therefore look forward to with greatest hope is the success of the efforts which are being made at present to overcome national differences, tariff barriers and all other divisions in European life, and to work out a system of European economic and world co-operation which would improve industrial conditions. That is the background of the growing idea among the trade unionists of Europe for a United States of Europe and for general international co-operation. It is also one of the reasons for the intense desire on the part of the European workers to awaken the interest of American trade unions in European affairs so that they might help to bring about economic co-operation by combined efforts. Another encouraging development is that of the workers' youth movement. The sport societies described above, and the educational work done by trade unions are producing a new type of worker in Europe—a worker physically well developed and mentally alert, who is interested in the general development of personality and who will undoubtedly help to broaden out the labor movement of the future. Secondly, there is the general growth of the idea that the trade unions, as the representatives of the workers, must have an increasing share in the direction of industry, in determining what industry should produce and how it is to produce it. In brief the most encouraging developments in the trade union labor movement to the European workers themselves are those which tend to broaden out the trade union movement into a social institution which alleviates the life of the worker economically, intellectually and morally.

What have European trade unions that American trade unions lack?

I can mention a few things only. It would seem to me that the internal administration of trade unions in Europe has been worked out more efficiently than, perhaps, in America, because of the fact that many of the European unions are older.

Second, the technique of collective bargaining has been more carefully considered and worked out.

Third, the relationship between the membership and the trade union is perhaps a more fundamental one as a result of the fact that the trade union plays a more important part in the life of the average member.

Fourth, since the war, for reasons pointed out above, the trade union has acquired an important legal and social status and has become a recognized public institution. That is, it enjoys a social recognition, unknown in America.

Fifth, the methods of organizing and recruiting new members seem to me to be less costly and perhaps in some countries more effective.

Sixth, there is a larger number of trade union officials experienced and trained in their job.

Seventh, there is a more elaborate and effective system of trade union benefits, especially in such countries as Germany, Austria, England, Scandinavia, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia.

Eighth, there is a greater effort made by trade union organizations to elucidate all political and social problems to their members from the point of view of trade unionism in general.

CANADA'S UNIONS SEEK AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION

(Continued from page 285)

enactments and let those who are watching your movements at this the first Canadian Labor Congress be compelled to admit that we are honest, earnest and prudent workers."

This sound advice has always been followed by the Canadian workers and results are manifested in many directions, some mention of which will be made later.

Meetings were held at Ottawa in 1874 and at St. Catharines in 1875 but trade depression had again become marked in the Dominion and no further meetings of the Canadian Labor Union (the name of the body) were held.

With the holding of the annual convention of the International Typographical Union at Toronto in 1881 a new impetus was given to the labor movement in Canada. Unions began to appear all over the country and agitation was again voiced in the Toronto Trades Assembly for a reorganization of the Canadian Labor Union or a similar organization.

By 1883 sufficient interest had been aroused to warrant the holding of another national convention. This gathering was held at Toronto on December 26, 27 and 28, 1883, and was attended by forty-seven delegates representing twenty-seven labor bodies. Mr. Charles March, president, Toronto Trades and Labor Council, presided.

For various reasons no further meetings were held until 1886, when the body organized upon a permanent basis under the name of the Trades and Labor Congress of the Dominion of Canada. Later this name was shortened to the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, the name it bears today. Annual conventions have been held continuously since that time.

The Knights of Labor predominated at these conventions until 1893 when for the first time trade unions outnumbered them. From that time onward the influence of the Knights waned rapidly and at the Berlin (now Kitchener) convention in 1902 the Congress purged itself of all dual, independent and "lamp-post" organizations and amended its constitution to confine the membership to the standard trade unions. This position has been maintained to this day.

Conditions Demanded Change

The early reports of these national gatherings of workers' representatives reveal the intolerably unhealthy and dangerous conditions which attached to many occupations and also indicate that where legislation, designed to afford some measure of protection, did exist, no reasonable effort was made to enforce it.

Resolutions were adopted calling for the passing of legislation to provide for free education and free school books; to abolish sweatshop conditions; to humanize conditions of seamen; to prohibit the competition of prison-made goods with the products of free labor; to establish the eight-hour day on work under government control; to make illegal the payment of wages in kind instead of money; to protect building trades workers against the danger of unsafe scaffolding; to establish departments or bureaus of labor and provide for efficient factory, workshop and scaffold inspection; to establish free government employment offices; to provide for the collection and compilation by the government of wages and general labor statistics; to extend the franchise on a manhood and womanhood basis; to abolish election deposits and property qualifications for candidates; to ex-



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clude all Orientals; to abolish the senate; to provide for adequate workmen's compensation for injuries, etc.

That the mind of labor is not incapable of change is evidenced by the reversal of attitude upon a number of questions of policy. For many years the congress stoutly supported prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors but within recent years have favored the government sale of light beer and wines.

At one time the workers also demanded the compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes. Voluntary arbitration is now favored. When the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act was passed in 1907 it was strenuously opposed by labor because it contained some compulsory features. Today labor supports the measure and desires that it be extended to all industries as was done during the war period.

From the first convention until 1926 the workers demanded the abolition of the Canadian senate. At the Montreal (1926) convention this policy was altered and labor now seeks the reform of the senate and curtailment of its powers.

Statutory amendments to provide for the incorporation of trade unions were insistently demanded in the early days, but the policy of incorporation meets no support today and labor stands opposed to this policy.

In the early days the workers went on record in favor of independent political action but added that if no labor candidate was in the field workers should vote for the candidate whose record was most favorable to labor. Today the workers are on record in favor of independent political action and the Canadian Labor Party has been established to give expression to this voice.

Since the formation of the Canadian Labor Union in 1873 a number of outstanding achievements stand to the credit of the organized workers.

The influence of a national trade union centre forced the governments to appoint a number of important commissions to investigate conditions complained of by the workers. One of the earliest was appointed in 1881 "to inquire into the working of mills and factories and the labor employed therein." This commission uncovered such an unhealthy state of affairs that factory inspection and regulations resulted.

The enactment of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act in 1915 is perhaps the most outstanding victory for labor. This law stands today the most advanced legislation in respect to workmen's compensation in the world. It is a state insurance with collective employers' liability and is administered by a commission. The fund is created by assessments upon the payrolls of the industries of the province and it is worthy of special note that 98 cents out of every \$1 collected goes to injured workmen or their dependents and the cost to industry is much less than where private insurance holds sway.

This law became so popular with the workers and many employers that it has been extended from province to province until today similar laws exist in all with the exception of Saskatchewan and Quebec and it is quite probable that Quebec will enact like legislation next year.

Other measures have been enacted of direct benefit to labor among which might be mentioned the Employment Offices Co-Ordination Act under which a national system of free government employment offices have been established throughout the Dominion; old age pensions; mothers' allowance acts; minimum wage laws; technical education, etc.

The most significant victory won by labor

was during the 1927 session of Parliament when amendments were made to the Trade Marks and Designs Act to allow for the registration of union labels. While this law was designed primarily to give protection to trade union labels it gave labor an increased legal status and protects unions against possible legal procedure for other purposes. The particular clause reads:

"Nothing in this act contained shall enable any suit, action, garnishee, interpleader or other proceeding to be brought or had against a labor union, except for the purposes of this act."

Representatives of "big business" attempted to have this clause struck out but without success. Had this clause not been inserted legal action could have been taken against unions possessing labels because they had a property right in the label.

While the above constitutes some of the major reforms won by labor in the legislative halls of the nation it does not tell the whole story and it would be quite impossible to recite, in a short article of this kind, the very large volume of social and labor legislation enacted by the Dominion parliament and the several provinces. These laws were recently consolidated by the Department of Labor and issued in a report containing 844 pages.

Although Canadian workers were not consulted in the framing of the constitution sixty years ago they now seek amendments which they believe will tend towards the creation of the better and greater Dominion and allow for greater progress in social and labor legislation and more solidly unite the Canadian people. These amendments would curtail the veto power of the senate and give parliament control over social and labor legislation.

Undoubtedly had labor been consulted in

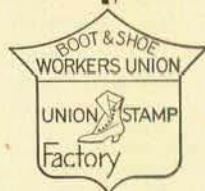
the framing of the articles contained in the British North America Act these provisions would have been inserted. They now plead that this be done and offer the amendments as a contribution on the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.

All Solid Things Held By Electricity

That such familiar properties of substances as that of melting when heated or breaking when strongly pulled apart, are due in reality to changes in the electrical forces between the tiny atoms is the conclusion of recent physical experiments at the Institute of Physics, in Leningrad, described to the physicists of New York on Monday, May 23, 1927, by Professor A. E. Joffe, distinguished Russian physicist, now lecturing in the United States under the auspices of the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. Among the most important properties of material things is that of cohesion; the property which holds the things together as solids or liquids. Scientists have long imagined that these cohesive properties are due to attractions between the powerful charges of electricity contained inside the atoms. Materials are found, however, to pull apart more readily than these electric forces say that they should. By ingenious experiments with small pieces of rock salt, Professor Joffe has proved that this apparent discrepancy is not real but is due to tiny surface cracks and to other accidental difficulties. The electric theory of cohesion is confirmed. It is found that the real cohesive forces are of enormous magnitude, reaching, in some instances, as much as thirty tons per square inch.

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PAN-AMERICAN FEDERATION, CREATION OF A. F. OF L.

(Continued from page 287)

of Labor was always prompt to inform his colleagues of the executive council and the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor of developments in the Mexican situation and was ever speaking favorably of the revolutionary movement as representative of the aspirations of the Mexican people.

The secret machinations of the invisible powers who were always striving and scheming to drag the United States into a war of conquest or into the military occupation of the Latin-American nations have always met a decided and frank opposition in the American Federation of Labor, and this attitude has gained for the American labor movement the sympathy and the confidence of the peoples of Latin-America including the island of Porto Rico.

Trust American Labor

This generous attitude in the defense of the oppressed peoples created among them a feeling of trust in the American Federation of Labor and gave it that prestige and reputation that from time to time in the past ten years have prompted the representatives of the working peoples of Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua and other Latin-American republics to come to Washington requesting the moral support of the American Federation of Labor and the protection of the civic rights of those peoples as against the actions of all kinds of tyrants and against oppression and injustice. Today even their own governments recognize the prestige and influence of the American Federation of Labor, and it is freely admitted that the American labor movement is a powerful force for the defense of the rights of citizenship in the United States, and a guarantee of justice and respect for all the American republics and their peoples.

But it was necessary to create an organization in which there would be adequately represented, and voice given to the aspirations and the rights of all these peoples; an organization which should devote its activities to the cultivation of the best possible understanding and a spirit of fraternity and mutual confidence among the peoples of the Western Hemisphere. And with that vision of the future, the American Federation of Labor invited the labor movements of all the American republics, through a manifesto issued in the year 1916, to a discussion of the question of creating a Pan-American Federation of Labor. The manifesto was issued July 6, 1916, immediately after a preliminary conference in Washington between the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor and representatives of the Labor movement of the Mexican Republic.

The following year a tour of South America was made by two representatives of the American Federation of Labor, and in 1916, a commission of three members likewise visited Mexico, all with the purpose of promoting the idea of creating a Pan-American Federation of Labor, and the first Pan-American Labor Congress finally took place in Laredo, Texas, November 13-16, 1918, at which the Pan-American Federation of Labor was formally organized by labor representatives of various of the American republics. Then followed the New York Congress, in 1919, the Mexico City Congress in 1921. A Mexico-American conference was also held at El Paso, Texas, October 25-27, 1923, and the last Pan-American Labor Congress was held in Mexico City, the first week of December 1924, at the time when President Elias Calles, was inaugurated.

The American Federation of Labor held its 1924 convention in El Paso, Texas, in the



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month of November and the Mexican Federation of Labor had its meeting in Ciudad Juarez at the same time.

The delegates to the A. F. of L. convention were the guests of one of the sessions of the Mexican Federation of Labor and the Mexican delegates have been the guests of the A. F. of L. convention during one of its sessions. Such a demonstration of emotion, fraternity and solidarity among the peoples of these two nations was made possible only for the fact that the Pan-American Federation of Labor was born out of a sincere desire to bring the Pan-American peoples in closer harmony and unity. The event had a tremendous importance, and was remarkable throughout the Western Hemisphere.

Offsets Criticism of U. S.

The activities of the Pan-American Federation of Labor since its creation in promoting closer relations and greater confidence and sympathy among the peoples of the Latin-American republics with the people of the United States are multiple and the benefits derived therefrom are immeasurable. The United States government has taken no cognizance of the powerful instrumentality that the American Federation of Labor has been in the councils of the Pan-American Federation of Labor for the creation of good will and sincere friendship and for enhancing the reputation of the United States as a peace-loving nation. No other organization is so admirably equipped to inspire the confidence and gain the good-will of our neighbor countries to the south as the American Federation of Labor throughout the medium of the Pan-American Federation of Labor. The resentment and discredit for the United States cultivated among the Latin-American peoples by these Americans whose only regard is the pursuit of the "dollar" are in a great measure being offset by the influence, actions and decisions of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, and through the medium of the frank and mutual exchange of views and impressions of the representative labor delegations that in the past few years have visited some of the Latin-American countries, the most notable instance being the American Federation of Labor mission that visited Mexico in 1918, when that country was combed by German propaganda. The three members of that mission, appointed by President Gompers, found the atmosphere in Mexico pregnant with the prejudice created by the pro-German propagandists, but after addressing themselves frankly to the object of their mission, which was to pave the way for a Pan-American Labor Congress to be held on the Mexico-American border later in the year, they succeeded in gaining the sympathy and the confidence of the wage earners of Mexico, much to the chagrin of those who had put every obstacle in the way of the delegation.

Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Mexico at that time, had an opportunity of recognizing the full worth and the far-reaching importance of the activities of the American Federation of Labor in the great and noble task of bringing about harmonious relations between the peoples of the United States and Mexico.

"I wonder if we fully appreciate the great importance of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, its possibilities, the hope that it holds for the workers of these great American countries," said Mr. Green. "I think you will agree with me when I say that it serves in a potential field, a field fraught with tremendous possibilities and wonderful opportunities. Its work, the scope of its influence, cannot of course be confined to the United States or to the Republic of Mexico. The scope of its influence and its work goes beyond the border lines of these countries and

reaches out into the great South and Central American countries, where the opportunities to organize and promote understanding, fraternity, co-operation and solidarity, are beyond human comprehension.

"Our motto should be that there shall never be any war between the Latin-American republics or between those republics and the United States of America. We should be devoted toward the promotion of that understanding and that happy ending, and then through the promotion of solidarity, good will and co-operation among the workers, these other things are bound to follow."

CANADA'S FUTURE GLORY RESTS ON WORKERS

(Continued from page 284)

by side with our Southern Neighbor for more than one hundred years and not a single gun points in either direction across the thousands of miles of frontier; this relationship grows increasingly and mutually amicable.

Attention can only be briefly drawn in passing to the conspicuous part played by Canada in the effort to promote world peace through the agency of the League of Nations and its subsidiary organization, the International Labor Conference.

But the greatest significance attaches to the fact that Canada is devoting her energies to the arts of peace. Other nations there are that the curse of fear and burden of militarism heavily afflict. The genius of Canada is toward peace and not toward militaristic pomp and boastfulness. And it will add lustre to the crown of Canada's glory that, if our civilization is to endure, other nations will be compelled to copy our example. World industrialization is proceeding with rapid pace. The old order expressed in the rhyme

"Of all my father's family
I love myself the best.
If God will only take care of me,
The devil can have the rest."

cannot be indefinitely perpetuated. Suicidal extermination lies that way.

A new order will prevail in which it will not only be tyrannous for a giant to use his strength as a giant, but in which the giant who does so wield his power will be outlawed.

And there can be no more fitting ceremony performed in connection with this celebration of the Jubilee of the Confederation of Canada than that we Canadians should dedicate ourselves anew with fervent patriotic determination that, as St. Patrick is said to have driven the snakes out of Ireland, so Canada's mission shall be to assist with all her might to banish all that makes for social injustice and international distrust and hatred.

Sky Sprinkles Tons of Salt

That the whole island of Great Britain is being sprinkled with salt, as if from a gigantic salt-shaker, is the conclusion recently announced to the Literary and Philosophical Society of the city of Manchester, England, by Mr. Wilfred Irwin. The salt comes from the sea and most of it falls on the land surface, not as dry salt, but as salt dissolved in the British rain-water. Mr. Irwin has analyzed rain-water collected at twelve different points in England and Wales, both at times of calm weather and during violent storms blowing from the sea. Averaging the data, with proper calculations of the amount of rainfall and so on, he finds that about 1,000,000 tons of salt fall each year on England and Wales alone. This enormous amount of salt would soon render the land a barren desert, like the salt flats of the Sahara, were it not for the fact that the salt is carried back to the sea again in the water of the brooks and rivers. The amount of salt sprinkled on the land is much greater, as was expected, during or just after violent storms from the sea than at times of calm. The source of the salt is believed to be almost entirely sea spray blown up from the surface of the ocean during storms and dried in the air to tiny particles of salt dust. These then blow inland and are dissolved and carried down by the rain.

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1	705232	705240	134	795901	795750	294	10188	10200	460	568275
1	760256	760500	134	792751	793500	294	723001	723006	461	545243
1	833251	833450	134	792001	792750	295	26596	26600	463	65689
3	5390	5219	134	798001	798690	296	861304	861310	465	619501
4	713151	713177	135	636132	636147	300	851738	851745	467	515754
5	822991	823430	136	909376	909471	301	434576	434600	468	296079
6	749713	749855	137	215430	215439	303	528035	528043	469	35446
7	913024	913285	138	31247	31261	305	306380	306389	470	839463
10	14567	14598	139	49526	49583	306	870894	870929	471	858138
12	499741	499782	141	299100	299121	307	878367	878377	471	46201
14	877800	877823	143	122674	122687	309	790453	790714	474	633201
15	129599	129613	146	223436	223440	310	943592	943750	477	540405
16	11339	11365	151	812261	812508	311	844533	844584	480	51901
18	819921	820145	152	718511	718535	312	910707	910739	482	165645
20	954761	954906	153	807051	807075	313	846434	846450	483	371825
21	634623	634650	154	846877	846886	313	49801	49805	488	642033
22	770340	770489	156	27891	27900	315	50101	50118	490	80534
26	946943	947143	156	715801	715817	317	263752	263764	492	914385
27	78394	78404	158	830251	830269	318	48366	48400	500	721501
28	445381	445426	159	811552	811596	321	58921	58944	500	702246
32	410229	410236	161	11247	11250	322	97270	97278	501	904292
33	441176	441191	161	50701	50715	323	853291	853333	503	15501
35	530043	530193	162	550226	550290	324	837900	837906	504	137022
36	500811	500880	164	923680	923850	325	856605	856630	507	868487
37	925606	925680	172	12062	12074	326	898071	898129	509	33636
39	927891	928030	173	720301	720314	328	32502	32521	511	938309
40	746861	746943	175	12660	12710	329	25489	25500	514	664411
41	917805	918000	176	221860	221919	329	72001	72015	514	839251
41	823501	823513	177	912574	912710	330	369227	369236	515	631101
42	726051	726057	178	396908	396916	332	474740	474830	516	849683
43	539915	540010	180	270720	270750	333	898844	898950	517	4749
43	922501	922571	183	59546	59604	334	277302	277305	520	203166
44	738157	738167	184	816004	816017	336	53456	53507	521	408904
45	743390	743403	185	237746	237750	337	54977	54984	521	720601
46	815434	815692	185	871501	871520	339	873579	873666	522	949501
47	456315	456333	186	707433	707445	340	787594	787691	522	551246
48	754771	754960	187	715261	715283	341	777081	777098	524	14011
50	607303	607344	188	432135	432158	343	705947	705965	525	13063
51	703054	703091	190	719103	719116	344	832301	832307	526	220444
52	948373	948444	191	714341	714360	347	722701	722766	527	714645
53	754014	754090	192	48926	48963	348	422971	423000	528	774154
54	876603	876622	193	714129	714192	348	918001	918100	529	8034
55	774819	774834	195	780125	780202	349	899985	900000	530	859031
56	552571	552623	197	10961	10963	349	932251	932376	531	872727
57	133424	133450	199	781946	781950	351	33356	33367	532	669508
58	663471	663750	201	401987	401999	352	170924	170947	533	537585
58	659661	660560	203	34590	34625	354	472508	472823	535	523334
59	739861	739980	209	780858	780891	355	434002	434008	536	446647
60	751921	751990	210	446231	446250	356	44721	44739	537	838533
62	532297	532326	210	825001	825056	358	434091	434134	542	719409
64	945001	945098	211	928602	928670	361	633465	633467	544	29206
65	782891	783000	212	639707	640009	362	30521	30557	545	55442
65	852751	852835	213	253069	253362	364	457363	457434	549	868259
67	716744	716786	214	758921	759000	365	822624	822641	550	857084
68	519699	519750	214	840001	840050	367	627353	627421	551	290640
68	857251	857375	215	740404	740425	369	900622	900633	552	278611
72	110752	110761	216	833040	833046	371	30036	30037	553	88276
73	656666	656731	219	455638	455653	372	617536	617558	555	42111
76	7394	7396	225	34872	34885	374	874105	874109	556	91151
76	675318	675368	226	471430	471450	375	745657	745688	558	39018
81	903201	903300	227	200048	200053	376	422370	422376	558	56975
82	907501	907677	229	200949	200961	377	584018	584091	561	626521
82	580450	580500	230	578627	578687	379	13382	13396	563	716422
83	808003	808313	231	701229	701245	384	423289	423297	567	625146
87	31823	31832	233	36352	36370	389	525285	525312	568	879352
88	897108	897127	234	376374	376424	391	41164	41168	569	772186
89	166892	166897	235	576881		392	933024	933185	570	505736
90	439314	439361	236	704468	704478	393	731541	731560	571	57666
91	40610	40617	237	568671	568702	394	44125	44135	572	709251
93	864051	864065	238	901811	901886	397	918821	918910	573	460106
94	717001	717009	239	394080	394086	400	338791	338910	574	745717
96	596830	596920	241	15657	15670	401	202017	202031	575	49225
99	843751	843761	244	722401	722414	402	542207	542250	578	585355
99	598417	598500	245	902391	902460	402	846751	846794	580	703581
100	554374	554391	246	576261	576297	404	44435	44444	581	638181
102	955551	955718	247	93990	94010	405	738186	738214	583	555981
103	594001	594830	251	874743	874755	411	29516	29552	584	843321
104	896006	896180	254	841423	841446	413	776533	776599	587	242691
106	584805	584867	256	414596	414640	415	56233	56245	588	957803
109	712246	712255	258	838580	838592	416	772643	772666	591	677513
111	41545	41558	261	947386	947614	417	54140	54153	593	35708
112	436446	436450	263	702485	702508	418	842251	842294	594	265499
113	368057	368088	265	566468	566483	418	872495	872500	595	778075
114	423853	423861	267	116208	116217	420	85458	85465	596	37811
115	872984	872997	268	417252	417259	421	16011	16028	598	842210
117	39876	39894	269	605796	605874	427	707824	707863	599	614392
122	785761	785895	271	631015	631078	428	174585	174613	602	789081
125	769401	769500	273	710740	710748	429	251754	251778	603	860827
125	783001	783500	275	62095	62119	430	708940	708970	611	603017
127	701534	701564	277	213357	213369	431	9511	9519	614	563389
129	860400	860406	278	57577	57590	434	601318	601325	617	778648
130	578590	578626	279	870008	870022	435	529321	529390	619	411927
131	269543	269556	281	636853	636870	437	395840	395879	623	703318
133	32150	32160	284	571979	572029	440	415720	415738	624	711930
134	794251	794830	285	719705	719716	442	613446	613463	625	543448
134	791251	792000	286	710149	710164	443	734428	734446	626	16256
134	799847	800250	290	692056	692061	449	184225	184239	627	570996
134	796434	796500	291	187916	187935	450	45919	45941	629	527638
134	654642	654750	292	737971	738003	455	871532	871561	630	863364
134	744712	744750	292	831001	831230	456	863783	863829	631	583142
134	793501	794250	293	13008	13018	457	759680	759686	636	347681

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948	87355	87370	1150	871296	871306	3	3293, 83798, 84030.	326	898106-107, 110,
953	677891	677907	1151	459742	459749		2963, 3327, 3443,		112, 122.
956	632348	632379	1154	374691	374741		3545, 3701, 3934,	329	25495.
957	845345	845350	1156	911682	911799		3961, 4198, 4204,	336	53456.
963	429251	429283	MISSING				4256, 4264, 4355,	354	472817-818.
968	869321	869327		3	5050-5200.		4385, 4517, 4655,	362	30539.
969	676902	676913		42	726045-050.		4720, 4752, 4770,	364	457429.
970	702672	702686		72	110754.		4782, 4881, 4925,	369	906168.
978	711367	711386		76	765312-317.		5032, 5043.	384	423295.
982	389387	389391		82	709641-670.			389	525286.
987	402242	402246		99	598460.	20	954772.	400	338801, 824, 835,
991	621691	621709		111	436445.	22	770390.		881-883, 895.
995	704785	704798		190	719115.	26	946958, 947043.	401	202030.
998	873896	873904		265	566476.	46	815661.	405	738200.
1002	750277	750322		284	572016.	48	754821.	411	29522.
1021	850517	850533		343	705953-954, 956-964.	50	607324.	429	251757.
1024	117460	117495		351	33355.	56	552596-597, 614.	430	708744, 955.
1029	46504	46517		356	44732.	58	659864, 935, 660340, 663590.	435	529336.
1031	590959	590969		372	617551-555.	64	945024, 034, 070, 080.	465	619534, 544, 590, 602.
1032	58023	58074		467	515753.	73	656696.	480	51901, 51906.
1037	583311	583400		501	904317-820.	76	675362.	482	165649-650.
1047	534951	534971		531	872726.	122	785783.	511	938312, 317.
1054	384503	384570		542	719415-416.	127	701563.	514	664418.
1057	104091	104023		553	58284-58285.	131	269552.	532	669579, 592, 600.
1074	422794	422804		555	42119, 122-123, 125-129.	183	59592.	549	868221-230.
1086	705494	705517		570	505746-748.	219	455641.	563	708434, 716427.
1087	391771	391781		575	49258-260.	227	200048.	569	772317.
1091	164226	164250		583	555980.	237	568693.	571	57695.
1091	715501	715505		645	677131, 135-136.	238	901818, 869.	573	460120.
1099	877502	877517		660	45636-640.	245	902401, 443.	588	957804.
1101	459173	459184		770	35211-220.	246	576284, 289.	619	411929.
1105	861822	861831		854	198616.	251	874724, 729.	630	863369, 373.
1108	424198	424200		916	858366.	261	947458, 535.	645	677103, 110, 119, 127-128.
1108	51001	51008		1144	533489-500.	294	10191.	684	479257.
1118	46815	46828		VOID		309	790526, 580, 712.	692	86540.
1122	2825	2836				310	943638-639, 750.	702	765326, 501, 596,
1131	6842	6858				315	50111.		
1135	30961	30977				325	856622.		
1144	533501	533520							

PREVIOUSLY LISTED MISSING—RECEIVED

3	2938-3000, 3184-3200.
235	876861-870.
251	874724, 739.
356	44713-715.
362	30472.
497	54436, 439, 55442-445.
525	13641, 13660.
535	523325-332.
536	446642-645.
549	868221-230.
563	716420.
645	677101-112, 114-123, 126-128.
681	771194.
696	915350-384.
712	931544.

BLANK

20	954817, 887.
177	912579-580.
392	933085, 149-150, 185.
581	638234-240.

Universe Consists of Light

Further evidence that the earth and the stars and the human body and all of the tangible things in the universe are composed, not of what we call matter, but of something much like what we call light is presented by Dr. C. J. Davisson in the "Bell Laboratories Record," a magazine circulated among employees of the research

laboratories serving the Bell Telephone System. Together with Dr. L. H. Germer and other scientists of the laboratories, Dr. Davisson has proved that electrons, always supposed to be tiny particles of matter as well as of electricity, behave when exposed to X-rays not as matter or electricity should behave, but in the way which would be expected of certain kinds of light waves. The idea that light and

matter are not different things, but merely two aspects of the same thing, is not a new idea. It has been advocated by the French nobleman-mathematician, Louis, le Duc de Broglie, by Professor Erwin Schrödinger, of Switzerland, and others. The contribution of Dr. Davisson and his associates is that they have given this novel viewpoint an important item of support from actual experiment.

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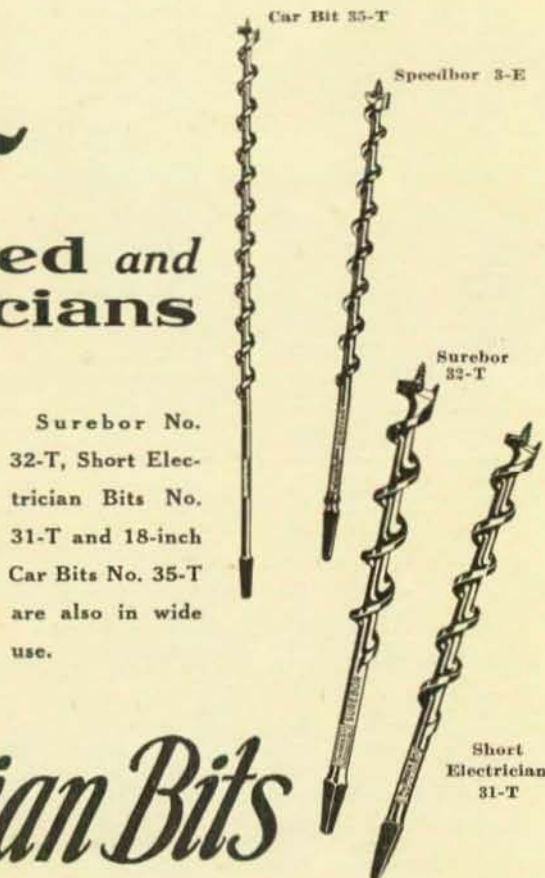
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* * *

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* * *

“Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

* * *

“Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a good Samaritan.

* * *

“Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous co-operation.

* * *

“Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

* * *

“Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

* * *

“Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

* * *

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* * *

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Bishop Coadjutor of Albany.